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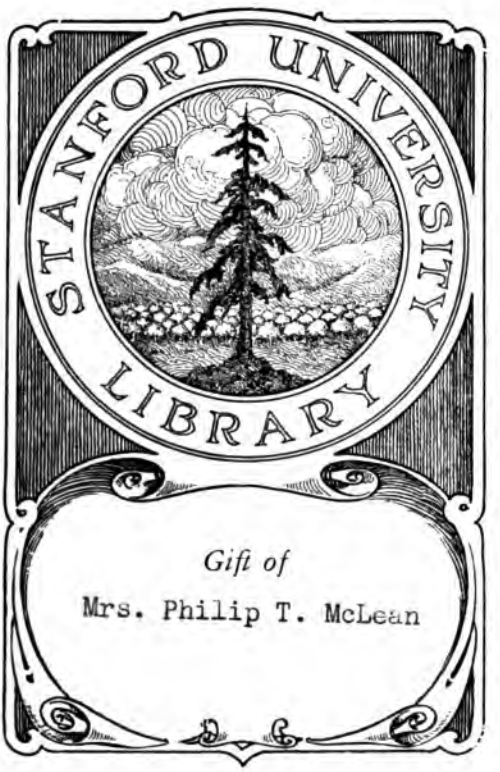
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THE VOCAL ART

SINGING

SURVEY FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

By Harry Collins Deacon

Higher View of Music in Singing—Origins of Vocal Music—Development to 1600—Superiority of Italian—Other Languages—Difficulties of English—Common Faults to be Corrected—Early Italian Solo-singing.

TO sing is to use the voice in accordance with musical laws. Singing is a musical expression of thought and feeling through the medium of the voice and the organs of speech generally, by means of two technical operations—vocalization (the work of the vowels) and articulation (that of the consonants). A passing word on the meaning and nature of music will hardly be out of place, as from common English parlance it might often be inferred that singing is distinct from music, and that music means instrumental music only.

Music may be accepted to signify sounds in succession or combination regulated by certain natural and artificial laws, the result of which has been the establishment of a series of these sounds (called a scale) having certain proportions to, and relations with, each

other, and being susceptible of combinations capable of affording deep emotion. The effect of abstract music—that is, music without words—upon the soul, though vague and undefinable, is so incontestable and all-powerful that its immediate origin in nature itself can hardly for a moment be doubted. Musical combinations and progressions seem at times to recall something that does not belong to the present order of things, and to inspire almost a conviction that in another existence only will the full scope and significance of abstract music be understood.

From the time of man's first awakening to the influence of that which was not purely animal, or at least from the date of the earlier forms of organization and civilization, it is probable that singing in some form has had its place as an individual solace or as a convenient means of expressing a common sentiment, either in war-cries (afterward war-songs) or in addresses to the deities or idols (afterward chants and hymns).

Much has been said of the "language of music." This is but a rhetorical figure. Language is definite and states facts, the significance of which will depend upon the greater or less sensitiveness of the hearer. Music does precisely what words do not do. It represents a state of thought and feeling, more or less continuous, awakened by the statement of facts—a brooding over what has been said after the words are supposed to have ceased. Hence the propriety of prolonging syllables and repeating words, which the cynically disposed are often inclined to ridicule as opposed to reason and common sense. This inclination to ignore the high office of music (that of expounding what passes in the mind and soul) is one great cause of the

frequent tameness of singing; and this same tameness it is that in reality makes singing at times ridiculous and opposed to reason and common sense. And if this higher view of music in singing is not to be taken—if all that is to be looked for is a rhythmical tune—then by all means let it be played upon an instrument, as the intonation will be safe, provided the instrument be in tune; and the head may nod, and the feet may tap, the ear will be tickled and the soul unruffled. Besides, the power of using the voice for the purpose of communicating ideas, thoughts, and feelings, and of recording facts and events (to be set down in characters, and thus transmitted from generation to generation), being a special gift to the human race, and the attribute which most thoroughly separates man from the lower animal tribe, the inane warbling of a tune is an anomaly.

It scarcely matters which of the many theories may be the right one of the origin of musical sound, i.e., of the manner in which it first presents itself to the ear. Any continuous sound in nature may call our appreciation into activity. It is certain that it appeals to something in our inmost nature which responds as directly to it, and that its effect is a reality; otherwise it could not take its active part in the expression of thought and feeling, or rather be, as it is, the real manifestation or representation of a state of thought and feeling only *suggested* by words. Its appreciation by the mind and soul through the medium of the ear cannot well be a matter of development, but is rather a revelation, from the simple fact that it is distinguished from noise by the isochronism of vibration; and the difference between the two could not but be marked the

moment it presented itself, as a brilliant color, distinguished from surrounding neutral tints, at once attracts the eye. The manner in which a musical sound arrests the attention of a child too young to understand, or of an animal, is a strong proof of its being a special sense of which we shall perhaps know more in another state of existence. Some sort of language, we may conclude, came first, and syllables were prolonged for the sake of emphasis. The continuous note having presented itself through some sound in nature, the power of imitation by the voice would be recognized. Rhythm, the innate sense of accent—the spirit of meter, as time is the letter—will also have been awakened by some natural sound, such as the slow dropping of water, or the galloping of an animal. The ideal pendulum once set going within us, words would adapt themselves to it, and poetry, or at least verse, would come into being. The substitution of a musical note for the simple prolongation of the spoken sound would not fail to take place in due time. With the awakening of a purer religious feeling, the continuous note would be found a suitable means of keeping together large numbers in singing chants and hymns, the splendor of many voices in unison would be felt, and ecclesiastical music would assume something of a definite form.

The stages in the rise of music may have been, therefore, as follows: first, nature's instruments—the cleft in the rock, the hole in the cabin, the distant trickling water, or the wind blowing into a reed; then the imitation of these sounds by the voice, followed by the imitation of these and the voice by artificial instruments. Again, the increased accuracy of artificial

instruments imitated by the voice; and finally the power of expression of the voice imitated by instruments, vocal and instrumental music aiding each other.

An idea of what remote nations may have done in the way of music can only be gathered from representations of instruments and obscure records of the various periods, and these indications are naturally too vague for any precise estimate to be formed, but there is no reason to imagine that it reached a high point of development with them. A painting on plaster in the British Museum, taken from a tomb at Thebes, represents a party of comely Egyptian ladies, about the time of Moses, enjoying some concerted music. Three are playing upon instruments of the guitar or lute kind, a fourth upon a double tibia, while a fifth appears to be beating time by clapping her hands. If domestic music was customary so far back, why was the wonderful development of modern times so long in being brought about?

Even the Greeks, with all their boundless love for, and appreciation of, the beautiful, and their power of its reproduction, cannot be supposed to have gone far in the cultivation of music. Their use of music seems to have been to form an accompaniment to oratory and to furnish rhythmical tunes for dancing. With their voices they seem to have been inclined at times to indulge in mass of sound rather than music properly so called, if we consider Plutarch's warning to his disciples against indulging in too violent vociferation for fear of such calamitous consequences as ruptures and convulsions. The student then, as at the present day, apparently took upon himself to make all the noise he could against the advice of his instructors. But this

is not important to the present purpose. It is enough that we know with tolerable certainty that we are indebted to a long line of pious and learned men for the gradual development of the material with which we have to work. The spread of Christianity required that Church music should be purified and put into something like form. This was commenced by St. Ambrose in the latter part of the fourth century, his work being continued and amplified two centuries later by St. Gregory.

Down to Palestrina's time melody had been held of too little account by theorists. This great reformer knew, beyond all others, how to revivify dry contrapuntal forms with music in its great and ultimate capacity as a manifestation of thought and feeling, and thus brought to its gorgeous perfection the polyphonic school, soon to be thrust aside, never, perhaps, to reappear in its integrity, but later to assert its great master's mighty spirit in the works of those of his successors capable of receiving it.

Until the end of the sixteenth century, singing as an independent art, solo-singing, had been held of little account, and had been the vocation almost exclusively of troubadours and other unscientific (though often sympathetic) composers of popular music. Its great impulse was given by the creation of the opera out of an attempt toward the close of the sixteenth century, on the part of a little knot of disciples of the Renaissance, to revive the musical declamation of the Greek drama. The result was not what they intended, but of vastly wider scope than they could have anticipated. In connection with this movement was the name of Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the great astronomer

known as Galileo. From these small beginnings—a few cantatas accompanied by a single instrument—we have the magnificent combination of music, poetry, and scenery of the present day.

Though in the music of Palestrina the doctrine is exemplified and carried to its conclusion that to be truly beautiful polyphonic music must be melodious in all its parts, still this form was impracticable for the purpose immediately in hand. In all times of reaction the vibration of the chain of events throws it far out of its center. Hence the almost immediate abandonment of the polyphonic in favor of the monodic form, instead of a healthy combination of the two.

The first true Italian opera was the "Euridice" of Jacopo Peri, given in 1600 on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV of France with Maria de' Medici. The first result of the movement was the recitative, in something very like its present form. But the outcry against the so-called interruption of dramatic action by the introduction of the aria, set concerted piece, and formal chorus, is only reasonable when directed against the abuse of these means of expression so legitimate in their proper place and at their proper time. In everyday life (the principles of which, in an exalted and artistic form, must be the basis of all dramatic action), events, though they succeed each other quickly, have their moments, if not of repose, at least of the working out of their immediate consequences, and these give the opportunity for the expression of the (for the time) dominant state of thought and feeling. Even musical decoration, wisely chosen and put together, adds immensely to the general significance.

What, then, besides the creation of opera, were the causes of the great development of the art of singing in Italy, its stage of perfection for a time, and its deterioration—let us trust for a time also? Italy, inheriting the proud position, from Greece, of foster-mother to the arts, could not neglect music as one of her foster-children. But while other countries vied with her, and at times surpassed her, in musical science, the tide of vocal sound, the power of using the voice, could not but flow into the channel prepared for it by nature and art. The gradual evolution of the Italian out of the Latin language, the elimination of every hard sound, where practically consistent with the exigencies of articulation, and its refinement to a state of almost perfect vocal purity, brought about a facility in producing vocal sound possessed by other nations only in so far as their respective tongues contain the elements of the Italian. The Italian language is almost entirely phonetic, and is preëminent in the two respects of vocal purity and amount of vocal sound. Its vowels are not only Italian; they are the pure elements of language in general, resembling in idea the painter's palette of pure colors, and offering therefore the material by which to gauge the purity of other languages.

A short inquiry into the difference between speaking and singing in the five languages to which the largest amount of vocal music has been composed—Italian, Latin, French, German, and English—will not be out of place. Of all languages the Italian is most alike in singing and speaking—English the least. The four essential points of difference between speaking and singing are, first and foremost, that in speaking

(as in the warbling of almost all birds) the isochronism of vibration is never present for a period long enough to make an appreciable musical note. A sympathetic speaking voice is one whose production of tone most nearly approaches that of the singing voice, but whose inflexions are so varied as to remove it entirely from actual music. The word "cant" not improbably has its origin in puritanical singsong speaking, and the word has been transferred from the manner to the matter, and applied to hypocritical expression of sanctity or sentiment. In singsong speaking the exact opposite of the above combination is generally found—an approximation to musical notes, and an abominable tone-production. The second distinguishing point is the fact that in ordinary speaking little more than one third (the lower third) of the vocal compass comes into play, while in singing the middle and upper parts are chiefly used. The third point of difference, and that which most especially distinguishes singing from speaking, in English, is that short syllables (that is to say with the accent falling on the concluding consonant) cannot exist, as such, since the accent in singing is upon the vocal portion of the syllable. This, indeed, is the case in reading Italian, and even in carefully speaking it. Lastly, singing tends to preserve intact the relative purity of a language; speaking, to split it up into dialects and peculiarities.

Italian, then, takes the first position as having the purest vocal sounds and the largest amount of vowel. Latin, as sung, comes next. Its vowels are the same, but it has more consonants. The classification of French and German requires qualification. In amount of vocal sound French takes the third place. The cus-

tom of pronouncing, in singing, the otherwise mute syllables prevents consonants from coming together, and words from ending with hard consonants, but the quality of some of the vowels requires very great care to prevent its marring the pure emission of the voice. The proper management of the final *n* and *m* must be also closely studied. A great quality in the French language, as sung, is the fact that the amount of vocal sound is always at the same average. No sudden irruption of a mass of consonants, as in German or English, is to be feared. In vocal purity, though not in amount of vocal sound, German takes precedence of French, as containing more Italian vowel, but it is at times so encumbered with consonants that there is barely time to make the vowel heard. The modified vowels *ü*, *ö* and *ä* are a little troublesome. The most serious interruption to vocal sound is the articulation of *ch* followed by *s*, or worse still, of *s* by *sch*. But if the words are well chosen they flow very musically. The first line of Schubert's "Ständschen," "Leise flehen meine Lieder," is a good example, all the consonants being soft except the *f*. In contrast to this we have "Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen" with thirty-one letters and only nine vowels.

Polyglot English requires more careful analysis than any other language before it can be sung, on account of the nature of its vowel sounds and the irregularity of its orthography, consequent upon its many derivations. Its alphabet is almost useless. There are at least fourteen different ways of representing on paper the sound of the alphabetical vowel *i*. There are nine different ways of pronouncing the combination of letters *ough*. The *sound* of the English language is by

no means as bad as it is made to appear. No people in the civilized world speak a language so abominably as those who speak English. Not only are we, as a rule, inarticulate, but our tone-production is wretched, and when English-speaking people begin to study singing they are astonished to find that they have never learned to speak. In singing there is scarcely a letter of our language that has not its special defect or defects among nearly all amateurs, and, sad to say, among some artists. An Italian has but to open his mouth, and if he have a voice its passage from the larynx to the outer air is prepared by his language. We, on the contrary, have to study hard before we can arrive at the Italian's starting-point. Besides, we are as much troubled as Germans with masses of consonants. For example, "She watched through the night," "The fresh streams ran by her." Two passages from Shakespeare are examples of hard and soft words. The one is from "King Lear," "The crows and choughs that wing the midway air." In these last five words the voice ceases but once, and that upon the hard consonant *t*. The other sounds are all vocal and liquid, and represent remarkably the floating and skimming of a bird through the air. The other is from "Julius Cæsar," "I'm glad that my weak words have struck but thus much fire from Brutus." The four hard short monosyllables, all spelled with the same vowel, are very suggestive.

All these difficulties in the way of pronunciation can be largely overcome by carefully analyzing vowels and consonants. Voice-production, that difficult and troublesome problem, will be in a great measure solved thereby, for it should be ever borne in mind by students

of singing, as one of two golden precepts, that a pure vowel always brings with it a pure note—for the simple reason that the pure vowel only brings into play those parts of the organs of speech that are necessary for its formation, and the impure vowel is rendered so by a convulsive action of throat, tongue, lips, nose, or palate.

In studying voice-production let three experiments be tried. 1. Take an ordinary tumbler and partially cover its mouth with a thin book. Set a tuning-fork in vibration and apply the flat side to the opening left by the book, altering the opening until the note of the fork is heard to increase considerably in volume. When the right-sized opening is found, the sound of the fork will be largely reinforced. In like manner, in singing, the small initial sound produced by the vibrating element of the voice-organs is reinforced by vibrations communicated to the air contained in the resonance-chambers. 2. Next take an ordinary porcelain flower-vase. Sing a sonorous A (Italian) in the open, on the middle of the voice, then repeat the A with the mouth and nose inserted in the flower-vase, and the vowel sound will be neutralized and the vibration to a great extent suffocated. In like manner the sound which has been reinforced by the good position of some of the resonance-chambers may be suffocated and spoiled by a bad position of any one of the remaining ones. These two experiments, simple as they are, are conclusive. 3. The third, less simple, consists in whispering the vowels. The five elementary sounds of language (the Italian vowels) will be found in the following order, *i, e, a, o, u,* or vice versa, each vowel giving a musical note dependent entirely

upon the resonance of the chambers, the larynx giving no musical sound, but only a rush of air through the glottis. *I* gives the highest sound and *u* the lowest, the pitch of the notes having been fixed by Helmholtz. The importance of these three experiments consists in their clearly showing how the smallest deviation from a certain position produces a marked change of resonance in the note, and an alteration in the color of the vowel sound.

Though foreign singers are often indistinct, radical faults of pronunciation are rare with them when singing their own language, and this on account of the less complex character of their respective tongues, and the greater simplicity of their orthography. The difficulties of English are considerable, but this does not excuse the irritating indifference of many amateurs and would-be artists in the matter of languages generally. It is not at all unusual for a student when training for a singer's career to study a large amount of foreign music, extending over a considerable time, the words being always carefully translated to him, the roots explained, and the analogies between the foreign language and his own pointed out, in the hope that at least a little might be picked up in the time; and yet, in the end, to find that he exhibits total ignorance of even the definite article. In some cases the pronunciation has been more than fairly acquired, which makes the other failure the more unpardonable. Nor is the common utterance of blind prejudice particularly edifying. It is frequently said, "Oh, French is a horrible language to sing; it is *all* nasal!" or "German is a wretched language to sing; it is *all* guttural!" A language is in a great measure what a singer makes it.

Enough has been said to show that all the purer and more sonorous parts of language in general are Italian. We thus arrive at a first reason why singing should have naturally flourished in Italy. The unsatisfactory treatment of our own language is a first reason why it does not flourish as it ought with us. In using foreign languages we dread affectation, and are glad to comfort ourselves with the reflection that the world at large will not recognize our defects. Whom ought we really to consider—the many who may not recognize the defects, or the one or two natives who may be present? Dread of affectation must be got over by careful study and habit.

Another cause for the development of singing in Italy was the necessity for finding the best singers for the papal service, in which females were not permitted to take part. Boys were employed, and counter-tenors, or falsetto singers, chiefly Spaniards. But as solo-singing increased in importance, the counter-tenors no doubt began to realize the fact that by cultivating the falsetto they were ruining their more robust registers, and the fact became more and more patent that as soon as a boy was beginning to acquire some cultivation of taste his voice left him. This led to the custom of preventing the voice from breaking, by artificial means. In the case of these singers there was hardly any cessation in the course of study from early to more mature years. There was not the total stoppage of work, the enforced interval of two or three years for the voice to settle, and the recommencement under totally different conditions. The long course of uninterrupted study would bring the art of vocalization to perfection, and these perfect singers, who were afterward intro-

duced upon the stage, became, as the art progressed, models of style and execution (according, be it understood, to the taste of the period), and furnished many of the best singing-masters. The first representative was the Padre Rossini, admitted into the Pontifical Chapel in 1601, and nearly the last was Crescentini, who died in 1846. The last papal falsetto singer was Giovanni de Sanctos, who died at Rome in 1625.

In addition to the influences already named, ecclesiastical authority would have its effect, at any rate in the early stages of study, in exacting the necessary application on the part of students. Subordination to teachers existed in times gone by, and the gradual development of volume of voice and the power of exact execution, without the sacrifice of quality, and the cultivation of taste (the abstract of judgment, a sense of proportion and fitness) were the results. The observance of the second golden precept in studying singing, "Work for quality, and power will take care of itself," has not been sufficiently carried out in later times.

At a not very remote time no females were permitted to appear on the stage at Rome in any entertainment, operatic, dramatic, or chorographic, the singing parts being filled by the best-looking artificial soprani and contralti that could be found. It is an injustice to ascribe to these a deficiency of intellectual power or personal courage. History sets this question quite at rest. Nor were defects in the powers of articulation peculiar to them. Scarcely one in a hundred of ordinary mortals is free from some failure in this respect.

Very little seems to be known about solo singers before the beginning of the seventeenth century, the peri-

od in fact at which they were really required. Caccini, the composer, and his daughter are said to have been both fine singers. The monodic form growing with Caccini and his immediate successors brought with it, of necessity, a corresponding growth of the vocal art. The great stride made by Monteverde and Cavalli toward the modern opera, their amplification of the orchestra, and the improvement of the recitative by Carissimi and others, gave so great an impulse to the study of using the voice, that in a comparatively short time there was without doubt some very fine singing, if music of the middle of the seventeenth century had adequate interpretation; and if not its continued production would speedily have come to an end. Among the cantatas of Luigi Rossi is one in particular, "Gelosia" (composed about 1640), requiring all the qualifications of a fine singer—voice (tenore robusto, high barytone, or mezzo soprano), declamatory power, pathos, and agility. Another, by Carissimi, "Vittoria," demands vigorous singing. The dramatic force exacted by a just rendering of the kind of music named, naturally brought about by the creation of the recitative, by degrees gave place to a more mechanical style of singing. The constant recitative became monotonous, and rhythmical airs, more and more formal, came into vogue, their formality being afterward relieved by set passages or divisions. The singers above referred to brought their vocalization to such a grade of perfection and exactness that they must have sung really with the precision of an instrument. This wonderful power of exact execution culminated in Porpora's famous pupils, Farinelli and Caffarelli.

HOW TO SING

By Annie W. Patterson

Classification of Voices—Breathing—Tone-production—"Placing the Voice"—Enunciation—Oratorio Singing—Operatic Vocalism—Concert Work—Part-singing—Choral Singing.

THERE are few accomplishments surrounded by such glamour as that of the singer. Apart from the pleasure which good vocalism gives to all who hear, there are social and public opportunities of winning wealth and fame by singing which particularly characterize that art. The harm comes in when one's own overweening ambition, or the thoughtless flattery of relatives or friends, vaunts a mediocre voice beyond its possibilities. Hence may follow years of wasted energies and shattered hopes, usually accompanied by loss of means and collapse of nerves. Another grave mistake that the would-be vocalist often makes is to forget that "there are voices and voices." If all cannot shine on the stage or in concert work, there is the home circle, the drawing-room of friends, the church choir, even the bedside of the sick and weak, where a small voice—so it be pleasing in timbre, coupled with a correct ear, and carefully trained—may contribute its meed of enjoyment. Much disappointment would be saved all classes of vocal students if they could be honest with themselves and curtail their aspirations in accordance with their vocal abilities—or inabilities.

In commencing to learn singing, error is often made as to the nature of a voice. Thus soprani have been trained as contralti, and vice versa. The opinion of an efficient teacher at the start is indispensable. Roughly speaking, there are the great divisions of male and female, as of "first" and "second" voices. Again, there are the subdivisions of soprano, mezzo soprano, contralto, tenor, barytone, and bass. The choice of music for each class of voice is very diverse, and the various ranges and qualities require particular attention from a conscientious trainer. Doubtless the greatest future lies before the dramatic soprano and the pure tenor; but very satisfactory triumphs are in store for ordinary medium voices, the "mezzo" and the barytone. The fact that many boys, naturally gifted, sing as children in church and cathedral choirs, gives them an early training in vocalism which does not always fall to the lot of girls. The age at which a girl should regularly study singing is, indeed, a debatable point; though it is worth consideration that most great prime donne have sung, as they are so fond of telling their interviewers, from the time they could speak, if not before!

Again, systems in vocal culture are so multitudinous —some vehemently upholding and others as strenuously condemning the existence of "registers," for instance—that to pin one's faith to any one "method" means that criticism is invited from eminent exponents of the other, and probably equally successful, schemes of "voice-production." However, if we assume that the development of beautiful *tone* and clear *enunciation* go to form the main attractions of a great voice, the following hints as to preparatory work, apart from

any particular "system," may be of assistance to the student who wishes to learn how to sing.

Initial vocal drill concerns itself principally with (1) breathing, (2) tone-production, and (3) "placing" the voice. Foremost authorities lay special stress upon breath-taking. In order to test the importance of this, let the singer try a simple experiment. Take a short sharp breath and intone any given note—say, middle C. The chances are that it may be held for a varying number of seconds with comparative ease; but with inception of the tone comes the feeling that it is slipping away, and that the singer has little power to increase or diminish its volume. Then, standing firmly on the feet with erect frame and the chest thrown well forward, let a deep, slow inhalation be taken. Now, sing the same note, and mark, if the breathing has been full and gradual, with what pleasure and confidence the carefully anticipated tone is taken, of how much better quality it is, and that crescendos and diminuendos may be made with a facility varying only as the vocalist is accomplished or the reverse. The natural conclusion is that to get the most out of one's vocal tones a full deep method of breathing is necessary. We might enlarge here upon collar-bone as opposed to abdominal breathing; but details are best obtained from teachers and text-books. The art of taking a full deep breath may be practised with most ease when one is lying prone on the back; and it is recommended that a few minutes each morning be devoted to this exercise before rising. Success comes when one has learned, while singing, to breathe thus unconsciously and without effort or discomfort.

Regarding tone-production, the best means to an

end consists in the daily "scaling" of the voice to open vowel sounds, and in vocalizing intervals to tonic sol-fa syllables. The range to be scaled will depend upon the kind and compass of individual voices, the soprano scale of practice being usually from middle C to treble G. The frequent injunction of teachers to "open the mouth well" is of very general application in all scaling exercises; and if preliminary practice can be done in front of a small mirror the pupil may the more readily cultivate a pleasing expression when singing, or at least avoid grotesque facial contortions.

An easy natural pose, both of face and figure, adds greatly to the effect which vocalists produce, and such a matter as general deportment deserves attention. Tone-production, however, is the all-essential point in early lessons. Timbre, or quality of tone, is also as much to be sought after as quantity. Purity and evenness of tone should never be sacrificed to loudness. There is an art in controlling the voice so that it will "carry" to the extreme limits of the apartment, no matter what may be the capacity of the latter. Once this art is acquired, the painful sensation of effort or straining passes from the voice of the singer. Many instructors say: "Sing out well, so that you may reach the farthest corner of the room." To this advice we might add: "*Anticipate,* as well as *listen to,* the tone produced, and do not be satisfied with it until it is as *beautiful* as possible."

"Placing the voice" touches somewhat on the vexed subject of "registers." The latter are commonly divided into those of "chest," "throat," and "head," so called from the parts of the human anatomy in which, respectively, the lower, middle, and upper sections

of one's vocal range are produced. To illustrate this, let it be allowed that what are known as "breaks" occur in most treble voices between the semitones (3d and 4th and 7th and 8th degrees) of the scale of C. To aid in bridging over these breaks, and thus effectively to "place" the voice, the first three notes of the scale (commencing with middle C) may be sung to open (broad) *a,* the aspirate *ha* being recommended for those who have a difficulty in producing from the chest. The succeeding four notes (from F to B—first space and third line of the treble staff) might then be intoned to the syllable *oo;* the remaining notes of the compass (from C on third space, upward) being taken with mouth well open on vowel *a.* Another method of placing the voice can be practised with various syllabic particles, but these entail acquaintance with open and closed sounds, best studied under the subject of enunciation.

Volumes might be written on the topic of vocal enunciation, but space limitations permit only a few brief remarks. The correct as well as distinct pronunciation of words in singing is of the greatest importance. Thus, all colloquialisms and peculiar accents in song-speech should be avoided. Tone should be prolonged, more than in speaking, on vowel sounds; while the pronunciation of final consonants, and especially of the sibilants, should be postponed to the last possible second. At the same time, the greatest care must be taken not to drop or slide over final, and particularly the dental, consonants. In rapid speech, we may, perhaps, be pardoned for saying "You an' I," but in singing the "and" must get its full value. Syllables containing the liquids (*l, n,* and *r*) bring the often

troublesome tongue into play, and they are best practised by the repeated vocalization of such words as *dream, near, still,* etc., all of which give opportunity for the placing of so-called closed tones in enunciation. The great beauty of a perfect enunciation in singing lies, however, in the fact that the pronunciation of words is neither exaggerated nor "skimped"; i.e., that each syllable gets its due emphasis and delivery and no more.

Coming to departments of vocal study—oratorio, operatic, and concert work—each demands special training. To become a proficient singer of oratorio music, one needs acquaintance with sacred vocal music of all kinds. The performances of church and cathedral choirs, as of large choral and festival societies, should be attended as often as possible, many oratorio vocalists beginning their career as choristers in some sacred vocal union. The systematic study of standard oratorios follows as a matter of course. It is well to prepare as many "parts" as possible under the guidance of a competent teacher. A soprano who knows her "Messiah" and "Elijah" rôles will never regret the knowledge thus acquired. Often it happens that an eminent singer becomes indisposed upon the eve of an important performance. This is the débutante's chance. The more fully she can prepare herself for these contingencies the better. Seldom does such equipment come amiss. Sooner or later, occasions will arise when the vocalist who is "ready" will find that her turn has come. It is also wise for would-be oratorio artists to cultivate the acquaintance of organists and conductors of choral societies. These are always on the lookout for really reliable soloists, especially in

secondary parts; and in this way many a successful career has been opened up for promising young singers. It should not be forgotten, however, that the right interpretation of sacred music demands a fitting reverence and devotion in the performer. Singers who do not enter into sympathy with the words they interpret minimize the power of appeal which they otherwise would exercise over appreciative listeners.

If the singing of oratorio music requires special gifts, the preparation of great operatic rôles demands suitable temperament and training. It is not enough to be a good vocalist; one needs histrionic talent, a capable physique, and no small endowment of courage and nerve. The fact that women have been so eminently successful on the operatic stage disproves the theory that they are the weak and neurotic creatures so many would have us believe. That pluck and endeavor in these departments unsex the woman is an old-world prejudice well-nigh exploded in these more generous days of liberal thought and action. At the same time, the profession of operatic singer is not to be undertaken by impressionable young girls without due consideration of its requirements, taxes, and risks. Those ladies who have succeeded best as prime donne have had plentiful stage experience from their youth up, and they frequently come of families in touch with dramatic affairs. A pleasing appearance, personal magnetism, and powers of physical endurance are very essential to the operatic singer if high rank is to be reached. The best practical apprenticeship is to be served by joining the chorus ranks of touring companies; and, in any case, the repertoires of these companies should be carefully studied by the aspirant, so

that familiarity may be gained with the rôles of grand operas most frequently performed.

To many a young girl singer, the concert artist's life appears a most satisfactory and enjoyable one. What easier or more pleasurable than to step gracefully on a platform in a pretty gown, sing a couple of songs, return to bow smilingly to an applauding audience, and awake next morning to read flattering notices of one's self in the papers? People also whisper of colossal fees, ranging from two to three figures; and this for what is apparently child's play to the gifted cantatrice. But behind come close study, work, and expenditure: nay, often years of waiting, frequent disappointment and worry before the good time. Nor do huge fees spell entire profit. Preparation, travel, dress—these all cost money.

How to sing so as to delight all and always is the problem that the professional vocalist has to solve. Selections should be chosen with the greatest care—from oratorio, operatic, or song literature, as occasion may demand—and should suit individual voices and the requirements of particular audiences. Singers also owe it to their listeners to appear to the best advantage, in manner and gait as well as habiliment. And even with all these preliminaries, if "soul" is absent from singing, the results fall flat. The one-man or one-woman song recital is often a questionable success, and is frequently given simply as a trial advertisement for the beginner. Even groups of songs in various languages, bracketed songs, and the much-vaunted song cycle are devices which scarcely obtain as much appreciation from the general public —who, after all, require to be pleased—as did the

old-fashioned methods of singing a grand aria or a popular ballad.

It should not be forgotten that a very pleasurable department of vocal practice—especially for those who can never hope to shine as soloists—is to be found in part-singing. The madrigal and glee belong essentially to the English school of composition, the names of Morley, Wilbye, Gibbons, etc., being associated with the first, somewhat contrapuntal, description of unaccompanied vocal part-writing, while Webbe, Calcott, Stephens, Bishop, and many others, a century later, have left a wealth of charming glees—less severe in style than the madrigal—to choose from. German music is also rich in part songs, many of which have been made familiar in the United States through the singing societies so successfully maintained by those of German origin. Given a trio or quartet of mixed voices, much delightful ensemble practice is possible. Even within more restricted limits than the choral society, what can be imagined more enjoyable than an evening spent weekly, from house to house, by a dozen or more amateurs who have agreed to meet together thus for the rehearsal of part-singing? All that is needed is for a few enthusiastic society ladies to set such a ball rolling among their musical friends. Besides the rehearsal-room, or drawing-room lent for that purpose, there must be a good piano, presided over by a musicianly accompanist who is capable of acting as coach. An hour, or hour and a half, of a winter evening may be most profitably spent in this way; and if, at the conclusion of the season, a house concert can be arranged on behalf of some charity, practical benefit may accrue from what has already served the

purpose of conveying much artistic pleasure to the part-singers themselves.

It might be added that choral singing, either in a church choir or large society, is an exercise eminently useful in the training of the musician, whether the vocal powers be good or indifferent. Soloists, as a rule, eschew choral singing on the plea that it strains the voice. But, if indulged in with moderation, no harm can possibly be done even to a very beautiful voice by judicious concerted singing. The advantages of choral singing are manifold. Not only does it assist in sight-reading, but a good sense of time—as well as familiarity with notation generally—is thereby cultivated. Moreover, the acquaintance with great works, classical and modern, which choral singing gives is inestimable. It should also be remembered that many famous solo singers have served an apprenticeship in a church choir, or, it may be, in an operatic chorus. Such experience is invaluable and should be sought for when possible.

HER MOTHER'S VOICE

From the Painting by W. Q. Orchardson

ACCOMPANIED VOCAL MUSIC

By John Pyke Hullah

Origin—Vocal Solo Repertoire—Mezzo Soprano and Barytone Voices—Solo Performances of Amateurs—Importance of the Words—Defects of Vocal Utterance—Translations Unsatisfactory—Folk-songs; English, Scottish, and Irish —Duets, Trios, Quartets, etc.—Isolated Movements *vs.* Connected Wholes.

THIS, the most popular kind of music, dates, barring individual experiments, from the end of the sixteenth century, and owes its beginnings to the efforts of the Academy of Florence to recover the music of the ancients. Its first successes are due to Giacomo Carissimi, who lived long enough (1604-74) to see it attain considerable perfection both in his own compositions and through the efforts of others, not only in Italy but also in France and England, who profited indirectly as well as directly from his example or instruction. Its development was subsequently carried still further in Germany. As we have it now, its two kinds, sacred and secular, may be roughly classed as music for solo voice, music for two or more solo voices, choral music, and music wherein any two or all of these classes may be combined. Thus we have the solo with chorus; the duet, trio, or quartet with chorus; the chorus proper interspersed with solos, and so on.

The repertoire of vocal solos is practically inexhaustible. Probably a composer has never lived who has

not written a song, and many composers have written hundreds. Till comparatively recent times, solos for the lower voices of both sexes (contraltos and basses) were far less numerous than those for the higher (sopranos and tenors). Lord Mount Edgcumbe (died 1839), who lived to make acquaintance with the now consummated change in this matter, contended (in his "Musical Reminiscences") that this change was not an improvement, nor one likely to contribute to the welfare of music; that however it might be with respect to contraltos, basses could not in the proper sense of the word be made to *sing*; and that the expression *basso cantante*, new in his day, was a practical admission of the truth of this. His proposition, contradicted by isolated facts before it was made, has subsequently been refuted by a thousand. It is inconceivable, for instance, that Handel should have given to the world airs like "Tears such as tender fathers shed," or "How willing my paternal love"—the list could be easily extended—without the hope or certainty that somebody would some day be found to sing them. Principal parts in some of the most enduring of musical dramas have in later times called into existence, or resulted from the existence of, basses as well as contraltos who have proved themselves among the greatest vocalists.

The stock of airs for the soprano voice is, however, still considerably in excess of that for the contralto. Moreover, the greater part of music for contralto voice is due to Italian composers, the Germans and French having contributed comparatively little to it. This is due in large measure to a physical cause—the abundance of contraltos in Italy and their paucity in

Germany and France. Furthermore, to this day the performance of a contralto or "second" part is regarded—how ignorantly and foolishly every musician knows—as requiring less skill than that of a soprano or "first" part. Most women wish to have, or to be considered to have, soprano voices, and to sing first parts. They might as well wish for eyes of another color than that which nature has given them, as for a voice of another compass and quality. The parallel, however, stops here; for whereas wishing for blue eyes will not spoil black, wishing for a soprano voice on the part of a contralto often induces an attempt to sing soprano parts, a procedure commonly ending in the possession of no voice at all.

Young women whose eventual compass and quality no experienced singing-master would hesitate to forecast as contralto are often misled by the possession of a second register of considerable extent. The application of this to soprano parts, though for a time possible, and even easy, is much to be discouraged. With well-directed practice the extent of this second register will diminish, while what remains of it will approximate itself to the first, and thus contribute to the completion of a voice at once extensive and homogeneous. Men have an advantage over women in being able earlier and with more certainty to ascertain what the compass and quality of their voices are or are likely to be. Again, whatever may be their wishes in the matter, they commonly bow to the decrees of nature with better grace than women. Though very young men generally desire to be basses, and middle-aged to be tenors, we as rarely find a bass trying to sing tenor as a tenor to sing bass.

For the mezzo soprano, as for its male counterpart the barytone, solos expressly fit are neither few nor inferior. In concerted music, as a rule, there is no defined place for either. In most cases the mezzo soprano will be found best suited by a contralto part, the barytone by a bass; when either of such parts is divided, by the higher of the two. The treatment of the mezzo soprano, as of the barytone voice, sometimes requires very delicate management. Occupying a sort of border-land, both may be, or might have been, in many instances, transferred to either of the territories which this border-land separates. Many barytones, it is certain, might have been tenors, many mezzo sopranos, sopranos, had the production of their voices been so directed as to enable them to extend their compass upward with ease and good effect. No doubt a certain energy, not always at his command, is needed for the supposed barytone, before he can occupy permanently, as generally he can temporarily, the tenor register. Certain it is that some of the greatest of tenors have been at first treated, and have even sung in public, as barytones.

The solo performances, instrumental as well as vocal, of amateurs are now commonly less ambitious, and therefore more pleasing, than they were once wont to be. The increase in the number of instrumental pieces dependent for their effect rather on sentiment than mechanical skill, and the revived interest in old-time music of that sort, have driven out both the show-piece and the frequently dry and always prolix second and third rate sonata. Enormously as skill in pianoforte-playing has been developed, its application has tended to approximate instrumental to vocal art—to

make the pianoforte *sing*. Mendelssohn is not our only composer of "Songs without Words." The designation might be extended to a great deal of the best music, old as well as new, that we now hear in the house and even in the concert-room.

In vocal performance too, public as well as private, the tendency has been for a long time in the same direction. Rarely do we look through an old vocal music-book without finding several "bravuras" to the execution of which few, even among modern artists, are now equal. From the dramatic or quasi-dramatic scena physical incapacity and want of training are likely always to deter the amateur; nor is even its competent execution in the house, inevitably without scenic accessories and associations, likely to give pleasure. Whatever the sentiment of chamber music, its expression should be accompanied by something of reticence. Vehement outbursts of rage, of despair, even of grief, are fine things in their proper places, with their own antecedents and surroundings, all removed from us in space as well as time. Medea, Semiramis, and Lucrezia Borgia are fascinating, however formidable, figures when on the other side of footlights which illumine the worlds of fiction or history to which they belong. At our elbows they are anachronisms, monsters, with whose ways we have nothing in common, for whose sorrows we have little sympathy.

The chamber solo need as little be cold as extravagant. It may be characterized by passion as well as by sentiment; but the passion must not be "torn to tatters," nor the sentiment too strongly emphasized. Even the dramatic singer cannot afford to throw off all con-

sciousness of his personality, or to forget that he is an artist. "If an actor," said Charles M. Young, the English player, "allows himself to be overpowered by his feelings, his audience will never find out what's the matter with him."

Poets seem often to have forgotten that a song is a thing to be *sung*, and that with their verse music has of necessity to be conjoined; composers, that this conjunction should be made through music not only beautiful in itself, but accordant in sentiment and rhythm with that which suggests it. Singers often seem to think that the words of a song are no part of it whatever, or a part so insignificant that no care need be taken about their utterance or the making them intelligible. A discussion about the language of a song is really not an uncommon commentary on its execution; hearers, not having understood a word, taking it for granted that it must be foreign. Something of this is no doubt often to be laid to the share of the composer—to false emphasis arising from misappropriation of notes to words; some of it to overloaded or overplayed accompaniment. But the fault is most often in the singer, who possibly *speaks* plainly enough under ordinary circumstances, but who finds a difficulty in uttering this or that sound on this or that vowel, and avoids that difficulty by the sacrifice, not of the note, but of the syllable. The voice is so much more easily produced from the central point of the variable cavity than from any other, i.e., on the vowel *aa*, that the vowels of many otherwise good artists have a constant tendency to approximate it. Thus we get *say* for see, *saae* for say, *taaone* for tone, *traaop* for troop; and in diphthongs, an undue pre-

ponderance being given to *aa* or *o*, we get *naaight* for night, *foin* for fine, and the like. A good deal of this is, it must be feared, not easily remediable after a certain time of life—the time during which the mature voice of man or woman is assuming its permanent character, and in the course of which the power of producing any note of it on any syllable must be acquired, if ever. Still something may be done, even after this, and would be done, were the necessity for doing it more generally felt. How pressing is this necessity needs little demonstration.

Could the auditors in an average musical party be cross-questioned or polled, it would probably be found that for every one among them capable of appreciating or taking an intelligent interest in the notes of a song, at least half a dozen would be found to appreciate the words, and the words only. The exact proportion that these two sets of hearers bear to one another does not affect the argument. This much is certain, that a vocalist who can *say* as well as sing inevitably enlarges greatly the sphere of his influence. Indeed it is notorious that prodigious effect has again and again been given to verse by persons whose powers of dealing with the music seemingly inseparable from it were the smallest conceivable. Rachel's utterance, hardly to be called musical, of the "Marseillaise," affords an example. On the other hand the *playing* of songs by great violinists has been known to create similar excitement. An illustration of this might be found in "The Erlking," as played by Heinrich Ernst, the Austrian virtuoso. But the singer can, or could, do the work both of a Rachel and of an Ernst—give us the melody as well as the verse of Rouget de Lisle,

and interpret the poetry of Goethe through the music of Schubert.

Now if there be any one particular in which the amateur vocalist might reasonably hope to equal the artist, it is in this matter of refined and intelligible utterance. It is the side of the singer's art on which general culture tells more than on any other. For the utterance of those who have read much, thought much, been much and early in good company, is distinguished in a thousand ways from that of persons who have not enjoyed these advantages: and this too notwithstanding provincialisms and peculiarities which no training has enabled those who have caught or inherited them to shake off.

The artist has excuses in this matter of verbal clearness to which the amateur cannot lay claim. He is often called upon to exercise his art in rooms of a magnitude exceeding not only that of any ever found in private houses, but of any which his predecessors had to fill. The first business of him who addresses the public, whether in speech or song, is to be heard; and if the vowel *a* is more easily heard than *e*, and the vowel *aa* than *a*, we must continue to put up with *say* for see, and *saae* for say.

All this has reference to and is suggested by the English language. Of an English-speaking audience to whom a song in a foreign language is addressed a very small minority is ever able to take in the full meaning of the words on a first hearing, be they ever so clearly enunciated. On the other hand, every song suffers enormously from being sung to words other than those to which its music was first set. No question is here raised as to the superior fitness for music

of one language over another. Every language probably could be shown to be fit for music, by a composer who was master of it, or a vocalist who could really speak it—or any other: for the singer with whom clear utterance is a habit will, with a little practice, utter one language as clearly as another. The singing of English by Italians, in some cases but imperfectly acquainted with it, is generally distinct—almost to a fault. One language may of itself be more generally becoming to the voice than another, because more abounding in resonant vowels; but the air originally set to German words will suffer as much from being sung to Italian, as that originally set to Italian from being sung to German.

The folk-songs of England, Scotland, and Ireland offer beautiful melodies and interesting words. The exhaustive collection in Chappell's "Music of the Olden Time" will prove a treasure-house of the first. The best of the second, it must be admitted, lose much of their charm when ungraced by the accent—as difficult to acquire as it is to lose. Single words here and there tentatively vocalized in approximate Scottish fashion—town pronounced *toon,* away as *awaw,* and the like—only suggest the absence of, without in the least replacing, the true Doric, a language, be it always remembered, not a dialect, and the language of some of the greatest of lyric poets. From this difficulty or any similar, the performance of Irish melodies is wholly free. It would be hard to point to any body of songs—words worth singing, and melodies fit to sing them to—which would better reward feeling, intelligent, and intelligible delivery. That to them, as to Scottish songs, a superior flavor may be imparted

by an accent slightly Milesian, is certain. But this flavor, however charming, is not essential; they are English as well in their vocabulary as their idiom.

For songs of this kind, in which the words and the melody are all important, great care is needed in the choice of a key. This choice the singer must make for himself, nor rest till he is certain of having made it successfully. The compass or range of folk-melody is often very large; so large, indeed, as to make its vocal utterance a matter of some difficulty. But the singer who wishes to give it effect must tolerate—sometimes he will be obliged to alter—a too high or too low note here and there, in order that he may bring the majority of the notes into that part of his voice in which he is sure to be able to speak best, i.e., the middle. The Irish melodies lie for the most part under the disadvantage of indifferent arrangement. The "symphonies" associated with them are often incongruous, and the accompaniments overladen. The former can be dealt with very simply, by omission; the latter must generally be rearranged—the more simply and unpretentiously the better.

If not quite so large as that among solos, the field of choice among duets, trios, quartets, and other accompanied pieces requiring only one voice to a part, is quite large enough to furnish inexhaustible occupation for the most diligent of readers and the most enthusiastic of executants. Modern opera, from the time of Mozart, abounds in concerted pieces which, though most effective on the scene, have quite charm enough, regarded as pure music, to justify their repetition off it. The trio in "Idomeneo" ("Soave sia il vento") or the quintet in "Cosi fan tutte" ("Cosa

sento") loses little by its transference from the stage to the drawing-room. To those who have acquired the taste for music of epochs still more remote, the repertoire is still larger, although the amateur will unfortunately find some of it difficult of access.

But many of the compositions to which attention has been called are isolated movements, which do not form parts of large continuous works. Such pieces are, as a rule, generally inferior in interest and effect to those that do; and even the latter, when torn from their contexts, will be found immeasurably less interesting and effective than they were as portions of connected wholes. Take, for example, the well-known air from Mendelssohn's "Elijah," "O rest in the Lord." No doubt, delivered by a touching voice, and with just expression, it will even of itself give pleasure; but preceded by the recitatives "Arise, Elijah" and "O Lord, I have labored in vain," and followed by the chorus, "He that shall endure to the end," the same voice will be more touching, the same singer's expression more just, and the air itself will give such pleasure as can only be given by a thing in its place. For relief and repose are as needful for the ear as for the eye; and the familiar and commonplace can be no more banished from art than from nature. There is a passage in one of Ruskin's early books in which he tells us how, finding himself in one of the most romantic scenes of Switzerland, he was glad to take refuge from the ravine and the torrent in the company of a few common wild-flowers on the wayside. Moreover, connection is of itself a source of interest; and forms which grow out of one another are as superior to those that are unconnected as is a collar of metal-

work to a bead necklace. No doubt, if the choice of hearing the best passages only of a great musical work, or of hearing the work in its entirety, be offered to an average auditor, he will probably choose to hear the former. He will be wrong, even from his own point of view. For be his knowledge and taste the lowest conceivable, his pleasure in these best passages will be less than it would have been had he heard them in their places and set off by others.

But the student should begin by believing that not only has this or that in a great work its beauty, but everything its use. To master in its entirety a great poem, building, picture, statue, or piece of music, is an aim from the successful realization of which comes not merely information, but increase in the powers by which it has been attained—powers through whose exercise we rise continually in the scale of being, become more critical yet more catholic, stronger, wiser, and better than we were.

CORRECT METHODS OF VOCAL STUDY

By Mathilde Marchesi

General Outline—The Glottis Stroke—One Hour's Work a Day Adequate — Incompetent Teachers — Innovations — Singing in Italian—Recitative.

THE art of song is in a wretched condition; it is sapped to the very foundations. One can no longer distinguish between good and bad. There is an absolute dearth of competent teachers, and the public lacks the exalted taste that might enable it to confer an education upon an artist. Nowadays everybody gives singing-lessons; every teacher of the violin or trombone undertakes to bring forth pupils in six months—or less. Only to touch upon the question of time, let me say that, in my judgment, at least two or three years of study are needed: two for the concert singer, three for the operatic artist. But nothing very definite can be set down in this respect.

If I were asked to describe a general plan of study, I should allot one year to working the organ; eighteen months to acquiring enunciation, sentiment—style, in brief; then Haydn, Mozart, and Gluck, the masters I love and revere, should be studied. In these latter days the *coup de glotte,* the glottis stroke, has been much discussed. I should do away with the term altogether; the word *coup* is brutal. I should call the operation *serrer la glotte,* drawing it together as the

flutist and oboist draw their lips. The glottis and the vocal cords in the larynx are the seat of the voice. No musical sound can be emitted without closing the glottis; the air that passes through it when open takes away half the breath, lessening the beauty of the tone while making the breathing too short.

Teachers talk of working the voice three or four hours a day. A student should use the voice one hour a day, and the intellect the remainder of the time, carefully noting down in writing the instructor's counsels. The organ must be worked without words, so as to render it supple and even, that it may not include one weak tone. All the strings of the instrument should be good. After a few months' practice the pupil will be able to speak with the vocal cords in a state of tension, and not with the open glottis. The English system of education, which forbids a child to talk loudly, causes paralysis of the organ from want of use, whence the lack of good voices in England. Just now the finest voices come from Australia; the United States stands next for productiveness. In Italy, where the art of song has sunk to the very depths, the male voices are the best, and are much more easily handled than the female voices.

I referred just now to the incompetent teacher; I should have added that the bad results of his work have been helped by the physicians and surgeons that have of late interested themselves in the study of singing, and that give advice and even write out exercises for singers, which the latter would do wisely never to heed or study. Garcia's great discovery of the laryngoscope has worked much injury to the art of song, in that it has made ignorant instructors subordinate in-

dividuality, which is of capital importance, to physiological facts. Nowadays many people strive to build up mediocre voices; formerly, only good voices were chosen for cultivation. The student should be warned, too, against the new methods invented by teachers that seek to make themselves interesting. Knowing naught of the emission of the voice, some make the pupil attack the tone on "la-la-la," "ga-ga-ga," "ra-ra-ra," and so on, while others have the student close the mouth and sing "m-m-m" or "ping-ping-ping." All this is supremely ridiculous.

To unite the tone and the word, I recommend the practice of singing in Italian, for the emission of Italian carries the emission of the tone forward, and prevents its direction toward the soft palate. When the voice goes toward the soft palate, the *voix blanche,* the white voice, is the outcome. And lend no ear to those that advise you to practise with a smile. First of all, this gives the *voix blanche;* next, it causes the smile to become set, and one never gets rid of it.

The singers of the day sing the music, and not the words. To master the text, one should begin by speaking it aloud, seeking out the appropriate dramatic inflections that must afterward be imported into the song. The recitative is the test of all great artists; it must be brought forth naturally and without false intonations. The greatest artist is the one that comes nearest to nature.

What has the future in store for song and its representatives? A composer that will illume the darkness by music uniting vocalization—not vocalization in the ancient, exaggerated, and bad style, but pure song—with dramatic feeling and expression that will pre-

dominate without, however, excluding all else. As for incompetent teaching, why not combat its demoralizing influence by having instructors submitted to examinations as to individual talents and results attained through pupils of different types as to voice and characteristics? Freedom is a great boon, but freedom in the imparting of the art of singing too often means baneful license.

HOW TO LEARN TO SING

By G. Delle Sedie

Incompetent Instruction—But One School of Song—The Study of Mezza Voce—Modern Music and the Singer—A Tempered Style—The Old Masters—A General Guide—Sung Declamation.

PEOPLE sing less well than they sang in the past, though good voices are equally abundant. They sing less well because of the lack of a right school. All second-rate musicians, all singers that through their mediocrity have failed to win renown on the stage, give singing-lessons. Having themselves been ill-taught, they cannot teach in a correct and methodical manner. They think they are doing well in seeking sonority at any cost, and claim to attain it by strength of lungs, unaware that the greater the effort the less appreciable is the sonority. By this fallacious system they rob voices of their suppleness and of the facility of emission which nature has imparted. They succeed, too, in wearying the organ, in impairing its homogeneousness, and in fashioning a being that can only shout. This fatal result makes it impossible for the singer to impart a natural expression to his song; and thus, after a few years of great exertion, the voice loses its timbre and the singer disappears from the boards, having achieved nothing useful for art, but ready to pose as a

"professor of singing" and promise his unfortunate pupils to fit them for the stage in six months.

Formerly, five or six years were required to form an accomplished singer; now, people expect to become artists in three years of imperfect study. Parents, too, are to blame for fixing upon a definite term of study, when so much depends upon the bent of the pupil and upon the difficulties he may meet in the mastery of the scale and of the numberless timbres or shades of the principal timbre which the voice encompasses, and which are necessary for the expression of feeling. There is but one school of song; for the human voice, according to its different classes, is in all lands produced by unvarying and identical means. "Method" involves seeking the facile and homogeneous emission of the voice in its whole range.

This end can be reached only by the prudent and assiduous study of mezza voce. Some aver that singing piano tires the voice. This is absurd. The voice is a vowel which, united to a consonant, becomes a spoken word. Song, in this case, is the word sung. No one shouts when speaking. By singing piano one secures the suppleness and elasticity of the muscles that cause the vocal instrument to act; by singing forte these muscles are stiffened. As one of the last disciples of the ancient school, I have developed these theories more fully in my book, "Esthétique du chant et de l'art lyrique."

Modern music is, in my opinion, not exactly a reflection of the age we live in, but rather a praiseworthy search for novelty. The effort is at present more or less successful, but the end is not yet attained. The stage represents a fiction fashioned upon nature, like

all representative art, and realism will never, I should say, achieve its ideal of this reproduction of nature unless it enters the domain of fancy and legend. In modern music composers seek new formulas, often with the aid of processes sometimes ill suited to the voice, and depend upon the great effects that can be got through the orchestra. This may be inconvenient for the ill-balanced singer, but not for him that has studied the effects of resonance of the voice through the displacement of the harmonics of the tone emitted by the broadening of the vibrations of this same tone in the buccal cavity, and the articulation of prompt and incisive syllables on the regular continuity of the breath. Strong vibrations of tone must not be produced by a forced expulsion of air, but by regular and continuous pressure, aided by vigorous articulation and by the swelling of the tone—that is, by a broad and round vowel. The masters of old expressed it, "Swell the sound in the mouth while raising the thorax."

The influence of Wagner's music on song has been to place in evidence, above all, the power of "sung declamation"—*la déclamation chantée.* A somewhat worn artist, if his diction be incisive, may renew his triumphs in a Wagner opera, because the voice is kept in its natural center, and the departures, therefore, are peculiarly syllabic accents, and accents of diction. This music is a sort of reflection of the ancient recitative, but keeps much more closely within the natural limits of the human voice. Hence, from the standpoint of song it is to be preferred to other modern music.

The worthy efforts toward the creation of a new style of theatrical music, added to the influence already

attained by Wagner's music and Verdi's last operas, should bring about a tempered style that would bear some relation to the ancient traditions, while substantial, new, and meeting the aspirations of the modern worshipers of art, who would unite the beauties of symphonic music to clear and sustained melody. I think this end may be attained if one examines closely some works of our modern composers and compares them with those of ancient masters. In Verdi's latest operas—in "Aïda," for example—one finds a complete change of the rhythmic form, the melody remaining pure and fluent amid well-drawn and powerful orchestration in the modern style. In "Falstaff" one may note that the master, while following a poem with a continuous dialogue, has preserved his melody pure and shapely, according the orchestration, meantime, its prominence and might, and all without damage to the illusion of the continuity of the drama.

Fournier, in his "Physiology of the Voice," says that nature has expended its best upon the human voice. Hence the human voice is naturally accurate; and yet we often find ill-defined timbres, dull, weak, or guttural tones, and sometimes tones that are nasal, strident, or strangled. If the human voice is naturally homogeneous, the defects I refer to can only be the outcome of bad habits contracted through carelessness either in speaking or reading or in the ill-directed use of certain syllables in certain languages. Listen to a peasant or a workingman singing and vocalizing a melody while at work, and it will be observed that his voice is spontaneous, even, true, and supple. The old masters counsel to sing naturally, without altering the tones, without forcing them, and without abandoning

the breath—that is to say, keeping its regular continuity, and not expelling it violently from the chest. It is mainly through the observance of this precept that they gave to the drama the great artists whom our modern stars are far from equaling.

Hence the right school of song is simply and laconically defined in the injunctions of the ancient masters. Yet the professor should possess a general guide to correct the defects I have mentioned. This guide may be summarized as follows:

1. Regulate the pupil's breathing so as to render it easy and natural.

2. Cause the sounds to be emitted wholly by the vowel, mezza voce; for when one speaks or sings in half-voice the vowel organs retain their natural elasticity.

3. Exercise the pupil's voice in its natural center, which forms the ring conducting to the upper and nether extremities, and only allow it to leave this center by small steps, according as the voice itself seeks to expand.

4. Make the voice sound throughout its natural range in the buccal cavity and in the pharynx.

5. Broaden, afterward, the voice by swelling the vowel without exaggeration and without forcing the breath or compressing it.

6. Promote the suppleness of the movements of the veil of the palate and of the tongue, to attain by this means a fresh emission of the voice, by broadening and narrowing the isthmus of the throat and of the buccal cavity, in order to obtain all the shades of the timbres required for expressive song.

7. Having conducted the pupil's voice to the stage

reached through the course described, and always by means of the vowel, with no word articulated, proceed to the study of coloratura, to endow the voice with all its elasticity and avert the danger it might encounter in declamatory song.

8. After these studies the pupil should proceed to the study of articulation, bearing well in mind that the organs of articulation are the tip of the tongue, the teeth, and the lips. He should beware of articulating by the base of the tongue, for this would involve an alteration in the position of the larynx, and affect the timbre or the vowel.

The study of style, diction, and expression should follow. It develops in the pupil feeling and the analytical spirit, and enables him truthfully to reproduce the sentiments of the drama. The study of pose and gesture comes next.

The study of coloratura is as natural as that of dramatic song; and the artist that knows how to use his voice must sing with equal facility all styles of vocal music. The singer of declamatory music will not grow weary if he has mastered the principles of economy of the breath and those of articulation on the end of the lips.

"Sung declamation"—*la déclamation chantée*—is governed by the same rules as spoken declamation, and in studying it, so to speak, specially, the pupil must nevertheless keep to the written intonation of the music, carefully assimilating to the vowels of the syllables those of the sounds, with respect to their degree of acuteness; thus, while it is almost a special study, sung declamation must harmonize with the good and easy emission of the voice. It must remain with-

in the limits of spoken declamation, and reap the benefit of its spontaneousness and suppleness. The singers of the past studied thus "declaimed song"—*le chant déclamé*—and in several ancient operas they demonstrated its worth.

ON THE TEACHING OF SINGING AND THE SINGER'S ART

By Blanche Marchesi

A Story—Task of the Vocal Instructor—Knowledge and Inspiration—Love of Art—Health—Practice—Patience with Teachers—The Public's Part.

WE may imagine the father and the mother having a talk—one example out of thousands: "I think our daughter is going to have a voice," says the father; "if that is so, I would like her to be a public singer; she might make a great name and earn a fortune, and all our friends would be jealous." "But what are we going to do?" asks the mother. Yes, what?

The girl is, say, fourteen years of age. Her parents are completely ignorant of anything connected with music or art; in fact, music has not hitherto been a subject of discussion between them.

A friend comes to tea in the afternoon; the parents confide to him their plans, and ask his advice. He knows of a piano-teacher whose brother gives singing-lessons. The real profession of this "teacher" is cabinet-making, but he used to sing in the chorus of an operatic traveling company, where he heard many of the great artists. He had also taken part in some local charity concerts, and, in consequence, is regarded as an authority in musical matters. The daughter of the

house should be heard by this eminent expert: *he* will say at once if she has a voice worth cultivating.

Father, mother, daughter, and friend proceed the following day to the local authority aforesaid. The "authority" tries the girl's voice, and declares that *there* is an instrument of rarest quality. The girl, he says, should start having lessons at once. "Is she not perhaps too young?" ventures the mother, timidly. "Oh, no!" replies the teacher, anxious to inveigle a victim, "she is just the right age; the muscles are tender, and it is better to impart the right thing on a tender muscle than on a ready-formed one!" The parents are overwhelmed at hearing a scientific explanation of such deep importance. The less they have understood, the more clever they think it!

The daughter starts lessons at once. Needless to say, the teacher is completely ignorant. The daily practices, the wrong production of the vocal tone, are followed by a complete breakdown of the girl's voice, after quite a short time. The voice has now become husky and unsteady, and the girl complains of intense pain after the lessons. The family are alarmed; they consult a specialist, who finds the throat in a very bad condition. He suggests an absolute rest. The parents are much distressed, but the idea that their child is to become a singer has firmly fixed itself in their minds and nothing will uproot it.

After the rest prescribed by the doctor, they bring their daughter back to the same teacher, and repeat to him the doctor's diagnosis. The teacher defends himself as best he can. "The girl has a delicate throat," he says; or "This is very often the case at the beginning"; or "The child must have overworked at home";

or "The winter has been especially damp and cold."

The lessons are resumed. After a few weeks the girl has lost even her speaking voice. The teacher, becoming slightly alarmed, says it would be best to wait a year or two until she grows older. Then he proceeds to "explain," with more or less success, why the girl *has* lost her voice. Even now the parents do not believe that he is responsible for any of the harm done.

They decide that, while the girl is waiting, she shall be very well educated, to enable her to meet, later on, the demands of a great career; so they send her to a very superior boarding-school. At this school there are sight-reading and chorus-singing classes. The girl joins them, like every one else. These classes are held without regard to the age, capacity, or health of the girls. Notes are put before them, and they have to be sung, no matter whether they are too high or too low for the individual voices. In the case of this girl whose life we are now picturing, there very soon follows an acute attack of laryngitis; and coming home from school at the end of the term, she has to give up all hopes of ever being able to do anything with her voice—at least for the present. However, several years of complete rest bring back a few notes of her voice; new hopes are formed, and the parents send their daughter to a large town. There she tries every available teacher, until nodules are formed on her vocal cords. A great authority in the medical world, to whom she is then taken, declares that she will never again as long as she lives be able to *speak* in a clear voice. So this story comes to an end. It is not the story of a girl who had to earn her own living.

What, however, about those who have nobody in

this world to give them anything, and whose voices are their only fortune? The loss of the voice means the destruction of every hope of becoming famous or wealthy. Parents, if they have a gifted child, ought never to ask advice except from the highest authority in the profession chosen by or for that child.

To teach singing is more serious than to teach any other thing in this world. The singing-teacher can often give a voice, but he can more often take it away and break it forever. Therefore, to teach singing aright is an infinitely important matter. When you teach a musical instrument you can also impart the wrong thing; but in that case the pupil can restart on a new line, and learn the right thing. With singing it is different. Either the voice has been spoiled and it will take years and years of tears and pain to regain the lost treasure by the aid of the greatest expert in teaching, or it will be gone forever!

The singing-teacher not only has to "place" the voice, but to cultivate it with love and patience; he has to observe the general health of his pupil; he must direct her steps, teach her to clothe and to protect herself against fatigue and cold; and all the while he must also train her soul. Even if the arrangement of her hair is in bad taste, it must be corrected. Often a trifle overlooked in the appearance of an artist has ruined her career. A singer who stands on a platform bent forward and never lifting her eyes, or one opening a mouth like a cavern, is impossible, whatever voice she may possess. "Stage fright," that terrible malady of nervousness known to all who have to appear before the public—even that must not be too noticeable. The public does not want a frightened artist; the public

wants to enjoy itself; and a nervous artist makes the listeners nervous. A little nervousness at the beginning of a career is naturally allowed for, but it must not dominate the whole performance; if it does, it will spoil the whole effect. The soul of the pupil must be open to poetry, to love of beings and things; the thought must be wide-awake, else how can the singer understand the poem and the story which underlie every song or air? The horizon of her views must be widened.

The girl who follows the ordinary school course without specializing in anything is the least educated of all the daughters of the great nations. I always question my pupils about their studies; and my experience is that they have never learned the things which they ought to have learned. How can they get on without a knowledge of mythology? How can they understand paintings, sculptures, even literature? They do not learn the story of art, nor the literature of all the countries.

The consequence of this limited education is that the fields of girls' imaginations have not been enlarged. Their moral eyesight is dim and limited; their conversation touches only a few subjects, and in life only a few things interest them. The most stupid love-stories, with an *olla podrida* of railway "literature," are the only things they are familiar with. A girl who is not trained to appreciate serious and instructive literature will always lack depth and thoroughness. It is inevitable that this should be reflected in her art, if she chooses one, or if it chooses her.

To make a girl sing oratorio when she is fitted for opera; to try to make a serious ballad-singer out of

one whose forte is light opera, are fatal mistakes on the part of a teacher. *Knowledge* and *inspiration* form the base of the art of teaching, and it is most necessary to understand the pupil's capacity. We are all human beings; every one of us has moments of fatigue; but the teacher who, instead of giving the necessary explanation, becomes annoyed when the pupil asks an important question, is either ignorant or quite unfit. The teacher is there to impart, the pupil to take in; and if the pupil has difficulties in learning, it is the task of the teacher to overcome them. In a case where the teacher recognizes the utter impossibility of imparting his art to a pupil, because of the latter's want of the essential qualifications for an artist, he must have the courage to state the fact.

You wish to sing? Why? Because you are longing to become celebrated, or because you love money? Or do you really love art itself? One thing is certain: whatever you undertake without love—I mean love in the best sense of the word, not love of worldly matters—cannot be accomplished. It was love—love for God, for nature and art—which made the ancient painters and sculptors so great; and it is the lack of this love which makes some modern artists so hopelessly small, the old idea being replaced by the desire of making money to procure luxury. One must live, of course, and if an artist makes money by his art, well and good: it is perfectly legitimate. But to regard an art solely from the point of being able to make money out of it is absolutely to be condemned.

You must first of all form your character; without that you can gain nothing, least of all a career. You must be able to dominate your passions and desires, if

you wish to sing. All physical effort, any moral or physical strain, reflects back upon the voice, for the voice is produced by a group of muscles which form a part of the body. The first condition toward becoming a singer is to have general good health. Only moderate walking exercise should be taken; a little swimming, riding, or cycling will not hurt the voice, but I say a *little*. Colds are naturally to be avoided. The skin must be kept free, or bad circulation is the result; but to keep up a good circulation, massage and exercise are the two best things that one can recommend. For a singer, good meals and proper clothing are absolutely necessary. Exciting drinks have to be avoided; wines are not only ruinous for the body, but they produce gout and rheumatism; alcohol in every form weakens the muscles. It has destroyed more singers' voices than the public is aware of. A singer's heart must not be weak or overexcited; the heart being the most necessary factor of the body, its condition has the greatest influence on the voice. All violent exercise is to be avoided. I have met many girls who have had to give up singing because their hearts had been strained by violent games. Even too much walking may strain the heart.

The greatest sacrifice, and perhaps the hardest, to a singing-student is that she may only work her voice a little. There is a human instrument to be considered, and *that* will not stand overpractice. A girl should never begin singing before the age of sixteen; indeed, many girls are too young to start even at seventeen and eighteen. All depends upon the general development. The practices have to be timed, and they may only be increased by minutes. It is the

teacher's duty to regulate this important feature in the studies of his pupil. The work that the pupil is anxious to get through may be learned by *thinking about it;* she can study it for hours with her brain, and she will find that this will advance her considerably in her progress. The real practices with the vocal instrument itself should not last for more than *minutes* to begin with; and only much later on can they be stretched out to half-hours. I must add that forcing the voice by shouting is very dangerous. Singing with what is commonly called half-voice, or humming with open or closed mouth is equally dangerous. All these bring on the same evil result, namely, complete relaxation of the muscles of the throat.

One thing that has always struck me as incomprehensible, is the patience exercised by the average singing-pupil with the "teacher" who has either imparted nothing to her, or has ruined her voice forever. In ordinary life I generally find people revengeful, easily upset, having no memory for past benefits, but a splendid one for ill-treatment or unkindness. The singing-student is different. She certainly forgets the good things received (there are a few exceptions), but she as certainly forgets the bad things too. A proof of the right method is that from the day the lessons begin (in a more or less rapid way, according to the special or general condition of the pupil's voice), the progress must be constant, never decreasing. One of the greatest drawbacks in the education of singing-pupils is that they do not give the necessary time to their chosen art. Many want to sing songs after a few lessons; and very few will understand that, even if the right method is being imparted, everything cannot come at once.

Another very tiresome drawback for a student is the persistency of the student's friends. I know of nothing more dangerous than these so-called friends. They simply persecute a singing-student, making her sing for their own pleasure, either before or after dinner, whether she has the permission of the teacher or not.

The public creates kings in art, and destroys them later with the same smile. It makes those who have reached the highest realms of fame sink into the dark night of oblivion; while, on the other hand, it elevates creatures of obscure birth to the rank of heroes. Nevertheless, in spite of everything, artists crave for it, work for it, and suffer for it. They offer this Moloch their heart's blood, they tremble before it, and adore it. Why? Because the public is to the singer what the light is to the painter. Without eyes to see and sun to shine, where and what would the painter be? Without ears to hear, what would music be? The one cannot exist without the other. I will say more: a considerable part of the artist's talents depends upon her hearers. You may be the greatest living artist, but if you stand before an uneducated, indifferent or ironical public, you will be unable to impart or develop your art. You will lose your talent instantaneously if you begin to feel that cold waves of indifference are flying toward you across the space. On the other hand, you will be inspired and double your talent if you have sympathy, love, enthusiasm, and praise from your audience.

The public can unfortunately direct an artist's taste, force him to perform what it likes best, what seems a pleasure to it, because pleasure is the principal benefit it wishes to derive from art. The public wants to

be pleased, to amuse itself; if it must work or struggle to understand what is offered to it, the singing will no longer be a pleasure. Therefore the public likes things known to it, as in listening to them it enjoys itself. The serious artist who wishes to educate the public remains very poor indeed, and advances very slowly. I only speak of the singer, as she stands in front of the public in an especially difficult position, which is unknown to instrumentalists. The classics of music for the violin and pianoforte are known by every concert-goer all over the world; and the artists play them over and over again, until the public is thoroughly familiar with them. The singer's repertoire is, so to say, unexploited as yet. The singer, wishing always to please instantaneously, and especially having to consider that she *must* please so as to be able to earn her own living, has to give up searching for unknown or forgotten novelties; she gives the public what it knows and therefore does not add to its education.

When some artists venture to give unknown works, they can only count on the appreciation of a circle, a very small circle, of people, and not on the general public. This circle is formed of highly cultured persons, who look out for intellectual feasts, and are happy to stroll with the artist through unknown fields. Therefore, it is the public who could, *if* it would, educate the artist, because it is the public which pays. So, naturally, the artist who has to make her own living cannot afford to teach the public, as she is the one who receives.

THE VALUE OF CORRECT BREATHING

By William Shakespeare

Decadence of Vocal Art—Standard of Taste Lowered—Singing "to the Breath"—How to Recognize Correct Production—Freedom of Throat.

FAULTY intonation and painful tremulousness; a lack of real expression, through which vehemence must be accepted as intensity; absence of pronunciation and an infrequent power of sustaining long phrases—all these, accompanied in our opera houses by convulsions of orchestration, denote, at the present writing, a serious decadence in the art of singing. One may indulge the hope, however, that this decadence has reached the level at which a reaction may soon be expected.

The condition of affairs I refer to is, in my judgment, the outcome of the degradation of the artist in the universal race for wealth. It is illustrated in the enormous honoraria commanded by the few gifted ones that yield to a low standard exacted by a vastly extended and ignorant public. The foremost men and women in the profession are the greatest offenders, judged by the columns of the daily newspapers, the character of the songs desired by popular taste, and the artists' subservience to its demands. A woman—a musician, not a singer—that stood at the head of her profession expressed the yearning of all true artists

for a more serious state of things, in the words, "I am fifty years too late!"

Many years ago students were far more earnest in the pursuit of their labors than they are nowadays. Young vocalists no longer admit the need of prolonged study when they can earn money at once, regardless of the future of their throats. Then, too, art is not for the million. The million cannot apprehend a high standard. The art that appeals actually to ten millions is but a caricature. Students possessed of the most splendid natural gifts will no longer stand a prolonged course of tuition. A year, or a year and a half, is regarded as a sufficient outlay of time; at the expiration of that period each is equipped, thanks to the prevailing low standard of taste, to go forth and prosper. This lowering of the standard of taste by the representative singers of the age is a disorder of the century. The real artist never ceases to raise his own standard by study, nor does he bid for popularity.

As for singing, Lamperti's great axiom was, "Sing to the breath, and the instrument must be free from rigidity, and the tones will respond to the slight pressure of the controlled breath." This is in accordance with the teachings of Crescentini, who said, "Singing is looseness of the throat and the voice on the breath." And Pacchierotti proclaimed, "He that knows how to pronounce and how to breathe, knows how to sing."

If the singer sings as above explained, he will experience certain physical sensations that may be tentatively described. For example, the right production of the chest tones will convey a feeling of very great vibration in the chest; the tones above these—the lower medium or upper chest tones—will cause vibra-

tion in the mouth, at the front teeth. If the tones lying higher than these are rightly produced and the upper lip and chin are free, expression is the result; but wrong production is attended with a loss of all expression, a fixed eye, and a set chin and jaw. Reverberation of the tone in the forehead is the fatal sign of a wrong production of the high tones; with the highest tones of the female voice the sensation should be farther back than the back upper teeth. These tones constitute what is known as the "head voice."

A bad singer experiences discomfort and strain at the throat; a good singer is utterly unconscious of any fatigue, or, indeed, of singing at all. Perfect unconsciousness should exist at tongue and throat. Wrongly produced, the high tones become gloomy and, so to say, "hooting" in quality. Stiffening of the tongue is probably the great means by which a bad singer is able to bring forth his loud but meaningless tones. Hence all that teach freedom of throat in singing are in the right. Equally so are those that teach facility of pronunciation and breath-control, and those that insist on expression, as long as they insist with equal pertinacity upon control of the breath. Stiffness of tongue involves stiffness at the vocal cord. The practice of coloratura was intended by the old masters to secure looseness of the vocal apparatus, and to this the attention of the student cannot be too earnestly directed. But for the ancient study of florid exercises, the miracles of brilliant and facile execution credited to the singers of old could never have been performed.

THE CARE OF THE VOICE

By Nellie Melba

Food and Exercise—Private Economy of the Voice—Proper Posing—The Choice of Rôles.

IT is not poetic, but it is plain truth, that chiefly upon the condition of the stomach depends the condition of the voice. Now, stomachic disorders are mainly caused by unsuitable food; and about my food I am most particular. It requires a little self-denial, of course, to abstain from rich dishes and wines; but my fare is invariably of the simplest kind—plenty of chops and steaks, fresh vegetables and fruits. Then, exercise, indoors with dumb-bells, when the weather is bad; but always in the open air if fine, and there walking is best. No ordinary rule of health may be disregarded by the singer, and every sensible person must know more or less what contributes best in his individual case to health and well-being.

Another secret of the freshness of my voice is that, while I save none of my other muscles, but take much physical exercise, I use my voice for the public only. When young artists undertake a new rôle they immediately begin to sing it. They hack and hack at their voices, not for purposes of execution, but merely to memorize what they might better do with their fingers on the keyboard. I do not memorize on my voice what

can be as well done on a mechanical instrument. When the music is fixed in my mind then only do I use my voice upon it. Further still, except at rehearsal I always use my voice pianissimo. If you practise forte, you cannot sing pianissimo afterward. Therefore, pianissimo in private, and the forte is sure to come all right in public. Of course, while the average voice is being developed, scales, solfeggi, and vocalization over its full compass, are essential; but once the voice has obtained its growth, my experience is that if you sing in public you should save it completely in private.

I especially advise young singers above all things to look after the proper posing of the voice. When I first went to Marchesi, in Paris, without a single vocal lesson I sang as well as I do to-day, but for one break in my voice. Marchesi corrected that at once, and placed the registers properly. If this had not been done I should have totally lost my voice. Singers will know of themselves where the break lies between their registers, and if the teacher tries to force the voice over the break there is sure to be something wrong. The probable result will be permanent ruin of the vocal organs. Many a voice is thus ruined in the first stages of tuition. It is quite possible to sing as an artist and yet be an exception to the ordinary rule as to the place where the registers change. A natural peculiarity in this respect should not be disregarded. I carry my middle register to F sharp, half a tone beyond the prescribed limit. If I were a teacher and advocated this in any special case, I should have the whole fraternity abusing me. But I know my own voice.

While I have been on the stage I have sung in

many different rôles, and have studied several in which I have not appeared. I like them all. If I begin the study of one and find I do not like it, I drop it at once. I can make nothing of a rôle with which I am not in sympathy. Of course, one has naturally a weakness for those in which one has achieved the greatest success. But I seem to have been equally successful in mine—Aïda, Elsa, Lucia, Gilda, Semiramide, Elisabeth in "Tannhäuser," Elaine, Juliette—Gounod himself taught me that part—and Marguerite as well.

Certain rôles may suit the voice and not the temperament of the artist, or the reverse. I mean that one's nature may be one of passionate intensity, and one's voice of a quality unfit for the strain of expressing exalted sentiments, intense feeling, and profound emotion. A man with a light, high tenor voice could not hope to sing heroic rôles with any considerable success; neither could a heavy dramatic soprano make much effect in opéra-comique music. A singer should pay regard to the type of her voice (for that is the medium of expression), and ignore inclination to impersonate characters for which the voice is unsuited, even though nature may have bestowed every other endowment required for those parts. When possible, I always study my rôle with the composer. Gounod was my friend. I studied with him, with Mascagni, with Thomas, with Delibes. If I cannot reach the composer, I study what the music says to me of the meaning of the libretto. I do not go to the scene of the story, study the class of people to which the characters belong, or even read of it from books. I try to get the composer's meaning, rather than to make a conception of my own of what the part ought to be.

MY PERSONAL VIEWS ON THE ART OF VOCAL INSTRUCTION

By Victor Maurel

Various Propositions—Results of Phonation—Five Qualities of Vocal Music—Pitch, Intensity, and Timbre—Art and Scientific Knowledge.

THERE exists an actual necessity for the union of art with science in order to accomplish what has hitherto been attempted by the aid of empiric rules alone. My book "A Problem of Art" lays down in brief the following propositions, definitions, and deductions:

"I. All tone-production (phonation) depends upon the relations of three qualities of vocal sound: height (pitch), intensity, and timbre.

"II. Phonation is a physiological act, the agents of which are certain organs of the human body comprehended under the name of 'vocal organs,' which produce a sonorous vibration called voice, or vocal sound. These three qualities of vocal sound are engendered in the human throat, but are not defined at the moment when the free edges of the two ribbons of muscle, usually called the vocal cords (inferior), between which opens the space called the glottis, enter into vibration.

"They do not become definite until they have suffered

modifications in the passage which is made by the vocal sound across the inner cavities of the head, modifications which do not cease until the tone issues forth from the lips. These modifications of the three qualities of the vocal sound, like its initiation, are caused by the movements and changes of position of the vocal organs. Each quality arises from causes clearly distinct; but as all three are produced simultaneously in the same organs, their relation to each other is most intimate, since every variation in the position of the organs, although intended to effect but one of the vocal qualities, necessarily involves a modification of the others also.

"The essential cause of *pitch* is the degree of tension and the closeness of proximity of the vocal cords.

"*Intensity* arises primarily from the breath expelled from the lungs. But it should be remembered that this air-column is only able to effect its progress through the interior vocal passages by being reflected, for the obvious reason that it is impossible to draw a straight line from the glottis to the lips. The causes which detract from the intensity of the vocal sound arise from the manner in which the air-column traverses the vocal passage, from the changes to which the cavities concerned submit, and also from such as can provoke the movement of certain mobile organs situated upon the vocal passage.

"*Timbre* depends primarily on the molecular constitution of the body which initiates the vibration of the vocal breath (vibrating air-column), viz., the vocal cords. It also depends largely on the positions taken by the organs and cavities situated upon the vocal passage."

According to human practice the results of phonation fall into two classes: modulated, pertaining to music; and significant, pertaining to language. The union of significant phonation (speech) with modulated phonation (*solfège*) produces song, which is both modulated and significant. Language, in turn, involves three requisites: accuracy, expressiveness, and perceptibility; to which modulation adds two more: pitch and intensity.

Thus vocal music implies five qualities: its language must be accurate; it must express the mood and intention of the singer; it must be audible to the listener; it must be varied in pitch and in intensity. These five requisites, on close inspection, are too often found to involve an opposition grounded on physiological considerations. The organic conditions demanded by one forbid those demanded by another. Art, in fact, may be resolved into a series of compromises; but inartistic or unnecessary compromise destroys art.

Whereas art, starting from an idea in its expression, ends with the scientific facts upon which its effects are based, science, starting with these effects, ends with the truth to be deduced from them—that is, with the idea. "Art, seconded by science, is the formula that we propose for the solution of the problem upon which depends the future of vocal art."

In the matter of teaching, as the three qualities of vocality—pitch, intensity, and timbre—are equally precious, they should be developed simultaneously. Since to do this it is necessary to begin with one, I select that which should be called "the great regulator of the three qualities of vocal sound"—namely, timbre.

Opposed to the present practice of vocal teaching, we should seek *not* all the pitches at which the voice can be emitted upon a given timbre—i.e., the pronunciation of a given vowel—but all the timbres—i.e., all the pronunciations of the vowels which can be emitted upon a given pitch. Take, for convenience, a medium pitch—that which serves for speech. Pursue the research at all the pitches which the voice will produce. This will permit the observation of the gradual transformations of the timbres, and will thereby make evident the ensemble.

All of this, the initial step of the work of vocal culture, should be effected with the weakest possible intensity. Suppleness should be acquired before strength, as is physiologically correct, since all physical exercise should begin with motions to produce suppleness. Only when studies upon timbre and pitch have given satisfactory results should the question of intensity (not loudness) come in play. All possible variations of intensity should then be studied upon all the timbres of all variations of pitch.

The exercises preparatory to singing may be reduced to three types: scales, arpeggios, and grupetti (figures); to which may be added a fourth type, intensity, which varies upon a given height (*filage des sons*). When one has produced all the varieties of pitch that it is possible to realize upon all varieties of intensity and of timbre; all the varieties of intensity upon all the varieties of timbre and of pitch; all the varieties of timbre on all the varieties of height and of intensity, he will have practised the ensemble of the three qualities of vocal sound from one end to the other of the field of natural means of artistic expression. He

will know the compromises which these qualities necessitate in order not to injure each other; will know how to maintain them in a state of conciliation; in fine, will possess mastery of singing.

The art of vocal instruction must have a scientific basis. It is to that end, and to prove that necessity, that my essays have been written; but, alas! men of science continue to pursue their own road, while artists persist in following the path that they have chosen. Both are wrong: the first regard phonic production from a purely physical and anatomical point of view; the second rely entirely upon experiment or observation. The former lack experience in art; the latter in scientific knowledge.

And yet, after all, what is phonetic production but a result of the mechanism and movements of certain organs? In order, then, to obtain a satisfactory result we must first have perfect mechanism, whence the necessity of studying the anatomy and physiology of the organs of sound. The product of this mechanism is vocality, not only when it becomes an auditory sensation, but in its initial state, while still in the throat—that is to say, when it is not yet a sound, but merely vibration, having neither intensity nor dimension nor tone, but being only a molecular movement.

The study of vibration belongs to physics, which brings us back again to our starting-point, that in this joining of forces there must be mutual gain; and with a thorough understanding of primary causes we can easily trace the means by which best results are to be obtained—from a technical standpoint, be it understood, for we are dealing with the question of technique only.

Thus we may infuse new blood into this drooping art, which seems about to perish for want of understanding the evil from which it suffers. The remedy can be found only in a careful study of the laws of vibration of sound, and the manner in which it is formed and diffused in the vocal organs.

WHAT I THINK OF THE MODERN ART OF SONG

By Lilli Lehmann-Kalisch

Wagner's Unconscious Influence—His Intentions Unheeded—Transitory Spell of Song—The Critics—Both German and Italian Schools Necessary—Practice of Scales—General Suggestions—Qualifications of the Artist.

THE art of song will always be the same—only, nowadays, much less must be learned than heretofore, and of this fact the singers of the period make good use. And, unfortunately, I must confess that Wagner has unconsciously exercised a great influence upon incapables (Nichtskönner). In former times, particularly when Mozart was concerned, and, indeed, all the old Italian masters—Bellini, Donizetti, and Verdi (the latter in his early works)—it was required that every voice, whether soprano, alto, bass, or tenor, should be of extensive range, have good execution, a trill, etc. Wagner has, happily, swept away all these needs from the opera; but the fact that now that each syllable has a note the music is easier to sing, fosters the belief that, to sing Wagner's music well, one has only to enunciate distinctly. Why should one practise fioriture and trills? Many dramatic songstresses, indeed, regard it as a shame to make a simple mordente: to do this might make people believe they were coloratura vocalists.

I, on the contrary, consider that one cannot sing Wagner well without singing Mozart well, and vice versa. True it is that Wagner makes great demands upon the voice; but possessing his sunken orchestra, he could take much license, and that his intentions are not heeded everywhere is certainly no fault of his. If all his piano and pianissimo signs were observed by conductors, orchestra, and singers, the public would marvel how singable Wagner can be. I shall cite here, in support of my assertion, only one instance, the "Death Announcement" (Die Todesverkündigung) in "Die Walküre." For the Valkyr herself, the scene is conceived as a vision, her answers to Siegmund being marked *pp.* for the orchestra. And what occurs habitually? The orchestra blares forth as though it were trumpeting on the day of judgment.

I do not share, as to Wagner, the views of extremists, and every reasonable artist must reject them. Every genius has its incomparable sparks from above, but even geniuses are only men, and perfection is not of this world. Why should I exalt to heaven one man in particular, where so many exist, and so much that is great has been achieved? There is room for all, but the place of each must be won and held, which last is often the most difficult of accomplishment. What is really great and sublime remains; what is small, or made imposing by artificiality, is borne away by the unceasing flight of time.

Shall we go back to the past? We shall always go back to the ancient traditions as long as these are left us. Every art, call it what we will, has rested for thousands of years upon a firm basis, which none that lay claim to artistic worth may disregard. Painting

and sculpture have in this respect an advantage: their creations remain, everlasting, visible exemplars and incentives to effort. The singer, unhappily, creates but for the moment; little that he does so impresses as to extend its influence over years. We learn of it only by narration; we cannot hear it more. The art of song exerts its spell at once, and can stir the heart to the depths, but in the other respect it is in truth ill-favored.

As in every branch of art, there are now, in the art of song, but few distinguished personalities. Only born coloratura songstresses can sing Mozart. How few learn to sing his music, how few teach it; and so it goes! Through the advancement of wretched beginners, brought forward by conscienceless agents and ignorant managers who have the good will of the critics, the public is educated in stupidity. The public feels that this is good, and that bad; and yet it involuntarily asks if what it reads—exactly the reverse of its own right feeling—must not be more accurate because set down by a critic; and it requires all the energy of one's character to hold to one's opinion or to defend it. In ten different newspapers one can read, concerning the same person or work, the most varying opinions; a comparison compels merriment. The critics, too, seek to earn their bread, especially in Germany. How many can write an ordinary critique? Most of them cannot sing a note; they depend upon their divine infallibility; works, performances representing years of activity, industry, and pains, are judged according to good or ill humor, and often dismissed with a sorry jest, while the tentatively interesting critic exalts a wretched production to the skies.

BEFORE THE IMPRESARIO

From the Painting by F. B. Doubek

This endures not, for what is beautiful and worthy remains victorious; but the judgment of the public is made no better. I have learned that among the critics are artists and unprejudiced men—particularly in America. There critics have publicly thanked artists—e.g., Niemann—for what the artist taught them; this has inspired me with profound respect for the writer in question. But how seldom is the public taught to judge, how seldom the artist amiably enlightened!

It would be difficult for me to express myself briefly on the subject of instruction in the art of song; the theme appeals to me so strongly that I fear I should be carried too far in my utterances. I will touch on but a few points. Most people have a wrong conception of method. Some claim that the Italian is the best, others the German. Both schools, when good, rest on the same basis; they are in fact one and the same. Perhaps some people understand, nowadays, by the "German school," Wagner singing; by the "Italian," the ornate style. The layman may hold these different conceptions; to the artist, whether German or Italian, these schools have no separate existence. A good songstress must be mistress of both. This mastery is attainable through industry, endeavor, and thought, and, in my opinion, whoever does not attain it can lay no claim to the title of artist. I make no exceptions; this applies to singers as well as to songstresses. The sole difference between the old and the new methods of instruction is that formerly eight years were devoted to the study of song and acting, while now a pupil is brought out in a twelvemonth. Scarcely anything can be accomplished in this length of time.

I remember Rossi's telling me that he studied Hamlet eight years before essaying the part on the boards. Others attempt it in four weeks, and the result is and remains a failure, unless a God-gifted genius atones for much by the divine spark. A real genius, however, begins his study only when he apprehends the defects of a conception and is not satisfied to obey the momentary impulse of feeling. To create a rôle, to breathe life into it, to master it physically, to grow with it, to sing one's self into it, requires years; and when one has filled it a hundred times, one still smoothes down roughnesses, striving all the while to maintain proportion, greatness, dignity. How many heed all this at present?

The study of difficult exercises, the sustaining of tones, long breathing exercises, are gone out of fashion, and the scales, they say, tax the strength too severely. Yet whoever sings the scales well can sing everything easily, and therein lies the secret of keeping one's voice young and fresh to an advanced age. My mother often told me: "No one will give you a penny merely to sing in tune and by heart. When you have sung through a great rôle you should be fresh enough to begin anew. The practice of scales will never weary you; on the contrary, they are as needful to good singing as is the air to breathing." I noted all this. "A singer, too," she said, "should always have one upper and one lower tone more at her command than she requires."

As the study of song is difficult and exacting, the mind and body of the singer require much repose. Much speech should be avoided, for nothing injures the voice in the same degree. Two hours' conscien-

tious daily practice is sufficient. Social functions should be avoided; a regular life led; abundant out-of-door exercise taken, and early hours for retiring kept to. Good, solid food should be partaken of in moderation; moderation and limitation are words made for the life and work of an artist.

The term artist is much abused. I am often pained for others, as well as for myself, when I see men and women that have had a long artistic career and have risen far above their contemporaries by genius and toil, named in the same breath with those barely out of school, to say nothing of having accomplished anything in art. This should not be. The title "artist" should be held sacred by the public and the critics, a title of honor, to be obtained only by years of service; then would greater efforts be put forth to acquire it, and many a youth wear a humbler mien. At sixteen no one, however extraordinary one's talent, can be an artist. A man must have struggled with destiny, and striven as man and artist, to become conscious of his highest aims. How shall love, grief, hatred, revenge, or compassion be depicted by him that has not known these feelings? Genius can accomplish much, but will discover this to be unattainable; then the artist must work diligently to make good his shortcomings. We must ourselves behold and experience, ere we, dignified in tone, word, bearing, and expression, give back from the stage sentiments and emotions. But our managers want artists of sixteen summers. They will never find them; body and mind are at that age alike immature, and will never meet the demands of an intelligent audience. No songstress until she is thirty, no singer until he is thirty-five, can achieve anything potent.

What do I like to sing? Everything that is noble and beautiful. Among my rôles I like most Fidelio, Donna Anna, and Isolde. Isolde enfolds all that is known as womanly feeling; for me she most embodies woman, although sinning woman. I can merge myself in her feeling, and that is the highest that an artist can claim for her creative power. Isolde is not a part: she is a complete being, *ein ganzer Mensch*. What would I not do for Mozart? I love him as one loves the sunbeams that warm, that one inhales with rapture. Wagner often cleaves my heart in twain; his is the life of a great man, with its heights and its depths. Yet it seems to me that we are indebted to Wagner not only for his works, but also for a far better understanding of Beethoven, and even more of Gluck, who is as yet not nearly comprehended.

It is not a very gracious task to give advice to young artists; one may give one's best, and not be heeded. Above all things, I should counsel industry, industry, and again industry. With this, and voice, talent, endurance, capability in all directions, a sound body, and boundless aptitude, the student in time may accomplish something.

GREAT VOCALISTS

GREAT VOCALISTS

CHAPTER I

FROM THE BEGINNINGS OF OPERA TO CATALANI

Early Exponents of Vocal Art—Francesca Cuzzoni—Farinelli—Catterina Gabrielli—Madeleine Sophie Arnould—Gasparo Pacchierotti—Gertrude Elisabeth Mara—Antoinette Cécile Saint-Huberty—Elizabeth Billington—A List of Other Noted Artists.

THAT there is ample evidence of the influence of vocal music among ancient peoples—whether in religious procession, bardic recital, or dramatic chorus—is abundantly shown in the historical section of the present series. There, also, it appears that during the Middle Ages vocal music continued to play its part in the life of European nations. It was kept alive largely in one of two ways—by the services of the Church, or by the minstrel who appeared under various names and by whom several more or less distinct phases were developed. Here and there a name emerges, such as that of Taillefer, whose martial chant rang forth to lead the invading host of Normans at the battle of Senlac; or Wolfram, whose poetic gifts have been celebrated by Wagner in "Tannhäuser." It is not, however, until the establishment of opera that a record

of great singers begins sufficiently authentic and detailed to supply material for definite biography.

It was in 1600 at Florence that the first regular public performance of opera was given. The growth of opera on the Continent and in Great Britain was rapid, and this soon became the most elaborate and lavish of all forms of public entertainment. The impetus that it gave to the development of musical art was great, and through it most of the historic singers have risen to eminence. As Italy was the original home of opera and center of instruction in the art of song, the important vocalists were at first largely of Italian origin. In France, however, progress was rapid, and a French school of opera, with its own methods and traditions, shortly came into being. In Germany and Great Britain, also, native singers gradually arose. In London the opera soon became extremely popular, and the choicest talent was secured from abroad by means of most liberal inducements.

It has seemed best to give, in this opening chapter, a brief biographical survey of the leading early exponents of the vocal art. The selection of names has been carefully made from an extensive list, and includes those who played the most distinguished parts in that stage of musical evolution and to whom testimony and tradition have assigned a peculiar place. The arrangement is chronological.

In addition to the names that we have here treated at some length, we have also given a list of a few others in regard to whom the reader may find full information in musical encyclopedias and other works of reference. This preliminary chapter is followed by several others of which each is concerned with one of

the great names identified with opera, from Catalani to Jenny Lind; and the section is concluded by a chapter devoted to a few artists of more recent times whose names have already become classic in the annals of song.

Certain rather definite limits having been set to the extent of this portion of the work, many well-known singers have necessarily been omitted. Furthermore, it has been deemed impossible to accord any space to operatic favorites of the present, to whom no decisive position can as yet be assigned.

FRANCESCA CUZZONI.—This great contralto was born at Parma (or, according to others, at Modena) about 1700, received her first instruction from Lanzi, a noted master, and became one of the most famous singers of the eighteenth century. She made her début at Venice with Faustina Bordoni in 1719 in Gasparini's "Lamano," being described as "virtuosa di camera" of the Grand Duchess of Tuscany; and she appeared again, with Bordoni and Bernacchi, in the "Pentimento Generoso," in the same year and at the same place. After singing on most of the principal stages of Italy she went to England. On her first arrival there she married Sandoni, a harpsichord-master and composer of some eminence. Her first appearance in London was on January 12, 1722, as Teofane in Handel's "Otho." Her singing of her first air, a slow one, "Falsa immagine," fixed her reputation. A story is told about this song which illustrates her character as well as that of Handel. At rehearsal she took a dislike to the air, and refused to sing it; whereupon Handel seized her by the waist, and swore he would throw her out of the window if she persisted. She gave way, and in

that very song achieved one of her greatest triumphs. Success followed her in "Coriolano," in "Flavio," and in "Farnace"; and she became a popular favorite.

In the following year she sang in "Vespasiano" and "Giulio Cesare," and her triumphal career was continued in "Calfurnia," "Tamerlane," and "Artaserse"; and in "Rodelinda" (1725) she created one of her most successful parts, gaining great reputation by her tender singing of the song "Ho perduto il caro sposo." French applause met her in "Dario," "Elpidia," "Elisa," "Scipio," and finally "Alessandro" (Handel), when she first encountered, on the English stage, the redoubtable Bordoni. In this opera her style and that of her rival were skillfully contrasted by the composer; but the contest was the first of a series which did the Italian opera much harm.

In 1727 she created a great effect in the song "Sen vola" ("Admeto"), which displayed her warbling style. Her next part was in "Astyanax." The violence of party feeling had now become so great that, when the admirers of Cuzzoni applauded, those of Bordoni hissed; and vice versa. This culminated during the performance of "Astyanax," when shrill and discordant noises were added to the uproar, in spite of the presence of the Princess Caroline. Lady Pembroke headed the Cuzzonists, and was lampooned in the following epigram:

UPON LADY PEMBROKE'S PROMOTING THE CAT-CALLS OF FAUSTINA.

Old poets sing that beasts did dance
  Whenever Orpheus play'd,
So to Faustina's charming voice
  Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd.

At the close of the season, the directors, troubled by the endless disputes of the rivals, decided to offer Faustina one guinea a year more than the salary of Cuzzoni. The latter had been persuaded to take a solemn oath that she would not accept less than her enemy, and so found herself unengaged. About this time she yielded to the invitation of Count Kinsky, and went to Vienna. She sang at court with great éclat; but her arrogant demands prevented her from getting an engagement at the theater.

At Venice she next sang at one theater, while Faustina performed at another. In London again, a few years later (1734), she appeared in Porpora's "Ariadne"; and, with Farinelli, Senesino, and Montagnana, in "Artaserse" as Mandane, and also in other operas. Hawkins says that she returned again in 1748, and sang in "Mitridate"; but this is not recorded by Burney, who puts her third visit in 1750, when she had a benefit concert (May 18). The concert was a failure, and she disappeared again. She then passed some time in Holland, where she soon fell into debt, and was thrown into prison. Gradually she paid her debts by occasional performances given by the permission of the governor of the prison, and returned to Bologna, where she was obliged to support herself by making buttons. She died there in poverty in 1770.

It was difficult to decide whether she excelled more in slow or in rapid airs. A "native warble" enabled her to execute divisions with such facility as to conceal their difficulty. So grateful and touching was her natural tone that she rendered pathetic whatever she sang, when she had the opportunity to unfold the whole volume of her voice. Her power of conducting,

sustaining, increasing, and diminishing her notes by minute degrees acquired for her, among professors, the credit of being a complete mistress of her art. Her trill was perfect: she had a creative fancy, and a command of tempo rubato. Her high notes were unrivaled in clearness and sweetness, and her intonation was so absolutely true that she seemed incapable of singing out of tune. She had a compass of two octaves, C to C in alt. Her style was unaffected, simple, and sympathetic. As an actress she was cold, dressed badly, and her figure was short and ungraceful. Yet the fine ladies imitated the costume (brown silk, embroidered with silver) which she wore in "Rodelinda," and it became the rage. There are no good portraits of her; but she figures in several of the caricatures of the time, and notably in Hogarth's "Masquerades and Operas," where she is the singer to whom the Earl of Peterborough is presenting £1000.

CARLO FARINELLI.—The real name of this singer was Broschi. He was born at Naples, January 24, 1705, according to his own statement made to Burney, who saw him at Bologna in 1770. He soon left the care of his father, who taught him the rudiments, to enter the school of Porpora, of whom he was the first and most distinguished pupil. In spite of his explicit statement to Burney, it is not possible that Farinelli could have made his début at Naples in 1720 at the age of fifteen in Metastasio's "Angelica e Medoro"; for the latter did not leave Rome till 1721, and "Angelica e Medoro" was not written before 1722. In that year Farinelli, already famous in Southern Italy under the name of *il ragazzo* (the boy), accompanied Porpora to Rome, and made his first appearance there in

"Eomene," composed by his master for the Teatro Aliberti. There was a German trumpet-player at that time in the capital, who excited the admiration of the Romans by his marvelous powers. For this artist Porpora wrote an obbligato part to a song, in which his pupil vied with the instrument in holding and swelling a note of extraordinary length, purity, and volume. Although the virtuoso performed this in a wonderful manner, Farinelli excelled him in the duration, brilliance, and gradual crescendo and diminuendo of the note, while he carried the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch by the novelty and spontaneity of the trills and difficult variations which he introduced into the air.

Having remained under the instruction of Porpora until 1724, Farinelli made his first journey to Vienna in that year. A year later he sang for the first time at Venice in Albinoni's "Didone abbandonata," libretto by Metastasio; and subsequently returned to Naples, where he achieved a triumph in a "dramatic serenade" by Hasse, in which he sang with the celebrated songstress Tesi. In 1726 he appeared in Ciampi's "Ciro" at Milan; and then made his second visit to Rome, where he was anxiously expected. In 1727 he went to Bologna, where he met, for the first time, the famous Bernacchi, the "King of Singers." In a grand duo with Bernacchi, Farinelli poured forth all the beauties of his voice and style without reserve, and executed a number of most difficult passages, which were rewarded with tumultuous applause. Nothing daunted, Bernacchi replied in the same air, repeating every trill, roulade, or cadenza that had been sung by Farinelli. The latter, owning his defeat, entreated his conqueror

to give him some instruction, which Bernacchi, with equal generosity, willingly consented to bestow; and thus was perfected the talent of one who has through tradition been ranked as perhaps the most remarkable singer who ever lived.

After a second visit to Vienna, in 1728, Farinelli went several times to Venice, Rome, Naples, Piacenza, and Parma, meeting and vanquishing such formidable rivals as Gizzi, Nicolini, Faustina, and Cuzzoni, and everywhere loaded with riches and honors. In 1731 he visited Vienna for the third time. It was at this point that he modified his style, from one of mere brilliance and bravura, which, like a true pupil of Porpora, he had hitherto practised, to one of pathos and simplicity. This change is said to have been suggested by the Emperor Charles VI. "You have," he said, "hitherto excited only astonishment and admiration, but you have never touched the heart; it would be easy to you to create emotion, if you would but be more simple and more expressive!" Farinelli adopted this admirable counsel, and became the most pathetic, as he was still the most brilliant, of singers.

Returning once more to Italy, he revisited with ever-increasing renown Venice, Rome, Ferrara, Lucca, and Turin. In 1734 he made his first journey to England. He arrived at the moment when the opposition to Handel, supported by the nobles, had established a rival opera, with Porpora for composer, and Senesino, who had quarreled with the great German, for principal singer. The enterprise, however, did not succeed, but made debts to the amount of £19,000. At this juncture Porpora naturally thought of his illustrious pupil, who obeyed the summons, and saved the house.

He made his first appearance at the Lincoln's Inn Opera, in "Artaserse," the music of which was chiefly by Riccardo Broschi, his own brother, and Hasse. The favorite airs were "Pallido il sole," set by Hasse and sung by Senesino; "Per questo dolce amplesso," by the same, and "Son qual nave," by Broschi, both the latter being sung by Farinelli. In the last, composed specially for him, the first note was taken with such delicacy, swelled by minute degrees to such an amazing volume, and afterward diminished in the same manner to a mere point, that it was applauded for full five minutes. After this, he set off with such brilliance and rapidity of execution that it was most difficult for the violins of those days to accompany him.

He sang also in "Onorio," "Polifemo," and other operas by Porpora; and excited an enthusiastic admiration among the dilettanti which finally culminated in the famous ejaculation of a lady in one of the boxes (perpetuated by Hogarth in the "Rake's Progress")—"One God and one Farinelli!" His salary was only £1500, yet during the three years (1734-36) which he spent in London, his income was not less than £5000 per annum. On his return to Italy, he built, out of a small part of the sums acquired there, "a very superb mansion, in which he dwelt, choosing to dignify it with the significant appellation of the *English Folly*."

Toward the end of 1736 Farinelli set out for Spain, staying a few months in France by the way; where, in spite of the ignorance and prejudice against foreign singers which then distinguished the French, he achieved a great success. Louis XV gave him his portrait set in diamonds, and 500 louis d'or. Though

the singer, who had made engagements in London, intended only a flying visit to Spain, his fortune kept him there nearly twenty-five years. He arrived in Madrid, as he had done in London, at a critical moment. Philip V, a prey to melancholy depression, neglected the affairs of the state, and refused even to preside at the Council. The Queen, hearing of the arrival of Farinelli, determined to try the effect of his voice upon the King. She arranged a concert in the next room to that which the King occupied, and invited the singer to perform there a few tender and pathetic airs. The success of the plan was instantaneous and complete; Philip was first struck, then moved, and finally overcome with pleasure. He sent for the artist, thanked him with effusion, and bade him name his reward. Farinelli, duly prepared, answered that his best reward would be to see the monarch return to the society of his court and to the cares of the state. Philip consented, allowing himself to be shaved for the first time for many weeks, and owed his cure to the powers of the great singer. The Queen, alive to this, succeeded in persuading the latter to remain at a salary of 50,000 francs, and Farinelli thus separated himself from the world of art forever.

He related to Burney that during ten years, until the death of Philip V, he sang four songs to the King every night without change of any kind. Two of these were the "Pallido il sole" and "Per questo dolce amplesso" of Hasse; and the third, a minuet on which he improvised variations. He thus repeated about 3600 times the same things. It is not true that Farinelli was appointed prime minister by Philip; but under Ferdinand VI, the successor of Philip, he enjoyed the

position of first favorite, superior to that of any minister. This king was subject to the same infirmity as his father, and was similarly cured by Farinelli, as Saul was by David. His reward this time was the cross of Calatrava (1750), one of the highest orders in Spain. From this moment his power was unbounded, and exceeded that ever obtained by any other singer. Seeing the effect produced on the King by music, he easily persuaded him to establish an Italian opera at Buen-retiro, to which he invited some of the first artists of Italy. He himself was appointed the chief manager. He was also employed frequently in political affairs, and was consulted constantly by the minister La Enseñada.

In all his prosperity, Farinelli ever showed the greatest prudence, modesty, and moderation. Having one day heard an officer in the antechamber complain of the King's neglect of his thirty years' service, while riches were heaped on "a miserable actor," Farinelli begged a commission for the grumbler, observing mildly that he was wrong to tax the King with ingratitude. According to another anecdote, he once requested an embassy for a courtier, when the King asked him if he was not aware that this grandee was a particular enemy of his. "True," replied Farinelli; "but this is how I desire to take my revenge upon him."

Shortly after the accession of Charles III to the throne (1759), Farinelli received orders to leave the kingdom, owing probably to Charles's intention to sign the family pact with France and Naples, to which the singer had ever been opposed. He preserved his salary, but on condition that he should live at Bologna and not at Naples. Once more in Italy, after twenty-

five years of exile, Farinelli found none of his friends remaining. Some were dead; others had quitted the country. He passed the twenty remaining years of his life in a splendid palace, a mile from Bologna, contemplating for hours the portraits of Philip V, Elisabeth, and Ferdinand. He received the visits of strangers courteously, and showed pleasure in conversing with them about the Spanish court.

When Burney saw him at Bologna in 1771, though he no longer sang, he played on the viol d'amour and harpsichord, and composed for those instruments. He had also a collection of keyed instruments in which he took great delight, especially a piano made at Florence in 1730; and a fine gallery of pictures by Murillo and Ximenes, among which were portraits of his royal patrons, and several of himself, one by his friend Amiconi, representing him with Faustina Bordoni and Metastasio.

Fétis falls into an error in contradicting the story of Farinelli's suggesting to the Padre Martini to write his "History of Music," on the ground that he only returned to Italy in 1761, four years after the appearance of the first volume, and had no previous relations with the learned author. He was in correspondence with him certainly as early as April, 1756, when he writes in answer to a letter of Martini, and, after adverting to the death of Bernacchi, orders twenty-four copies of the "History," bound in red morocco, for presents to the Queen and other notabilities of the court. It is, therefore, quite possible that their correspondence originated even long before this. They remained in the closest intimacy until separated by the decease of Farinelli, July 15, 1782.

Martinelli speaks in glowing terms of this great artist, saying that he had seven or eight notes more than ordinary singers, and these perfectly sonorous, equal, and clear; that he had also much knowledge of music, and was a worthy pupil of Porpora. Mancini, a great master of singing and a fellow-pupil of Bernacchi with Farinelli, speaks of him with yet more enthusiasm. "His voice," he says, "was thought a marvel, because it was so perfect, so powerful, so sonorous, and so rich in its extent, both in the high and the low parts of the register, that its equal has never been heard in our times. He was, moreover, endowed with a creative genius which inspired him with embellishments so new and so astonishing that no one was able to imitate them. The art of taking and keeping the breath, so softly and easily that no one could perceive it, began and died with him. The qualities in which he excelled were the evenness of his voice, the art of swelling its sound, the portamento, the union of the registers, a surprising agility, a graceful and pathetic style, and a shake as admirable as it was rare. There was no branch of the art which he did not carry to the highest pitch of perfection. . . . The successes which he obtained in his youth did not prevent him from continuing to study; and this great artist applied himself with so much perseverance that he contrived to change in some measure his style and to acquire another and superior method, when his name was already famous and his fortune brilliant."

CATTERINA GABRIELLI.—Daughter of Prince Gabrielli's cook, Catterina was born at Rome, November 12, 1730. She became one of the most beautiful, accomplished, and capricious singers that ever lived.

When she was fourteen the Prince, walking in his garden, heard her singing a difficult song of Galuppi's, sent for her, and after listening to her performance promised her his protection and a musical education. She was placed first under Garcia, *lo Spagnoletto,* and afterward under Porpora. A great success attended her début (1747) as prima donna, at Lucca, in Galuppi's "Sofonisba." Guadagni gave her some valuable instruction in the style in which he himself excelled —the pure and correct cantabile. This she was therefore now enabled to add to her own, which was the perfection of brilliant bravura, with a marvelous power of rapid execution and an exquisitely delicate quality of tone. At other theaters in Italy she met with equal success, singing in 1750, at Naples, in Jommelli's "Didone," after which she went to Vienna. Here she finished her declamatory style under the teaching of Metastasio, and fascinated Francis I, who went to the opera only on her nights. Metastasio is said to have been not indifferent to the charms of this extraordinary singer, still known as *la Cochetta* or *Cochettina,* in memory of her origin; but she did not respond. Her capricious treatment of her numerous adorers gave rise to hundreds of stories.

In 1765 she quitted Vienna, laden with wealth, and went to Sicily, where she excited the same furor, and exhibited the same caprices. She was imprisoned by the King because she would not sing her part in the opera above a whisper. During the twelve days of her imprisonment she gave sumptuous entertainments, paid the debts of poor prisoners, and distributed alms in profusion. Each evening she assembled the other inmates of the jail, to whom she sang her favorite

songs. The King was obliged to set her free, and her reputation with the public stood higher than ever. In 1768 she went to Russia, where she astonished Catharine II by demanding 5000 ducats as salary, a sum, as the Empress objected, larger than the pay of a field-marshal; to which Gabrielli simply replied, "Then let your field-marshals sing for you"—as Caffarelli once replied in similar circumstances.

She appeared in London in the season of 1775-76. Burney says of her that "she had no indications of low birth in her countenance or deportment, which had all the grace and dignity of a Roman matron." The public was prejudiced against her by the stories current of her caprice; and she remained during only one season. Burney extols the precision and accuracy of her execution and intonation, and the thrilling quality of her voice. She appeared to him "the most intelligent and best-bred virtuosa with whom he had ever conversed, not only on the subject of music, but on every subject concerning which a well-educated female, who had seen the world, might be expected to have information." She sang with Pacchierotti at Venice in 1777, and at Milan in 1780 with Marchesi, with whom she divided the public into two parties. After this, Gabrielli retired to Rome with her sister Francesca, who had followed her everywhere as seconda donna. She died in April, 1796, of a neglected cold.

Madeleine Sophie Arnould.—This famous actress and singer, and the original Iphigénie in Gluck's opera of "Iphigénie en Aulide," was born in Paris, February 14, 1744, in the same room in the Rue de Bethisy in which Admiral Coligny was murdered, August 24, 1572. The Princess of Modena, having heard the

child sing in the church of Val de Grâce, was so charmed that she recommended her to the royal intendant of music. Against the will of her mother, Sophie became a member of the Chapelle Royale, and was taught comedy by Mlle. Hippolyte Clairon, and singing by Mlle. Tel. Madame de Pompadour on one occasion was so much struck by the young artist that she characteristically said, "With such talents you may become a princess." She made her début on December 15, 1757, and remained on the stage till 1778, the most admired artist of the Paris Opera. In that year she left the boards and retired to private life. Arnould was not less renowned for her wit and power of conversation than for her ability as a singer and actor. A volume of table-talk, called "Arnouldiana," contains a host of her caustic and witty speeches. At her house was long maintained a salon frequented by many persons of prominence. Her fame as an artist rests very largely on her connection with the operas of Gluck. She appeared with great success in the "Orphée" and "Alceste" as well as "Iphigénie." In Gluck's subsequent works her place was taken by a Mlle. Levasseur. Her acting was quite as much admired as her singing, and Gluck's new ideas found in her an able interpreter. She died in 1803.

GASPARO PACCHIEROTTI.—Perhaps this artist was the greatest singer of the second half of the eighteenth century. He was born in 1744 at Fabriano, near Ancona.

Having been prepared for the career of a sopranist, he studied long and carefully before he began, at the age of sixteen, to sing secondary parts at Venice, Vienna, and Milan. Endowed with a vivid imagina-

tion, uncommon intelligence, and profound sensibility, but having, on the other hand, a tall and lean figure, and a voice which, though strong in the lowest register and rising easily to the high C, was often uncertain and nasal, Pacchierotti required much determination and strength of character to overcome the defects, and take advantage of the qualities, with which he found himself provided by nature. This he accomplished only by painful and laborious study, retiring to a garret in Venice, where he practised the most difficult exercises which the masters of those days prescribed as necessary to the education of the voice. Success at last crowned his endeavors.

Milan was the last place in which he sang a secondary rôle. Having returned to Venice in 1769, he took the place of Guarducci, primo musico at the San Benedetto, then the chief theater in that city. Successful here, he was immediately invited by the impresario of the opera at Palermo for the season of 1771. On the way thither he visited Naples, where he was informed that the celebrated prima donna De Amicis had protested against the proposition that she should sing with him, "a player of second parts." The Venetian minister, to whom he was recommended, comforted him in this juncture, but only with the humiliating permission to show his powers by singing two pieces, with full orchestra, at the San Carlo, before Lacillo, Piccinni, and Caffarelli, as judges. Here he was brilliantly successful, and was immediately offered his choice between the theaters of Palermo and Naples. He proudly chose the former, where he met the great De Amicis, and had to submit to another ordeal in a duet with her at the first general rehearsal of "Di-

done." Even De Amicis herself, however, was surprised into sincere and kindly admiration.

This set the seal on Pacchierotti's reputation, and for twenty-five years he delighted the cognoscenti of Europe. He remained for a time in Italy, singing at Parma, Milan, Florence, Forli, and Venice. After this, he sang at Milan in the carnival of 1778, then at Genoa, Lucca, and Turin; but in the autumn of that year he went to London with Bertoni, and made his first appearance there with Bernasconi in the pasticcio "Demofoönte." Great expectations had been formed of him, not only from his continental reputation, but from the account given by Brydone in his "Tour through Sicily and Malta," and from some airs sung "in his manner" by Piozzi, "in a style that excited great ideas of his pathetic powers." These expectations were not disappointed; and Burney's warm but intelligent praise of his beautiful voice, his perfect command of it, the taste and boldness with which he invented new ornaments, the truth and originality of his expression, and his other musicianly qualities, must be read by those who would form an idea of the truly great singer that Pacchierotti was. Lord Mount Edgcumbe also speaks in the highest terms of the talent of Pacchierotti, whom he calls "decidedly the most perfect singer it ever fell to his lot to hear." Though intimately connected with his friend Bertoni, Pacchierotti sang with no less ardor and energy the music of Sacchini and other rival composers.

After a second visit to London Pacchierotti again returned to Italy. He sang at the Tuileries in Paris on his way back again to England from Venice, where Bertoni had written fresh operas for him. Galuppi

had died there in 1785, and at his funeral Pacchierotti took part in a requiem. "I sang very devoutly indeed," he wrote to Burney, "to obtain a quiet to his soul." Pacchierotti arrived in London, on his third visit, in 1790, and sang at the Pantheon, and at the festival in Westminster Abbey in 1791. At the opening of the Fenice at Venice in 1792, he took his leave of the stage, after which he settled in Padua. In 1796, however, he was compelled to appear once more to sing before General Bonaparte, who was passing through the city. He sang, but most unwillingly.

At Padua he enjoyed the society and the esteem of all the literati of the city. In a letter to Catalani, which he had intrusted to Dragonetti, who was on the point of escaping from Italy, he lamented the French occupation. Both fugitive and letter were intercepted; and the unlucky Pacchierotti was thrown into prison, where he was detained for a month. Not long before his death he was visited by Rossini, to whom he deplored the depraved modern taste in singing, and the growth of a noisy and rococo style, for which, doubtless, the old singer thought Rossini in great degree to blame. "Give me another Pacchierotti," Rossini replied, "and I shall know how to write for him!"

During his remaining years, Pacchierotti did not cease his daily practice and enjoyment of singing, in private; but mainly devoted himself to Benedetto Marcello's setting of Giustiniani's paraphrase of fifty psalms, "from which," he said, "he had learned the little that he knew." From the midst of this quiet life he departed October 28, 1821. Only a few moments before his death he had repeated, as usual with him, some of Metastasio's sacred verses, in the most pathet-

ic tones; and he died praying "to be admitted to one of the humblest choirs of heaven."

"An anecdote illustrating Pacchierotti's pathos," says Ferris, "is given by the best-informed musical authorities. When Metastasio's 'Artaserse' was given at Rome with the music of Bertoni, Pacchierotti performed the part of Arbaces. In one place a touching song is followed by a short instrumental symphony. When Pacchierotti had finished the air he turned to the orchestra, which remained silent, saying, 'What are you about?' The leader, awakened from a trance, answered with much simplicity in a sobbing voice, 'We are all crying.' Not one of the band had thought of the symphony, but sat with eyes full of tears, gazing at the great singer."

GERTRUDE ELISABETH MARA.—Among great singers Mara presents many interesting characteristics. She was born at Cassel, February 23, 1749. Her mother died soon after the birth of this child, and her father, a poor musician, named Schmeling, is said to have adopted the plan of securing his little daughter in an armchair while he attended to his affairs. From this cause, it appears, she fell into a rickety state, from which it was long ere she recovered, if indeed she ever recovered entirely. Schmeling contrived to increase his income by mending musical instruments, and the little Gertrude one day, when only four years old, got hold of a violin, and began to draw musical sounds from it. For this she was punished by her father; but the temptation was too strong to be resisted, and she seized every opportunity when Schmeling's back was turned of practising on such instruments as she could find. Before long, to his astonishment, he found

her playing on a violin, of which she had mastered the scale. Struck with her genius, he gave her a few lessons, and found her so apt a pupil that, not long afterward, he was able to play duets with her before a few amateurs.

By favor of an amateur, Schmeling and his child were enabled to visit the fair at Frankfort, where the little girl's performance excited great wonder. A subscription was set on foot, a better education was given to her, and when she had reached the age of nine her health had improved, and she was able to proceed to Vienna with her father, and there give some concerts. The English ambassador advised Schmeling to take the child to England, advice on which the poor musician, furnished with letters of introduction by the ambassador, gladly acted. He soon obtained for his wonderful child the patronage of many noble and influential persons, including the Queen. The little girl, petted and admired by all the great ladies, was, however, persuaded by them to give up the violin, which they thought an unfeminine instrument, and was encouraged to sing. Her voice was already resonant and clear, but she had, of course, had no instruction. Schmeling, by the help of her protectresses, placed the young Gertrude under the tuition of Paradisi.

Having returned to Cassel, Schmeling found it impossible to get an engagement for his daughter at the court; for the King would not hear of any but Italian singers. Hiller now received her into his music-school at Leipzig, where she remained for five years. In 1771 she came from this academy with a voice remarkable for its extent and beauty, a great knowledge of music, and a brilliant style of singing. She was the

first great singer that Germany had produced. Her education had been formed on the music of Hasse, Graun, Benda, Jommelli, Pergolese, Porpora, and Sacchini; but Hasse, with his vocal passages and facile style, was her favorite master. Her voice extended from the middle G to E in alt. She made her début in an opera of Hasse's at Dresden, and was successful. With difficulty, the King, Frederick II, was persuaded to hear her; and, though strongly prejudiced against her on account of her nationality, he was immediately converted by her singing at sight an air of Graun's, and finally engaged her for life to sing at court. Here she profited by the hints of Concialini and Porporino, and perfected her singing of slow and legato airs.

It was at this juncture that, in spite of all advice, and although the King twice refused his consent, she married the violoncellist Mara. She soon discovered her folly, and regretted it when too late. The King allowed her no liberty or indulgence. On one occasion she was actually brought from her bed, by his orders, transmitted through an officer and guard of soldiers, and, though complaining of indisposition, forced to sing at the Opera. She at length succeeded in escaping to Dresden, where she was detained by the Prussian ambassador. Frederick, however, who had lost some front teeth and could no longer play the flute, cared now but little for music, and gave her a tardy permission to cancel her engagement. Mara, free at last, arrived in 1780 at Vienna, where Storace was playing in opera buffa, for which the Emperor had a great liking. To this, however, Mara was not well suited, and she was coldly received. Provided with a letter from the Empress to Marie Antoinette, she

passed through Germany, Holland, and Belgium, singing at various places on her way. At Munich Mozart heard her, but was not favorably impressed. He wrote, November 13, 1780, "Mara has not the good fortune to please me. She does too little to be compared to a Bastardella (yet this is her peculiar style), and too much to touch the heart like a Weber [Aloysia], or any judicious singer."

She was again at Vienna in March, 1781, and Mozart mentions her as giving a concert there. She reached Paris in 1782. Here she found the celebrated Todi, and a rivalry immediately sprang up between these two singers, which divided society into factions, as when Handel and Bononcini, or Gluck and Piccinni, were opposed to each other by amateurs incapable of admiring both.

Two years later, in the spring of 1784, Mara made her first appearance in London, where her greatest successes awaited her. She was engaged to sing six nights at the Pantheon. Owing to the general election, she sang to small audiences, and her merits were not recognized until she sang at Westminster Abbey, in the Handel commemoration, when she was heard with delight by nearly 3000 people. She sang in the repeated commemoration in 1785, and in 1786 made her first appearance on the London stage in a serious pasticcio, "Didone abbandonata," the success of which was due entirely to her singing. In March, 1787, Handel's opera of "Giulio Cesare" was revived for a benefit, and Mara played in it the part of Cleopatra, which Cuzzoni had sung in 1724. It was so successful that it was constantly repeated during the season. Mara again took a leading part in the festival in West-

minster Abbey in 1787, and she remained connected with the opera in London till 1791, after which, though she sang occasionally on the stage, and even in English ballad operas, she was more frequently heard in concerts and oratorios. For these she was better suited, as she was not a good actress.

In 1788 she was singing in the carnival at Turin, and the following year at Venice. She returned to London in 1790, went to Venice in 1791, and again in the next season to London, where she remained for ten years. After this time, she found her voice losing strength, and she quitted England in 1802, having received a splendid benefit of over £1000 at her farewell concert. She sang without effect at Paris; and then, after passing through Germany, took up her residence at Moscow.

By teaching she acquired a small competence, which was lost to her (1812) in the fire of Moscow, which destroyed the merchant's house in which she had placed it. Forced to begin once more to seek a means of subsistence, when almost sixty-four years old, Mara traveled in Livonia, where she was kindly received, and settled in Revel. She now supported herself again for about four years by teaching, and then formed the strange desire to revisit London, the scene of her former glory. Here she arrived in 1819, according to Fétis, though Lord Mount Edgcumbe puts her visit before the burning of Moscow. In any case, announced in a mysterious manner by Messrs. Knyvett as "a most celebrated singer whom they were not at liberty to name," she appeared at the King's Theater, when it was discovered that not a shred of her voice remained—and it never appeared again. She returned

to Livonia, and died at Revel, January 20, 1833, at the age of eighty-four, soon after receiving from Goethe a poem for her birthday, "Sangreich war dein Ehrenweg," dated at Weimar, 1831.

ANTOINETTE CECILE SAINT-HUBERTY.—In this group of artists belongs the eminent French operatic actress whose real surname was Clavel. She was born at Toul, about 1756. Her father, who had previously served in the army, became stage manager to a French opera company at Mannheim, and afterward at Warsaw, where she studied for four years with Lemoyne, conductor of the orchestra. Her first public appearance was in an opera of his, "Le Bouquet de Colette." She then went to Berlin, and subsequently for three years sang at Strasburg, as Mlle. Clavel. Thence she went to Paris, and made her début at the Académie in the first performance of Gluck's "Armide."

For a considerable time she played only in subordinate parts. Her appearance was not striking; she was fair, thin, and below middle height, with a face expressive but not beautiful. Her voice was produced badly and with effort, her stage action was spasmodic and exaggerated, and she had a strong German accent. But Gluck found in this ill-trained actress qualities he may vainly have sought for in more finished singers. She appeared one morning at rehearsal in an old black gown in the last stage of patched decrepitude. "Here comes Madame la Ressource," remarked some gay rival (alluding to the character of that name in "Le Joueur"). "Well said," answered Gluck; "that woman will some day be the *resource* of the opera." She labored to improve herself, and on the retirement of two leading singers succeeded to their parts.

Her first great success was as Angélique in Piccinni's "Roland," and was followed by others in Floquet's "Le seigneur bienfaisant," Gossec's "Thésée" (March 1, 1782), and Edelmann's "Ariane" (September 24, 1782), all tragic rôles. As Rosette in Grétry's "L'embarras des richesses" (November 26, 1782), she showed all the versatility and vivacity necessary for comedy. As Armide (in Sacchini's "Renaud"), in "Didon," "Chimène," "Les Danaïdes," "Alceste," and "Phèdre," she had a succession of triumphs. "Didon," Piccinni's masterpiece, made no impression till she undertook the title rôle, and the composer declared that without her his opera was "without Dido." On her first appearance in that part (January 16, 1784) she was crowned upon the stage.

She was never a perfect vocalist; "less violent and extravagant in her singing than the generality of French singers, but still with too much of the national style," says Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who admits, however, that she was an excellent musician. But her power lay in her extreme sensibility. In truth and force of expression she was unequaled; her declamation was impassioned, her byplay "terrible," her silence "eloquent." Having studied the Greek and Roman statues, she abandoned the hoops and powder previously used in the costume of ancient characters, and adopted appropriate robes.

In 1785 she made a journey to Marseilles, which resembled a royal progress. The excitement she created amounted to frenzy, and when she left Provence she carried away more than a hundred crowns, many of them of great value. But on her return to Paris she found new rivals to dispute her sway. She

REHEARSING A DUET
From the Painting by F. Simm

failed, too, as Clytemnestra, a part altogether unsuited to her. It ended four years later by her marrying the Count d'Entraigues, of strong royalist sympathies, in which she participated warmly. In 1790 he had emigrated to Lausanne, and there their marriage took place, at the end of that year. It was not acknowledged, however, till 1797, after the Count, imprisoned at Milan by Bonaparte, had been released by his wife, who found means of enabling him to escape, and of preserving his portfolio, which was filled with political papers.

The Count afterward entered the Russian diplomatic service, and was employed on secret missions. After the peace of Tilsit, he possessed himself in some manner of a copy of the secret articles of the treaty, and hastened with them to England to communicate them to the government. He established himself, with his wife, at Barnes, near Richmond, where, July 22, 1812, they were assassinated by their servant, who stabbed them as they were getting into their carriage, and blew out his own brains afterward. This man had been bribed by emissaries of Fouché's, sent to watch the proceedings of the Count d'Entraigues, had allowed them to take copies of correspondence with the Foreign Office, intrusted to his care by his master, and had reason to think that his treachery was being discovered.

ELIZABETH BILLINGTON.—This celebrated English singer was the daughter of Carl Weichsel, a native of Freiberg in Saxony, and principal clarinet at the King's Theater. Her mother was for several years a favorite singer at Vauxhall Gardens, London, and elsewhere. Elizabeth was born in London, probably in

1768. She and her brother Carl were from the earliest possible moment trained to music, and on March 10, 1774, performed on the pianoforte and violin at their mother's benefit concert at the Haymarket Theater. At fourteen years old she appeared as a singer at Oxford, and at sixteen became the wife of James Billington, a double bass player. Immediately after their marriage they went to Dublin, where Mrs. Billington commenced her career as a stage singer in the opera of "Orfeo ed Euridice."

On her return to London she obtained a trial engagement of twelve nights at Covent Garden, where she appeared February 13, 1786, as Rosetta in "Love in a Village." Her success was such that the managers immediately engaged her for the remainder of the season at a large salary. She speedily attained a position at the Concert of Ancient Music, where she disputed with Mara for supremacy. Mrs. Billington remained in England until 1794, when she went with her husband and brother to Italy. At Naples Sir William Hamilton, the English ambassador, induced Mrs. Billington and her brother to perform in private before the King, who immediately prevailed on Mrs. Billington to sing in public at the San Carlo Theater. Accordingly in May, 1794, she made her appearance there in Francesco Bianchi's opera "Inez di Castro," written expressly for her. Her success was complete, but her triumph was suddenly interrupted by the death of her husband. On renewing her performances she met with the most favorable reception, and sang successively in operas composed for her by Paisiello, Paer, and Himmel.

In 1796 she went to Venice, where, being attacked by illness, she performed only once. She and her

brother next visited Rome, and all the principal places in Italy. In 1798 she married a M. Felissent, from whom, however, she soon separated. In 1801 she returned to England, and as the managers of Drury Lane and Covent Garden competed for her services it was arranged that she should perform at each house alternately. She accordingly appeared at Covent Garden Theater, October 3, 1801, as Mandane in Arne's "Artaxerxes," still retaining the name of Billington. From this time until 1809, when she retired from public life, her services were in constant request. Once afterward she quitted her retirement to perform at a concert given in Whitehall Chapel on June 28, 1814, in aid of the sufferers by the war in Germany. In 1817 she was reconciled to her husband, and quitted England with him for her estate, situated near Venice, and there she died, August 28, 1818. Mrs. Billington's compass was extensive (three octaves from A to A in altissimo), the upper notes being exquisitely beautiful. She excelled in passages of execution, but her powers of expression were limited. This limitation, however, was compensated by her natural and artistic gifts.

The reader may also be interested in seeking information regarding the following. All will be found treated in Grove's well-known "Dictionary of Music and Musicians."

Francesca Margherita de l'Epine.
Catherine Tofts.
Anastasia Robinson (?-1750).
Margherita Durastanti (c. 1695-?).
Faustina Bordoni Hasse (1700-83).

Lavinia Fenton (Beswick) (?-1760).
Regina Mingotti (1728-1807).
Nicolino Grimaldi, called Nicolini (c. 1673-?).
Giovanni Battista Rubinelli (1753-1829).
Luigi Marchesi (1755-1829).
Girolamo Crescentini (1766-1846).
Josephina Grassini (1773-1850).
Charles Benjamin Incledon (1763-1826).
John Braham (1774-1856).

CHAPTER II

ANGELICA CATALANI

ONE of the first among the queens of song, Catalani presents a figure of striking interest. In her case marvelous vocal powers were allied with personal beauty. She was borne along a tide of success that carried her to fortune and splendor, and yet left her a pure-minded and amiable woman, unspoiled by the world's flatteries, full of charities and good works.

Angelica Catalani was born in October, 1779, at Sinigaglia, near Rome, where her father was a tradesman, and from about her twelfth year was educated at the convent of Santa Lucia, at Gubbio, to which she had gained admittance through the influence of Cardinal Onorati. At the convent the extreme beauty of her voice attracted great attention, and the abbess, a woman of ability and culture, did all in her power to develop the rare gift. Catalani sang solos in the choir, and the flexibility, compass, and beauty of her voice became famous in the district, attracting large congregations. On fête-days the chapel was thronged by a wondering and delighted crowd, and numbers were unable to obtain admission or to catch a glimpse of *la maravigliosa* Angelica. The pleasure of the congregations frequently expressed itself in applause, and

the abbess was at last enjoined by the bishop to discontinue the solos. An ingenious compromise was thereupon effected. The pieces previously given as solos were sung in concert, and the brilliancy of Angelica's soul-moving notes was tempered by the voices of the novices, among a group of whom she was veiled from the eyes of mere secular curiosity. Angelica remained three years at the convent, receiving such musical tuition as it afforded—an imperfect tuition, under which she contracted meretricious tricks of execution, never afterward wholly overcome.

Catalani later received instruction from Marchesi who was much struck by the phenomenal beauty of her voice, and taught her to control its luxuriance. While pursuing her studies at Florence under this master, she heard a distinguished prima donna at the theater. The skillful execution of the vocalist moved her to tears, and she exclaimed, "Alas! I shall never attain such perfection." Subsequently she was introduced to the artist, who, after hearing her sing, embraced her with great tenderness, saying, "Be assured, my child, in a few years you will surpass me, and it is I who shall weep at your success."

In 1795 Catalani obtained her first engagement. The proprietor of the theater of La Fenice at Venice was in a dilemma. A new opera had been prepared with great care, and arrangements were complete for its production on a magnificent scale, when the prima donna suddenly died. Zamboni, the prompter, suggested to the despairing manager that the young Catalani should have a trial. The suggestion was adopted, and the youthful singer, trembling with emotion, yet sustained by the ardor of genius just kindled to ambi-

tion, made her début in the title-rôle of Mayer's opera of "Lodoïska."

Her success was instantaneous; nothing was wanting to insure triumph. Her face and figure constituted a vision of loveliness, and the rare quality of her voice added to these an angelic charm. Such a combination had never before been witnessed, even in Venice. Histrionic power was deficient; but this defect was lost or ignored among so many perfections crowned by such a gift of song. The impression left upon the audience was expressed in loud cries of admiration culminating in the wildest enthusiasm. The critics vied with each other in praise. Catalani's voice, a soprano of the purest quality, embracing a compass of three octaves from G to F, and so powerful that no band could drown it, was described as "full, rich, and magnificent beyond any other voice ever heard," and could only be compared to the tones of musical glasses when magnified to equal volume. Without the experience and training of other artists, and, indeed, being only imperfectly studious of the rules of art, she could ascend at will from the least audible sound to the most magnificent crescendo. This power constituted an original charm which raised her above all minute criticisms, and astonished and delighted her audiences. "One of her favorite ornamental caprices was to imitate the swell and fall of the sound of a bell, making her tones sweep through the air with the most delicious undulations, and showering her graces in wasteful profusion."

In 1798 Catalani, having greatly extended her powers as a vocalist, sang at Leghorn with Crivelli, Marchesi, and Mrs. Billington, and subsequently ap-

peared at La Pergola in Florence. In 1801 she was received with enthusiasm at Milan, where she appeared in Zingarelli's "Clitennestra" and Nasolini's "Baccanali"; thence she proceeded to Florence, Triest, Rome, and Naples, adding to her triumphs at each city. In 1804 she was engaged by the Prince Regent of Portugal for the Italian opera at Lisbon, with Gafforini and Crescentini, at a salary of 24,000 cruzados (about $15,000). It was while at Lisbon that Catalani was introduced to Captain Valabrègue, a handsome young officer of noble family, and attached to the French Embassy. A mutual attachment sprang up, and, in spite of the opposition of Signor Catalani, they were married at Lisbon. Catalani was devoted to her husband, who repaid her by his constancy, and by absorbing his identity in the public character and fame of his wife, whose enormous gains he drew upon without stint, and dissipated at the gambling-table. This failing, it appears, constituted no barrier to her affection and unselfish generosity. An anecdote—related, also, of Barbaja, impresario of La Scala—is told of Valabrègue to the effect that once, when at rehearsal his wife complained that the piano was "too high," he had a carpenter saw six inches off the legs of the instrument.

Having entered into an agreement to appear in London at the King's Theater, Haymarket, Catalani left Lisbon to appear at Madrid and Paris before crossing the Channel. Her concerts at Madrid, under the patronage of the Queen, created a great sensation, and the rush for seats was often the occasion of tumult. She obtained for the best seats as much as four ounces of gold, equal in value to twenty-one

guineas, per seat; and for three concerts in Paris she realized 72,000 francs. She sang twice at St. Cloud; and Napoleon, who desired to retain her services for the French capital, summoned her to the Tuileries. The world-conqueror was unusually gracious to the conqueror of hearts; but his manner was still sufficiently awful. When informed that she was about to visit London, he said, "You must remain here. I will pay you well, and your talent will be better appreciated. You shall have 100,000 francs per annum, and two months for *congé*. Come! that is settled. Adieu, madame." The fair songstress, who had hitherto bowed before kings and queens with conscious indifference, trembled in the presence of the Emperor; but she left the palace without acquiescence. Determined to fulfill her London engagement, and being denied a passport, she disguised herself as a nun and took passage for England, where her contract with the proprietors of the King's Theater provided for a salary of £2000, £100 extra for traveling expenses, and a clear benefit.

The London début took place on December 15, 1806. She appeared in "Semiramide," expressly composed for her by Portogallo. She took London by storm; she was caressed, fêted, adored. Her subsequent concerts and operatic engagements throughout the United Kingdom were equally successful.

Exorbitant demands in Catalani's money contracts were all traceable to Valabrègue. On one occasion he named a sum so preposterous that the manager declared it would disable him in the engagement of additional talent for the opera. "Talent!" exclaimed Valabrègue, "have you not Madame Catalani? My

wife, with four or five puppets, is quite sufficient." These tactics were tacitly admitted by Catalani, who grew at length to regard them as both wise and desirable. Her operas were one-part operas; the music was hacked and hewed to suit her exact vocal requirements, and subsidiary parts were dispensed with; a few puppets to fill in the tableaus seemed sufficient for her.

Catalani left the King's Theater at the close of the season of 1813—the last of her regular operatic engagement. Having returned to Paris, she obtained the management of the Italian opera there, with a subvention of 160,000 francs. After an unfortunate period, she left Paris at the return of Napoleon (1815) and went on tour, visiting Hamburg, Denmark, and Sweden, and exciting wild enthusiasm in the principal cities. After the Restoration she reappeared in Paris, and resumed the direction of the opera. The system which had temporarily ruined opera in London was established. All expenses were cut down; scenery, orchestra, and chorus were diminished; operas were rearranged and variations by Rode introduced, until little more than the names of the original works remained.

In May, 1816, Catalani went to give concerts in Munich, and thence proceeded to Italy, returning to Paris in August of the following year. In April, 1818, she abandoned opera management and entered upon a concert tour that lasted nearly ten years. In 1824 we find her in London, performing a certain number of nights, but with no regular engagement. We learn from Lord Mount Edgcumbe that "her powers were undiminished, her taste unimproved." An attempt to

engage her for the opera stage in London in 1826 was frustrated by the exorbitant terms proposed by Valabrègue. She visited Germany, Italy, Paris once more —singing here without the usual success—Russia, Poland, and North Germany, reappearing in England for the York Festival in 1828. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, who heard her this year at Plymouth, describes her as having "lost, perhaps, a little in voice, but gained more in expression," as "electrifying an audience with her 'Rule Britannia,' " and as "still handsome, though somewhat stout." Eventually Catalani retired to her beautiful villa in the neighborhood of Florence, where she founded a school of singing for young girls. She was attacked by cholera while on a visit in Paris, and died there, June 12, 1849.

She had achieved the supremest heights of popularity, and the honors showered upon her were justly due. The King of Prussia sent her a complimentary autograph letter, and the medal of the Academy. From the Emperor of Austria she received a superb ornament as a token of admiration. By the Emperor and Empress of Austria she was laden with rich presents and high distinctions. The magistracy of Vienna struck a medal in her honor. In England she realized more than £50,000 in a few years.

And while kings, potentates, and peoples rained honors upon her, Catalani remained unspoiled by fortune, preserving to the stage an ideal of pure womanhood in art, and retaining a virginal charm of domestic truth and deep religious simplicity. Her charities were boundless. The amount earned by public concerts for various institutions is estimated at 2,000,000 francs, and her private purse supplied the most exquisite grati-

fication of a noble heart which overbrimmed with benevolence.

Of the great prima donna's style of singing there is much conflict of opinion. Her voice, for clearness and purity, for richness, for height and depth of grandeur and vocal power, was allowed on all sides to be transcendent; but her style, it was said, was artificial, lacking both artistic method and intellectual breadth, and being especially deficient in artistic restraint. To arrive at some degree of sureness on this point, it would be necessary to examine the critical estimates of her contemporaries, the majority of whom agree, in the main, that though she lacked the essential qualifications of the highest artistic expression, the charm of her vocal power was unrivaled. Her singing instinct was true—even equal to her vocal range and power; but her taste was false; and her mind—still limited by imperfect culture—was not equal to her artistic sense and enjoyment.

In an interesting passage, quoted by H. Sutherland Edwards in his "History of the Opera," Jacques Godefroi Ferrari, a pupil of Paisiello, unconsciously suggests this distinction, possibly without being aware of its entire significance. "Her voice," says Ferrari, "was sonorous, powerful, and full of charm and suavity. This organ, of so rare a beauty, might be compared for splendor to the voice of Banti; for expression, to that of Grassini; for sweet energy, to that of Pasta; uniting the delicious flexibility of Sontag to the three registers of Malibran. Madame Catalani had formed her style on that of Pacchierotti, Marchesi, Crescentini; her groups, roulades, triplets, and mordenti were of admirable perfection; her well-articulated execution lost

nothing of its purity in the most rapid and most difficult passages. She animated the singers, the chorus, the orchestra even, in the finales and concerted pieces. Her beautiful notes rose above and dominated the ensemble of the voices and instruments; nor could Beethoven, Rossini, or any other musical Lucifer, have covered this divine voice with the tumult of the orchestra. Our vocal virtuosa was not a profound musician; but, guided by what she did know, and by her practised ear, she could learn in a moment the most complicated pieces."

Here the critic hints at a limited musical knowledge on the part of Catalani. But it is clear that her chief defect was in taste and not in knowledge, and in understanding even more than in taste. Castil-Blaze, another authority quoted by Edwards, accentuates this view, with the same unconscious naïveté as Ferrari, and amidst a similar blaze of panegyric.

"Her firm, strong, brilliant, voluminous voice," he says, "was of a most agreeable timbre; it was an admirable soprano of prodigious compass, from *la* to the upper *sol,* marvelous in point of agility, and producing a sensation difficult to describe. *Madame Catalani's manner of singing left something to desire in the noble, broad, sustained style.* Mesdames Grassini and Barilli surpassed her on this point, but with regard to difficulties of execution and *brio,* Madame Catalani could sing out one of her favorite airs and exclaim *Son Regina!* She was there without a rival. I never heard anything like it. She excelled in chromatic passages, ascending and descending, of extreme rapidity. Her execution, marvelous in audacity, made talents of the first order pale before it, and instrumentalists no longer dared

figure by her side." Tulou, the flautist, once performed after the great singer and achieved signal success, but the experiment was regarded as a very dangerous one to undertake. We have ventured to italicize the sentence in which the writer, to adopt a colloquialism, unconsciously "gives away" the artist.

Lord Mount Edgcumbe, the severest critic of Catalani's faults of style, also confirms the view here suggested, and his remarks are worth quoting on account of their testimony to the phenomenal powers of the vocalist. "Her voice," he says, "is of a most uncommon quality, and capable of exertions almost supernatural. Her throat seems endued (as has been remarked by medical men) with a power of expansion and muscular motion by no means usual, and when she throws out all her voice to the utmost, it has a volume and strength that are quite surprising, while its agility in divisions, running up and down the scale in semitones, and its compass in jumping over two octaves at once, are equally astonishing. It were to be wished she was less lavish in the display of these wonderful powers, and sought to please more than to surprise; but her taste is vicious, her excessive love of ornament spoiling every simple air, and her great delight (indeed her chief merit) being in songs of a bold and spirited character where much is left to her discretion (or indiscretion) confined by accompaniment, but in which she can indulge in ad libitum passages with a luxuriance and redundancy no other singer ever possessed, or if possessing, ever practised, and which she carries to a fantastical excess. She is fond of singing variations on some known simple air, and latterly has pushed this taste to the very height of absurdity,

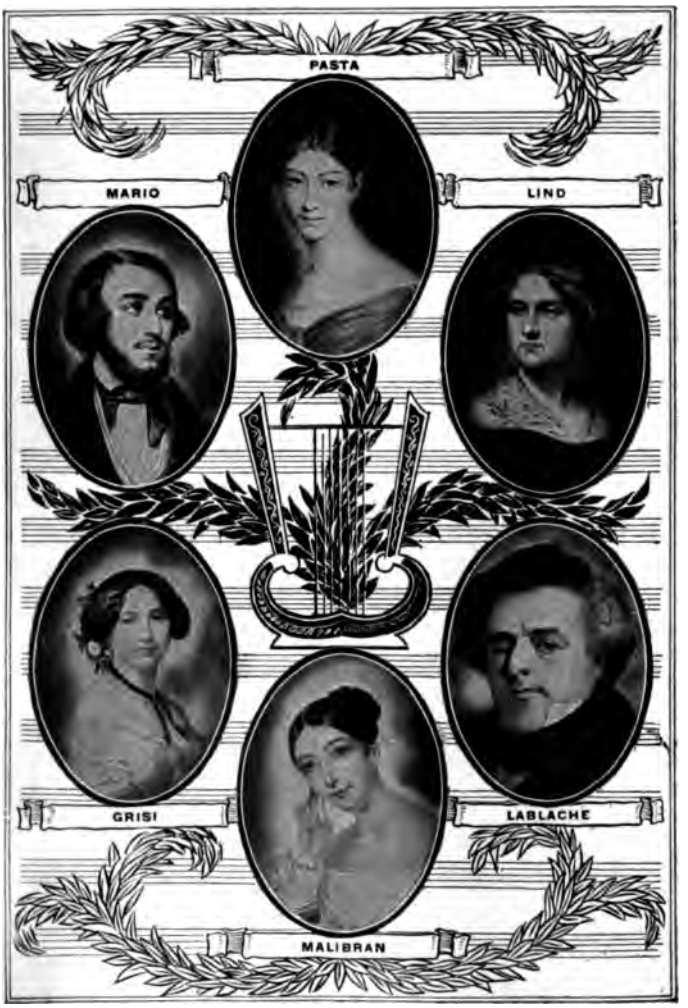
by singing, even without words, variations composed for the fiddle."

Catalani's knowledge and culture did not embrace the high things of the intellect, and her mental range was limited in the extreme. A lovely creature, endowed with many graces, and gifted beyond measure in one phase of her art, she was the idol of society; but her strange ignorance of general subjects was often the cause of unfriendly remark, and sometimes led her into ludicrous mistakes. Once at the court of Saxe-Weimar she noticed the majestic presence of the illustrious Goethe, and, observing the marked attention paid to him, she inquired who he was. "That, madame, is the celebrated Goethe," was the reply. "Goethe—Goethe?" she asked, with a puzzled air. "On what instrument does he play?" "He is the renowned author of 'The Sorrows of Werther,' madame." "Oh, yes, I remember," she said: then, addressing the great man with abrupt vivacity, added, "Ah, sir, what an admirer I am of 'Werther'!" Goethe, always amenable to feminine charm, bowed profoundly. "I never," she continued, "saw anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is!" "'The Sorrows of Werther' a farce, madame?" the poet murmured icily. "Oh, yes," said Catalani, with a burst of laughter, "never was there anything so exquisitely ridiculous." The great prima donna was innocently referring to a stage burlesque travesty of the famous book. Goethe did not recover himself the whole evening.

CHAPTER III

LUIGI LABLACHE

A GREAT heart in a great body, a great soul in a great voice, such was Luigi Lablache. He was born at Naples, December 6, 1794. His mother was Irish, and his father, Nicolas Lablache, a merchant of Marseilles, had quitted that place in 1791 in consequence of the Revolution. But another revolution, in 1799, overwhelmed him with ruin in his new country, and he died of chagrin. His family was, however, protected by Joseph Bonaparte, and the young Luigi was placed in the Conservatorio della Pietà de' Turchini, afterward called San Sebastiano. Gentilli taught him the elements of music, and Valesi instructed him in singing; while, at the same time, he studied the violin and violoncello under other masters. His progress was not at first remarkable, for he was wanting in application and regularity; but his aptitude was soon discovered by a singular incident. One day a contrabassist was wanted for the orchestra of San Onofrio. Marcello-Perrino, who taught young Lablache the cello, said to him, "You play the cello very well: you can easily learn the double bass!" The boy had a dislike for that instrument; nevertheless, he got the gamut of the double bass written out for him on a Tuesday, and on the following Friday executed his part with perfect



SOME GREAT VOCALISTS OF THE PAST

accuracy. There is no doubt, in fact, that had he not been so splendidly endowed as a singer he might have been equally brilliant as a virtuoso on any other instrument that he chose.

The beautiful soprano for which he was renowned was last heard on a memorable occasion. Haydn died in 1809, when Lablache was fifteen years of age. At the performance of Mozart's "Requiem" in honor of the dead master, the young singer sang the soli. So much was he in earnest, when really put to a congenial task, that he overstrained his voice and became perfectly speechless after the performance. Fears were entertained that the loss of voice might be permanent, and indeed the soprano was gone never to return; but in a few months the most magnificent bass took its place.

In speaking of Mozart's "Requiem" it is interesting to note that on a much later occasion Lablache was again a principal performer in it. It was when Beethoven was carried to his last rest. Lablache not only traveled to Vienna for the interment, but defrayed out of his own pocket the expenses of the opera singers, and took a leading part as one of the torch-bearers gathered around the grave of the great master. So freely was this acknowledged that Schubert composed and dedicated to him three songs set to Italian words.

The new vocal development only increased Lablache's desire to go on the stage. No doubt he felt in him the dramatic gifts of which he gave proof in later years. No less than five times did he run away from the Conservatorio, only to be recaptured after a short spell of liberty. He signed an engagement for Salerno, accepting very small compensation, the most tempting

feature being the payment of one month's salary in advance. The possession of this turned his head completely; he did not leave Naples until he had gone through all the money, a feat which did not take him more than two days. When he appeared at Salerno with a well-filled portmanteau, the impresario received him kindly, but became very cool when a few days later a director of the Conservatorio turned up to reclaim the truant. Still there were the contents of the portmanteau to recoup the manager for the salary advanced; at least so he fondly imagined, until an inspection proved them to consist of sand. When the number of these withdrawals had reached five, the government thought it necessary to intervene. A law was passed that no theater in the kingdom should engage a pupil of the Conservatorio without special permission, and a penalty sufficiently formidable was imposed. This was effective in returning Lablache to his studies and preventing him from leaving the Conservatorio until his time had expired.

When, in 1812, eighteen years old, he had at last gained that freedom which he had so longed for, he lost no time in devoting himself to the career of his choice. His first engagement was as buffo at the San Carlino Theater at Naples, and his début was in "La Molinara." He further increased his connection with the stage by marrying Teresa Pinotti, the gifted daughter of a clever actor. Though a marriage in which the early age of eighteen represents all the wisdom and experience of the husband cannot be recommended without reserve, his was a happy one. Lablache, naturally indolent and devoid of the quality of application, needed a stimulating influence to force

him into study; his wife had sufficient judgment and ambition to see that his talents were wasted as a suburban buffo. In fact, a man of inferior physical resource probably would have been ruined by the strain of two performances per day. Lablache, easy-going and satisfied with his present position, was not easily prevailed upon to sever his connection with the Carlino; above all, he dreaded the necessary study of good Italian to replace the patois which was all he knew and all he had thus far required. But Teresa was determined, and womanlike, she carried her point by sheer perseverance.

Accordingly the couple left for Sicily, where the husband procured without great trouble the appointment as *primo basso cantante* of the opera at Palermo. He achieved wonders here in the part of Ser Marc-Antonio, and his reception by the public was so gratifying that he made Palermo his home for five years. Gradually his fame spread beyond the confines of the island. The directors of La Scala at Milan heard of his voice, and engaged him without hesitation. His first appearance there was in "La Cenerentola"; his acting and singing were excellent, and more than made up for the faulty pronunciation, which would have damned any inferior performance. But Lablache was not blind to his faults, and soon determined to rectify them. Not unlike Rossini, he acquired in later life that culture which want of opportunity and indolence had prevented him from acquiring during boyhood and youth. Already, in Naples, he had commenced to fill out the lacunæ in his education.

The Milan season established the fame of the singer throughout Europe. Mercadante, at that time at the

height of his renown, wrote "Elisa e Claudio" expressly for him. Travel was now the only thing needed to make his reputation universal. Until 1824 his time was divided between Milan, Turin, and Venice; then he crossed the Alps and appeared in Vienna, where he soon became a prime favorite. A medal with a flattering inscription still bears testimony to the enthusiasm of the excitable Viennese. From Vienna he returned to Naples, the birthplace he had left twelve years before, and which he now reëntered as first singer to Ferdinand I, with an engagement at the San Carlo. For a number of years he devoted himself to that theater, alternating his engagement with frequent tours through Italy, but not going beyond the boundary of that country.

English and French impresarios tried in vain to secure him for their theaters. It was not until 1830 that he appeared in Paris and London, where he was received with the greatest admiration. His triumphs were not limited to his voice; wherever he appeared there were enthusiastic and sincere admirers of his talent for the stage, his striking appearance, and his social successes as a finished man of the world. There were, indeed, competent critics who doubted whether he was greater as a singer or as an actor. His head and features were imposing, his figure tall enough to set off his bulk. A critic writes: "One of his boots would have made a portmanteau, one could have clad a child in one of his gloves." His strength was truly Herculean; as Leporello he used to carry off under his arm Masetto, represented by a fairly powerful man. On one occasion he was seen lifting a heavy contrabass from the orchestra on to the stage by one

hand, and replacing it without an effort. To all these accomplishments must be added a perfect balance of temper and a probity and broad-mindedness not generally met with. His repertoire was exceedingly large, ranging from low comedy to high drama and tragedy. It was considered an undecided point whether he was better as Géronimo in "Il Matrimonio segreto" and the Podesta in "La Gazza ladra," or in the serious parts he took in "Norma" and "Semiramide." Critics united in considering his conception of the rollicking part of Leporello unique and unrivaled, while, at the same time, he had great success in the title-rôle of "Don Giovanni."

In 1833 Lablache paid one last professional visit to Naples, and received the unbounded applause of his countrymen as Dulcamara in "L'Elisire d'amore," and in "Don Pasquale." From that year he divided his time between London and Paris, appearing also in some of the oratorio performances for which the English provincial towns are celebrated. His kindly disposition was ever exerted on behalf of his brethren in the theatrical profession. "Lablache acts toward me as a father," said Jenny Lind to Queen Victoria. At the English court he was *persona gratissima.* Both the Queen and the Prince Consort distinguished him, and toward the former and some of her children he acted for a time as teacher.

In 1852 he accepted an engagement for the season at St. Petersburg, and created the greatest possible sensation, but this was his last regular connection with the stage. Feeling, perhaps, that his health was giving way, he retired to his beautiful country-seat, Maisons-Laffitte, near Paris, and henceforth limited

his musical activity to a few lessons and an occasional reappearance on the boards. He never composed.

At Maisons-Laffitte he passed some of the happiest moments of his life. Though his health was giving way, he felt no suspicion that his days were numbered, until 1856, when grave disorders in his system commenced to preoccupy his mind. At Kissingen, the watering-place recommended by his physicians, he met one of his old admirers, the Emperor Alexander II of Russia, who treated him in the most friendly manner. An appointment as court singer, and a Russian decoration, may have gladdened his heart for the moment, though he felt that he could not hold them for long. "It will be an ornament for my burial," was the remark he made to the Emperor in regard to the order.

He returned to his French country-seat only to find that his apprehensions were well founded. Even the mild air of August struck chilly on his constitution. A move to Posilipo, and afterward to Naples, afforded only temporary relief. He asked and obtained the solace of religion administered by an old comrade who had exchanged the stage for a convent of Dominicans. On January 23, 1858, the celebrated singer passed away. He lies buried at Maisons-Laffitte, whither his body was removed in accordance with the terms of his will.

Tradition teems with charming anecdotes of the wit, genius, and generosity of Lablache; and here let us relate a touching instance told by one who was a witness of the great singer's quixotic act of kindness. One night while taking his accustomed walk of exercise after the opera, enjoying his solitary cigar and

cogitations, he came suddenly upon a ragged street singer, trolling out his miserable song and disturbing the harmony of the peaceful moonlight night. Lablache, impatient of so rude an interruption to his thoughts, and disgusted by the efforts of the desecrator of music, strode up to the beggar in order to bid him cease his mournful attempts at song. A glance revealed to him that the singer was old, decrepit, and trembling with exhaustion. In a moment the ill humor of Lablache changed to pity, and addressing the man, who was evidently frightened by the formidable size of his interlocutor, he very gently said: "Why do you make such a noise, my friend? what can I do to help you?"

"Nothing, monsieur," answered the man with a sad attempt at dignity. "I don't beg; I sing for the few sous thrown by those who care to listen."

"Oh! ho!" exclaimed Lablache with assumed irony, "then, since you succeed so badly, let me assist you!"

Whereupon the great singer lifted up his voice in a strain so grand and sweet that the poor old man would have fallen at his feet in the ecstasy of his surprise and joy had not Lablache supported him. But others heard him and came trooping from café and restaurant, lured by the rich and glorious tones. "Lablache, 'tis Lablache," whispered the crowd as they gathered round. One, two, and three chansons followed, and then the great singer, seizing the tattered hat of the old man, passed it round. Gold and silver glittered in the moonlight as they fell into that shabby hat, a fortune for the miserable votary of music, whom Lablache placed in a comfortable home with the proceeds of those few moments of perfect song. The next day

all Paris knew of this latest act of benevolence of their idol, and very proud indeed were the witnesses to retail their participation in that midnight romance of the boulevards.

Rossini, who loved him with an affection as deep as it was sincere, was very fond of telling the following story of Lablache's humor. A provincial rang his bell one day by mistake. Lablache by some chance opened the door himself. "I wish to see Tom Thumb," said the visitor in some trepidation. "I am he!" exclaimed Lablache in deep overpowering tones. "You!" gasped the other; "but they told me he was a very little fellow." "Oh! that is when I perform in public," replied Lablache with an air of surprise and sincerity, "but when I get home to my own rooms I let myself out and enjoy myself." It seems that General Tom Thumb, who was then appearing in vaudeville, was really quartered under the same roof with Lablache, which gave point to the humor of the situation.

CHAPTER IV

GIOVANNI BATTISTA RUBINI

RUBINI divides the palm with Mario. In many respects it is difficult to decide how much of the palm should be given to either, or whether it should be equally divided. The weight of sympathy is doubtless on the side of Rubini, whose splendid powers were unrivaled in delicacy of expression, and whose florid execution—a phrase wofully abused by charlatans and pretenders—was a perfect wilderness of sweets. His name, too, is inalienably associated with the fame of Bellini and Donizetti, composers whose genius his voice touched into expression, and whose fame he extended among their contemporaries.

Giovanni Battista Rubini was born at Romano, near Bergamo, April 7, 1795. His father, from whom he learned the rudiments of his art, was a poor musical professor. The infancy of Rubini was chequered by poverty and family straits, but not uncheered by music; for the child had within him a gift of song that expressed itself with spontaneous enthusiasm after the manner of birds. When only eight years of age he sang in the church choir, and played a violin in the orchestra. Don Santo, priest and organist at Adro, to whom at this period the child was committed for

instruction, declared that he had no talent for singing, and sent him home again. Poor Don Santo—sole depositary of the musical wisdom of that small world—much he knew about it!

At the age of twelve Rubini appeared in a woman's part at the theater of Romano with considerable success. At the conclusion of his part of the performance he sat at the front door of the theater with a plate before him to receive his reward from the public. So it appears that he was not in the regular salary list. Shortly afterward we find him at the Bergamo theater, playing the violin in the orchestra between the acts of comedies, and singing in the opera chorus. At a pinch he served the manager well by singing in a drama a cavatina by Lamberti; the vocalist was enthusiastically applauded by the audience, and received an extra five-franc piece from the management. Rubini always remembered this event with pleasure, and in his prosperous days often sang the old cavatina for his friends.

In his nineteenth year, after various vicissitudes in a troupe of wandering singers—he danced in a ballet at Piedmont, and so badly that he was hissed—he obtained an engagement as tenor at Pavia at a very small salary. But the young artist was cheerful and courageous, happy to have found employment, ready to profit by every opportunity, and eager to commend himself to the management, which, somehow, did not set a high value upon his services. Rubini himself could not have foreseen the triumphs that waited upon his future song, the crowds wild with adulation, the deference of potentates, the jeweled loveliness of the civilized world, careful of the smiles of the awkward,

commonplace, pockmarked tenor, with a voice of gold, a mouth cradle-kissed by all the bees of melody. When singing and acting on a pittance, tossed by wayward Fortune from pillar to post, how should he dare to dream of that future of fabulous sums, of a palatial residence in beloved Bergamo, of a princely revenue in England and France, of $100,000 a year in St. Petersburg!

Rubini sang at the carnival at Brescia; shortly afterward at the San Mosè Theater at Venice, then at Naples with Pellegrini and Nozzari, in two operas written by Fioravanti for Barbaja, the famous impresario. His success was undoubted. The public recognized his great merits as a singer, and the resonance and beauty of his voice were acclaimed on all sides. It was the beginning of fame. Still Barbaja consented to retain his services only on a reduced salary. Rubini accepted the situation with all its hardships, including the galling reduction of salary, for the sake of being near Nozzari, from whom he was taking lessons.

Even Barbaja, not slow to recognize artistic merit that paid well, was soon to acknowledge the value of the new tenor. Of Barbaja many humorous anecdotes are told. Once, after Rubini had attained to great fame, the impresario was complacently regarding the tenor from a box in the theater of La Scala, when some wags in the auditorium, bent upon astonishing the manager, set up a discordant hiss. It was one of Rubini's most successful parts, and the singer looked up in confused amazement. Barbaja leaned out of his box in a towering rage, and, shaking his fist at the hissers, caused general consternation by shouting:

"Bravo, Rubini! never mind those pigs. It is I who pay you, and I am delighted with your singing."

In 1819 Rubini was married to Mlle. Chomel, known at Naples as La Comelli, a singer of reputation, and pupil of the Paris Conservatoire. The marriage appears to have been a very happy one. Rubini had a simple, kindly nature, pleased with success but not dazzled into moral blindness by it, and his head was never turned by flattery or good fortune.

Rubini, having made vast strides as a singer in all the Italian cities, now looked toward Paris. He made his début in the French capital, October 6, 1825, in "La Cenerentola," which was followed by "Otello" and "La Donna del Lago." His triumph was complete. Paris was taken by storm; Rubini was hailed as the "king of tenors." His glorious voice, his brilliant execution, his power in dramatic vocalization, his thrilling pathos, were declared to exceed all the best traditions of the lyric stage. He united the power of expressing deep tragic feeling to the most melting tenderness. "*Qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix!*" (What tears are in his voice!) said one of his critics. From this time forward his artistic career was one continuous triumph. Barbaja, having now no doubt of his value, insisted upon his return at the end of six months to fulfill his engagement at Naples, Milan, and Vienna.

Rossini's music, in which Rubini made his first appeal to fame, was soon to be displaced by the new school of opera which the singer himself helped to create. Bellini and Donizetti both wrote operas under the direct influence of Rubini, and the former composer got Rubini to sing over the airs of "Il Pirata" and "I Puritani" during the composition of these

operas. Donizetti also wrote the tenor parts of his later operas with an eye to Rubini. "Every one," says H. Sutherland Edwards, "who is acquainted with 'Anna Bolena' will understand how much Rubini's mode of singing the airs, 'Ogni terra,' etc., and 'Vive tu,' must have contributed to the immense favor with which it was received." The succession of operas after "Anna Bolena"—"Lucia," "Lucrezia," "Marino Faliero," etc.—all evince the dependence upon each other of artist and composer.

The influence of Bellini upon the style of Rubini was salutary. It helped to moderate his love of ornamentation, and induced a juster conception of the value of simple and chaste expression in singing. It showed him that force and animation were weakened rather than enhanced by too much decoration; and that true art gained strength and massive grandeur from simplicity. Rubini's voice was a revelation to the composer, who lost no opportunity of convincing the artist that its singular purity, freedom, and majesty were best displayed in passages expressing simple dignity and pathos. Although he had carried the art of florid execution to the highest degree of perfection, his real forte lay in the expression of the gems of melody, abounding in the touches which reach the heart and overbrim the eyes. To this end Bellini wrote the tender, moving strains of the tenor parts originally intrusted to Rubini, and prevailed upon him to abandon the falsetto voice, which, although he employed it with the greatest tact and delicacy, would not be tolerated in our day even from a Rubini. Rubini's voice extended from E of the bass to B of the treble clef, and commanded a falsetto register as high as F and G

above. Simple emotion, expressed with the vocal power of a great singer, afforded a golden key to the sympathies of the audience—this was the principle applied by Bellini and adopted by Rubini. As illustrating their spirit of coöperation, more than one pleasant record might be cited. Edwards tells us that when Bellini was putting the finishing touches to the part of Arturo in "I Puritani," Rubini (singing the music as it had just been written down by the composer) inadvertently displaced a D flat by an F natural, which both surprised and pleased Bellini, who accepted it as an emendation, saying, "If he can sing it, he may as well have it." In Rossini's music Rubini had climbed to a high position in the artistic world; but it was really as an exponent of the school of Bellini and Donizetti, and especially in the enunciation of the principles laid down by Bellini, that he won his great fame as a singer.

After the conclusion of his engagement with Barbaja, Rubini appeared in London in 1831. His contracts had allowed him only a moiety of his earnings, which he now received in full to his own account. He was in a position of positive affluence, with prospects that placed the scantily remunerated engagement at Pavia, seventeen years before, in the dimmest shade of the backward vista of a dream. Not long previously Rubini and his wife had been offered engagements at a joint salary of $30,000 a year; now these figures were more than doubled. Rubini, blest with simple tastes, and having no delight in mere extravagance, did not squander his money. He lived much in society, with hearty enjoyment of the good things of life; but he laid by a great fortune. A clinging to old ties and

associations ever remained with him. He never forgot that he was once a poor chorister, and when a dismissed member of the chorus besought his intervention with an obdurate manager, he signed his plea for the defaulter, "Rubini, *ancien choriste.*" In a like spirit he purchased a property and residence at his birthplace, where he spent his last days. The years from 1831 to 1843 were divided between Paris and London. Rubini was the lion of the greatest two capitals in the world. He sang in operas, concerts, festivals, and created a furor wherever he appeared. A history of his triumphs would fill a volume.

It is remarkable that during the most eventful years of his life the great tenor sang with undiminished force and attained the zenith of his fame with a broken clavicle. The story of the accident was told by Castil-Blaze in the "Revue de Paris," and is thus condensed by Edwards: "Pacini's 'Talismano' had just been produced with great success at La Scala. Rubini made his entry in this opera with an accompanied recitative, which the public always applauded enthusiastically. One phrase in particular, which the singer commenced by attacking the high B flat without preparation, and holding it for a considerable period, excited their admiration to the highest point. Since Farinelli's celebrated trumpet song no one note had ever attained such a success as this wonderful B flat of Rubini's. The public of Milan went in crowds to hear it, and having heard it, never failed to encore it. *'Un' altra volta!'* resounded through the house almost before the magic note itself had ceased to ring." The theater was thronged for the eighth performance of "Il Talismano." "The orchestra," says Edwards, "executed the

brief prelude which announced the entrance of the tenor. Rubini appeared, raised his eyes to heaven, extended his arms, planted himself firmly on his calves, inflated his breast, opened his mouth, and sought, by the usual means, to pronounce the wished-for B flat. But no B flat would come. *Os habet, et non clamabit.* Rubini was dumb; the public did their best to encourage the disconsolate singer, applauded him, cheered him, and gave him courage to attack the unhappy B flat a second time. On this occasion Rubini was victorious. Determined to catch the fugitive note, which for a moment had escaped him, the singer brought all the force of his immense lungs into play, struck the B flat, and threw it out among the audience with a vigor which surprised and delighted them. In the meanwhile, the tenor was by no means equally pleased with the triumph he had just gained. He felt that in exerting himself to the utmost he had injured himself in a manner which might prove very serious. Something in the mechanism of his voice had given way. He had felt the fracture at the time. He had, indeed, conquered the B flat, but at what an expense! —that of a broken clavicle."

However, Rubini continued his scene. He was wounded but triumphant, and in his artistic elation he forgot the positive physical injury he had sustained. On leaving the stage, he sent for the surgeon of the theater, who, by inspecting and feeling Rubini's clavicle, convinced himself that it was indeed fractured. The bone had been unable to resist the tension of the singer's lungs. Rubini may have been said to have swelled his voice until it burst one of its natural barriers.

"It seems to me," said the wounded tenor, "that a man can go on singing with a broken clavicle." "Certainly," replied the doctor, "you have just proved it." "How long will it take to mend it?" he inquired. "Two months, if you remain perfectly quiet during the whole time." "Two months! And I have only sung seven times. I should have to give up my engagement. Can a person live comfortably with a broken clavicle?" "Very comfortably indeed. If you take care not to lift any weight you will experience no disagreeable effects." "Oh! there is my cue," exclaimed Rubini; "I shall go on singing."

"Rubini went on singing," says Castil-Blaze, "and I do not think any one who heard him in 1831 could tell that he was listening to a wounded singer—wounded gloriously on the field of battle. As a musical doctor, I was allowed to touch the wound, and I remarked on the left side of the clavicle a solution of continuity, three or four lines (that is to say, a quarter or a third part of an inch) in extent between the two parts of the fractured bone. I related the adventure in the 'Revue de Paris,' and three hundred persons went to Rubini's house to touch the wound and verify my statement."

Rubini was idolized in Paris and London, and, indeed, in all the first capitals of Europe. He was the darling of society, and his popularity never diminished during his lifetime. The public adored the great singer, and great nobles and mighty potentates paid him marked attention. In 1842, at the conclusion of a concert at Wiesbaden, Prince Metternich invited him to the château, where on the following day he met a distinguished company. After dinner Rubini sang two of his favorite songs unsolicited. The delighted prince,

famous for his rare and costly wines, gave him a basket of his Johannisberg—the choicest selection of that vintage in the world—at the same time offering him the freedom of the château, and instructing the servant to receive Rubini at all times as if he were its master. With princely courtesy and generosity the stately mansion with all its magnificent appointments was placed absolutely at the disposal of the great tenor. It was the Prince of Courtesy's fitting *devoir* to the King of Song. "And the cellar also?" asked Rubini, with slyly amiable vivacity. "The cellar also," replied the Prince gaily: "the cellar at discretion."

In 1843, accompanied by Liszt, Rubini undertook a tour through Holland and Germany. They separated at Berlin, and Rubini proceeded alone to St. Petersburg, where he was received with great *éclat,* and his singing created the wildest enthusiasm. His first concert realized 50,000 francs. The Czar Nicholas conferred upon him the rank of colonel, and appointed him director of singing in the Russian dominions. His artistic career may be said to have terminated in Russia. After a return visit to Italy in the summer, with a call, *en passant,* at Vienna, he reappeared at St. Petersburg in 1844. The climate at length seriously affected his health, and permanently injured his voice. He retired to his estate at Romano, where he died, March 3, 1854.

There can be no doubt of the high merit of Rubini. He was a great singer of the highest order, and thoroughly deserved the fame he enjoyed during his lifetime. It was expected by the partisans of Mario that the latter would eclipse Rubini at the very outset of his career. But Mario, ever confident, and relying

wholly on the quality of his voice, had the mortification of exciting an unflattering comparison in the minds of his first audience. "Rubini!" they shouted with a deafening clamor of disapproval—*"Pas d'amateurs—Rubini—pas d'amateurs!"* Rubini was a master of style, knew every vibration of his tones, and had learned the utmost command of his fine organ by intense study. Though he never became a finished actor, the care he bestowed upon perfecting the quality and adaptability of his voice was unrivaled; and in this respect, if in no other, Mario was greatly his inferior. "Mario," says Louis Engel, "cannot be said to be the greatest tenor of the century, because his wonderful gifts were not developed by persevering study like the equally wonderful voice of Rubini, who surpassed in this respect every singer before or after him." And again: "The intense persevering studies of Rubini and Lablache, the greatest singers of their age, were never made by Mario, who at first was only an amateur." Rubini paid no attention to declamation, and in concerted pieces nearly always remained silent, reserving himself for supreme efforts, when the effects produced on his audiences were almost magical. Chorley, whose testimony is always valuable, notes his defects as an artist. "He would walk through the third of an opera languidly," he says, "giving the notes correctly and little more—in a duet blending his voice intimately with that of his partner (in this he was unsurpassed); but when his own moment arrived there was no longer coldness or hesitation, but a passion, a fervor, a putting forth to the utmost of every resource of consummate vocal art and emotion, which converted the most incredulous, and satisfied those till

then inclined to treat him as one whose reputation had been overrated."

He is charged with too much indulgence in head notes; "but," says Escudier, "so perfect is his art that the transition from one register to the other is imperceptible to the hearer. . . . Gifted with immense lungs, he can so control his breath as never to expend more of it than is absolutely necessary for producing the exact degree of sound he wishes. So adroitly does he conceal the artifice of respiration that it is impossible to discover *when* his breath renews itself, inspiration and expiration being apparently simultaneous, as if one were to fill a cup with one hand while emptying it with the other. In this manner he can deliver the longest and most drawn out phrases without any solution of continuity."

Rubini's figure was short and awkward, and his features were seamed and scarred by smallpox; but these disadvantages were counterbalanced by his agreeable smile, the intelligence and brightness of his expression, and the amiability of his manner. He never excelled as an actor; indeed rarely tried to act at all—a disposition hardly conceivable of one who had been associated in art with the incomparable Pasta and the brilliant Grisi, who belonged to the age of Malibran and Lind and Mario. Grisi is said to have made an actor of Mario; and it is difficult to imagine Rubini playing Ægeus to the Medea of Pasta without catching inspiration from that truly great actress, who woke admiration and envy in the breast of the aged Siddons. A French critic remarked: "He did not trouble himself much about anything but the particular scene which placed him in the foreground. When this

was past, he retired, without caring much for the story of the drama, or the conduct of the other performers. In the air, the duet, or the finale, in which he had a preponderating part, Rubini would suddenly rouse himself and display all the energy and charm of his incomparable talent. It was in the tone and sonorousness of his organ, in the artistic management of his voice, that all Rubini's dramatic power consisted."

Such a talent is excellent in oratorio, or on the concert platform, where its limitation is in due order and propriety. On the lyric stage, however, it is a reproach to find it unaccompanied by the histrionic arts which add to the grace, strength, and triumph of the situation. Without these the singer—as in the case of the great Catalani—is liable to the charge of commanding attention merely in the capacity of a musical instrument with finer lights and shadows—of being *vox et præterea nihil*. And if Rubini escaped the imputation, it was because he sang like one inspired, adding to the splendor of his voice, with its Orphic sweetness and entrancing majesty, the feeling of a true artistic nature, a just conception of ideal and dramatic qualities, a charm of energy, of reposeful peace, and a massive intellectual power, such as he was denied the ability of imparting to stage action and gesture. Whatever his defects may have been, he is among the greatest true singers of the world.

CHAPTER V

GIUDITTA PASTA

GIUDITTA NEGRI, a Jewess, was born in 1798; according to some at Sarqnno, near Milan, to others at Como. Her first publicity as a vocalist of eminence was attained after her marriage to Signor Pasta, a tenor, which took place about the year 1816. She was first instructed at the cathedral of Como, and later at the Milan Conservatorio. In 1815, having left the Conservatorio, she appeared in the minor theaters of Leghorn, Parma, and Brescia; and in the following year at Paris in the train of Catalani. Without bursting into sudden splendor, she played subordinate parts, and matured her voice by incessant practice and care. It was said of her that she left nothing to chance, and proved the truth of the axiom that genius is the art of taking pains.

She made her first appearance at the King's Theater, London, January 11, 1817, in the part of Arsinoë in Cimarosa's "Penelope," the title-rôle being played by Madame Camporesi. This was followed by Cherubino in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and subordinate parts in several other operas. She failed to excite general notice. Her voice was lacking in clearness and purity, and she had not yet attained complete command of it. But her style was expressive, and her acting was

characterized by ability such as indicated a reserve of histrionic power of the highest order.

Pasta returned to Italy, withdrew temporarily from the stage, and for over a year applied herself to a rigorous course of study. The reward of patience and assiduity was won on her reappearance in Venice, where she created a profound sensation in 1819, and at once asserted the claims of genius developed by conscientious study. A season in Rome during the same year was attended by the most gratifying success, which was followed by triumphs at Triest and Milan in the following year. In 1821, at Paris, she succeeded in making a complete conquest of the public, which, after a flattering reception at Verona, was ratified in March of the next year, when in the opera of "Romeo e Giulietta" she was received with enthusiastic homage.

By perseverance she had conquered defects of tone, and the surprising beauty of her voice was now the theme of universal admiration. Its range and power were remarkable. The critics found that she had extended it to two octaves and a half, from A above the bass clef to C flat, and even to D in alt. Its quality was marked by a rare sweetness which permeated its volume, and her exquisite taste was reinforced by deep feeling and accurate judgment. Her trill was exceptionally beautiful and artistic.

A writer who met her in retirement many years afterward gives an interesting account in her own words of her achievement of the trill. "I had no natural shake or trill," she says, "and as the music of forty years ago was very elaborate, this was a great drawback to me. For five years I struggled to obtain

the power of trilling; one day it came to me as by inspiration, and I could shake perfectly. I kept the secret at rehearsal. I was then at Bergamo, acting in 'Niobe,' an opera containing an aria, 'Il soave e bel contento,' which suited my voice in every respect, but which I had hitherto been obliged to partly omit, as a long trill obbligato opens the quick movement. I simply told the conductor of the orchestra to suspend the instruments at this passage, as I wished to introduce a long cadenza. When I came to the passage in question I stood in the middle of the stage, and commenced a shake in a low key, gradually increasing in power, finally diminishing, and ending in a cadenza which perfectly linked it to the aria. For a minute or two there was a dead silence, then the musicians laid down their instruments, while both orchestra and public applauded me to the echo."

Pasta's fame speedily attained the zenith. Her rare powers, ripened by time and developed and refined by study, burst upon an astonished world with the splendor and brilliancy of a constellation. Whatever defects still lingered in her voice were concealed by her intellectual refinement, her marvelous pathos, her transforming energy in heroic situations, her profound but restrained tragic power. She was among the greatest actresses of her time—of all time. Her lower notes had tears in them, and thus her command of pathetic emotions was heightened and intensified; her movements and gestures were indescribably graceful, deepening into grandeur or tragic abruptness as the situation required. Passion and fire, held in artistic restraint, like hounds in the leash, gave to supreme moments inimitable and decisive touches. A perfect grace

in pause or movement, added to facial charm, made every pose, accentuated by true art, but never artificial, a study for a painter or sculptor. Niobe, Tancredi, Romeo, Desdemona, Medea, Semiramide—each character was infused with life and individuality, and borrowed distinction and grandeur from real emotion. "Here is a woman," exclaimed Talma, "of whom I can still learn!"

Pasta reappeared in London, April 24, 1824, as the reigning queen of that stage which, only seven years before, she had left almost unnoted. She took the town by storm. In 1825-26 she appeared alternately in London and Paris. Owing to a disagreement with Rossini, at that time director of the Italian Opera, she quitted Paris and went to Naples. In 1827, however, she returned to London for a season of twenty-three nights, for which she received three thousand guineas, and a free benefit which realized fifteen hundred guineas. During this season she played Desdemona, and elicited a comparison with Malibran, who also essayed the part. Malibran's superiority in vocalization was admitted, but she failed to wrest the palm from Pasta, whose conception of the part and finished acting were beyond her rival's scope. Pasta's impersonation of Queen Mary in Coccia's "Maria Stuarda," first produced that season, still further increased her fame and popularity. The farewell in the last scene is said to have been a crowning triumph of queenly grandeur and pathos. She felt the situation deeply, and when she appeared before the curtain in response to a tumultuous call she was still suffering from extreme agitation. After a triumphal season at Dublin she went to Triest.

The story is told that either at Dublin or Triest she one day met a child of three, who in artless tones solicited alms for her blind mother. Pasta, bursting into tears, gave the child all the money in her purse. To the friends who began praising her bounty she said: "I will not accept your compliments. This child demanded charity in a sublime manner. I have seen at one glance all the miseries of the mother, the wretchedness of their home, and all that they suffer. I should indeed be a great actress if at any time I could find a gesture expressing profound misery with such truth."

In 1828 Pasta was again in England, and during a most brilliant series of successes, including "Tancredi," Mayer's "La Rosa bianca e Rosa rossa," and "Zelmira," she achieved a great triumph in the part of Armando in "Il Crociato in Egitto," an opera originally composed for the celebrated male soprano Velluti. She had already taken the rôle in Paris. There a spirit of partisanship was maintained, rising at times to serious outbreaks during the performance. The palm, however, was awarded to Pasta. Her tempo was faultless, her conception of the part was strikingly original, and Velluti could not hope to compete with Pasta in histrionic power. On the night of the first performance in London a humorous incident occurred. At the conclusion of a scene, Pasta hastened to her dressing-room to change, but the audience clamored for an encore, and amid laughter, she hurried on to the stage again half Crusader and half Mameluke.

For her benefit she selected "Otello," appearing herself as the jealous Moor, Sontag being the Desdemona. The experiment was a daring one. The transposition of the music marred the effect of some of the concerted

pieces. But the tragic intensity of the great actress conquered prejudice, and carried away the audience. In this year (1828) Pasta excelled herself as an actress; doubtless stimulated to the expression of her highest powers by the presence of her "two young and glorious rivals," Malibran and Sontag.

In 1829 the Emperor of Austria created her first court singer. During this year she purchased a charming villa on the Lake of Como, and at Bologna performed in twelve operas by Rossini, the master himself conducting. A medal was struck in her honor by the Societa del Casino. In the following year she was at Milan, singing with Rubini and Lablache. Donizetti in that year wrote and produced "Anna Bolena," with Pasta, Galli, and Rubini specially in mind. In 1831 Pasta and Rubini surpassed themselves as Amina and Elvino in Bellini's "Sonnambula," written for Pasta.

Pasta, Lablache, and Rubini appeared together (1831) in London in "Medea." If possible, Pasta's tragic acting was grander than ever; she was said to have revived the memory of the great Siddons, and the tragedienne, who witnessed one of her performances, is stated to have exclaimed: "I am thankful that she lived not in my time." Her versatility was remarkable, and her genius for comedy was shown in "Prova d'un Opera Seria," a burlesque of the rehearsals of grand opera. She evoked roars of laughter by her droll singing, which was free from the slightest trace of vulgarity. The quarrel scene between the prima donna and the composer (Lablache) was rendered irresistibly amusing by the superb comic power displayed by Pasta. In that year she bade farewell to the Parisian stage.

In 1832 Bellini's "Norma" was produced at La Scala. Pasta, as the druid priestess, achieved the crowning triumph of her career; she was supported by Donzelli (Pollione) and Giulia Grisi (Adalgisa). When "Norma" was produced during the next season in London for Pasta's benefit, it did not create enthusiasm, although it was conducted by the composer; indeed, the superb acting of Pasta and the singing of Grisi, then rising into fame, alone saved it from failure —its great beauties not being readily discriminated by the English public, with whom it shortly afterward became a prime favorite. After 1841 Pasta lived in retirement at her Lake Como villa and in Milan, devoting herself to advanced vocal instruction, which she was eminently fitted to impart. She died at the villa, April 1, 1865.

CHAPTER VI

HENRIETTE SONTAG

FEW lives of celebrated singers have been more sensational than that of Henriette Sontag. Not one do we call to mind in which the fabric of reality has been interwoven with so much romance, the course of incident more thrilling, the sequence of circumstances bordering more closely on the province of the fairy tale.

Sontag was born in the beautiful Rhenish town of Coblentz, May 13, 1805. It was a modest household, that of the Sontags; father and mother were both actors. The child was barely six when she made her first appearance at Darmstadt in Kauer's "Donauweibchen," and created some sensation by the sterling quality of her voice. Three years later the father died, and mother and children went to Prague, where Henriette continued to appear in children's parts, anxiously awaiting the time when she would be allowed to enter the Conservatory.

At last, in 1815, though under the age prescribed, she was admitted. When she was fifteen, a fortunate accident occurred that was to lift her at once into a prominent position. The regular prima donna sud-

denly fell ill, and the director of the theater had to confide her part as Queen in "Jean de Paris" to Henriette. Always petite, at that time she looked a mere child. She used to dwell in after years on the many innocent stratagems adopted to add to her apparent age, one of the principal items being a pair of red shoes with soles four inches in thickness. Though she was naturally somewhat timid, the sweetness of her voice was such as more than to compensate for all deficiencies. The Prague audience was so generous in its applause that the reputation of the singer traveled fast beyond the limits of both town and kingdom. Vienna was still the Mecca of all aspirants to musical honors. Henriette was soon installed in the "Kaiserstadt," over which the shadows of Haydn and Mozart seemed yet to linger, where the mighty genius of Beethoven was still battling against poverty and physical adversity; where Weber, Moscheles, Hummel appealed for judgment, and Fodor-Mainvielle enchanted mighty audiences.

Four years Sontag remained in the gay capital, alternating her time between close study and occasional appearances on the stage. Ever afterward she acknowledged freely that she owed much, and perhaps everything, to Madame Mainvielle, who took a friendly interest in the young singer. But the Vienna public, slow to recognize new talent, was not very appreciative until Weber set the seal on her name by confiding to her the title-rôle in his opera "Euryanthe," which she carried through triumphantly, October 25, 1823. Composer and singer were in every one's mouth; even Beethoven, whose interest was not easily aroused, and whose deafness had kept him at home on the night of

the performance, asked how "little Sontag" had acquitted herself. From this date the German, and we may say the European, reputation of Sontag was established. She was soon to leave Vienna—not, however, before she had sung at the first performance of Beethoven's Ninth symphony and his mass in D, works which tax the powers of a singer.

After a short engagement in Leipzig, she signed a contract on excellent terms for Berlin. Here she was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and acquired a popularity never known before. The court, affable and art-loving, was additionally impressed by her German birth. The nation was delighted. Many are the tales related of the exaggerated form this worship took. On one occasion a set of boisterous students at Göttingen overturned her post-chaise into the river, that nobody might use the vehicle after her. Luckily the coach was empty at the time.

In 1826 Sontag first appeared in Paris as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," and was warmly applauded. The critics were unanimous in her praise. Catalani is reported to have said of her: *"Elle est la première dans son genre mais son genre n'est pas le premier"* (She is first in her class, but her class is not the first). And yet there may have been just a grain of truth concealed in this malice. In comic and light opera, such as "Il Barbiere" and the graceful, if somewhat shallow, productions of the French school, she was as near perfection as can be imagined; but when she turned to more serious parts, as in "Semiramide," it was stated—and perhaps not quite without reason—that she was somewhat lacking in highly dramatic quality. Where she was wanting Pasta excelled, and the earnestness with which

Sontag watched that great actress and tried to frame herself on her model forms one of the many proofs of the modesty which was a prominent feature in her character.

In England she appeared first on April 19, 1828, at the King's Theater, London, as Rosina, and met with a most flattering reception, sharing with Malibran the honors of that and the succeeding season. The story of the coolness existing between the two, and of how, after singing together the duet from "Semiramide" at a concert, mutual admiration transformed their estrangement into warm friendship, is well known. Sontag appeared here in other rôles, and her artistic fame was enhanced by her popularity in society.

At Berlin Sontag had made the acquaintance of Count Rossi, of the Sardinian diplomatic service. In 1829 their private marriage took place.

After a time Count Rossi's efforts to procure court sanction to his union were successful—the King of Prussia bestowed a patent of nobility on the lady, who bade farewell to artistic life. As Countess Rossi she accompanied her husband to The Hague, where he was representative of the Sardinian court. Occasionally she would sing for public charities, in concerts or oratorio —a style in which she is said to have been unrivaled; still, for nearly half her lifetime she remained lost to the musical public and followed the career of her husband at the courts of Holland, Germany, and Russia. But the disorders of 1847-48 had impaired their fortunes, and she was tempted to return to the opera.

Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theater, London, was in the throes of one of those crises which more than once

threatened that theater with imminent ruin. Jenny Lind, on whose reappearance he had counted, was not to be weaned from the repose she enjoyed in her Brompton villa. There was nobody to replace her, and the public protested emphatically against any singer not of the very first merit. Before any knowledge of the financial embarrassments of the Rossis could have reached him, the wary impresario had scented from afar the possibility of securing the great singer to repair his falling fortunes. A first attempt to approach the subject through the Earl of Westmorland, British ambassador at Berlin, was doomed to failure; but where the diplomatist had failed the virtuoso was successful. Thalberg, passing through Berlin, called on the Countess, and laying siege to the half-willing victim, succeeded in breaking down the last barriers of ner resistance. The overjoyed impresario was enabled to announce in a flourish of language her immediate return to the stage.

It was, in truth, a great risk. She had been for operatic purposes dead for over twenty years, and this half-forgotten singer of a previous generation was now to be unearthed and placed in juxtaposition to the mature power of Jenny Lind. Lumley himself confessed that he thought it impossible that a voice could be preserved intact for such a length of time. Had there been another singer at his command it is more than likely that the idea to reëngage Sontag would not have occurred to him. But all his doubts were dispelled. Her voice and charms were unimpaired, and the unanimous opinion seems to have been that, in the words of Adolph Adam, she now united to youth and freshness the qualities of a finished artist. Her former de-

ficiencies were in some measure compensated by study and less girlish appearance. As Amina, though Jenny Lind was fresh in the public memory, she was rapturously received; as also in Desdemona, and Susanna in the "Nozze di Figaro," one of her favorite parts, and pronounced by a German critic the most perfect thing he had seen on any stage. Her extraordinary preservation of her powers was partly due, no doubt, to long exemption from the wear and tear of incessant public singing, but Sontag was always extremely careful of her voice, discarding any rôle that did not lie well within her register. Thus, in an early contract at Berlin, she expressly stipulates that she shall not be bound to sing in the operas of Spontini.

After a tour in the English provinces in the winter of 1849, she went to Paris, where a successful series of concerts, also under Lumley's management, preceded in the spring of 1850 her reappearance at Her Majesty's to win fresh laurels as Norina in "Don Pasquale," Elvira in "I Puritani," and Miranda in Halévy's new opera "La Tempesta." As Zerline and in "La Figlia del Reggimento," she appeared for the first time, and with preëminent success. In the autumn of 1850 she sang in Italian opera at Paris, Lumley again being director of the company. During this season Alary's "Tre Nozze" was produced, and the polka-duet between Sontag and Lablache never failed to send the public into ecstasies. It was brought out in London in 1851, with similar results. During this season, Sontag's last in London, she sang in a round of her favorite parts, and in the production of "L'Enfant prodigue." In Germany, wherever she went she carried all before her. At a concert at Munich she was expressly re-

quested to stay to hear the last piece. It proved to be a "Huldigungs Chor"—verses composed expressly in her honor by the Crown Prince and set to music by Lachner.

In 1852 Sontag received offers from the United States, which tempted her thither with her husband in the autumn. The results were brilliant. Her voice was strengthened by the climate, and at this time she could sing in "Lucrezia Borgia" and "La Figlia del Reggimento" on a single evening without overfatigue. Her last appearance was made in "Lucrezia" at the City of Mexico in 1854. She was attacked by cholera, and on June 17 a brief illness cut short a life of uncheckered prosperity.

Berlioz, remarking on the fact that Sontag had less to suffer than other equally famous singers from hostile criticism and party spirit, ascribes it to her having united so many favorite qualities. Her figure was slender and *mignonne,* her hair between auburn and blonde, her eyes large, and her features delicate. Her voice, a soprano of clear and pleasing quality, was specially good in the upper register, reaching the E in alt with facility, and in perfection of execution she seems to have been unsurpassed by any singer of her time. But she was deficient in dramatic power, and only appeared to the highest advantage in works of a light and placid style. On her return to Paris, in January, 1828, she essayed parts of a different order, such as Donna Anna and Semiramide, with success, but in passion and emotion never rose to the distinction she attained as a songstress. She was a thorough and conscientious artist, and her style won her the special favor of eminent musicians. Mendelssohn entertained

the highest admiration for her, and she obtained a like tribute of praise from connoisseurs in every country. It fell to her lot to achieve an international popularity and fame never before accorded to a German singer.

CHAPTER VII

MARIO

THEOPHILE GAUTIER, on hearing for the first time the exquisite voice of Mario, listened in rapt attention. When the aria ceased, he seemed lost in wonder, and said, the soft tone of the last note still lingering in his ear, "It is a nightingale singing in a thicket"; then, after a pause, "Yes, he excels in the rendering of tender thoughts—love, melancholy, regret for an absent home, and all the soft sentiments of the soul."

Never was youth more richly gifted for the operatic stage than was Mario. Beauty of voice, face, and figure, with the most winning grace of Italian manner, were all his. For the stage he was born, and to the stage he remained faithful during his artistic life. To the brilliance of his success in opera he brought one great helping quality, the eye for color and all the important details of costume. His figure on the stage looked as if it had stepped out of the canvas of Titian, Veronese, or Tintoretto. Never was an actor more harmoniously and beautifully dressed for the characters he impersonated—no mean advantage, and no slight indication of the complete artistic temperament.

Mario, Marchese di Candia, was born in 1812 at Genoa, of an old and noble family. His father had

been a general in the Piedmontese army; and he himself was an officer in the Piedmontese Guard, when he first came to Paris in 1836, and immediately became a great favorite in society. But he was then only an amateur, and as yet all unfitted for public singing. Tempted as he was by the offers made to him by Duponchel, the director of the Opera—which are said to have reached the sum of 1500 francs a month, a large sum for a beginning—and pressed by the embarrassments created by expensive tastes, he still hesitated to sign such a contract. Finally persuaded to do so, he compromised the matter by signing only the Christian name, under which he became afterward so famous—Mario.

After a course of training under Michelet, Ponchard, and Bordogni, he made his début, November 30, 1838, in the title-rôle in "Robert le Diable." His success was pronounced from a vocalistic point of view, but he had yet to learn to be dramatic as well as musical. In 1840 he passed from the Académie to the Italian opera, as best suited to his nationality. His first appearance in London was in "Lucrezia Borgia," June 6, 1839; but it was not until 1846 that he took the place of Rubini, and was acknowledged as the most perfect stage lover ever seen. The only failure, if it can be so called, was in his attempt to sing the title-rôle in "Don Giovanni," a part in which Nourrit and Garcia had failed to succeed. In Mario's case this failure is to be accounted for by the fact that the character of reckless profligate was not in keeping with his temperament; in fact, he was too amiable to secure the approval of his audience. Mario seldom sang in oratorio, although passionately fond of sacred

music, which strongly appealed to his sensitive nature. At the Birmingham Festival in 1849 he sang "Then shall the righteous," in "Elijah"; and at Hereford in 1855, "If with all your hearts," in the same work.

Mario sang, after this, in each season at Paris and in London, improving steadily both in acting and singing, though it fell to his lot to create but few new characters—scarcely another besides that of the "walking lover" in "Don Pasquale," a part which consisted of little more than the singing of the serenade "Com è gentil." In other parts he only followed his predecessors, though with a grace and charm which were peculiar to him, and which may possibly remain forever unequaled. "It was not," says Chorley, "till the season of 1846 that he took the place of which no wear and tear of time had been able to deprive him." He had then played Almaviva, Gennaro, and Raoul, and had shown himself undoubtedly the most perfect stage lover ever seen, whatever may have been his other qualities or defects. His singing in the duet of the fourth act of "Les Huguenots" raised him again above this; and in "La Favorita" he achieved, perhaps, his highest point of attainment as a dramatic singer.

For five and twenty years Mario remained before the public of Paris, London, and St. Petersburg, constantly associated with Grisi. In the earlier years (1843-46) of that brilliant quarter of a century, he took the place of Rubini in the famous quartet, with Tamburini and Lablache; this, however, did not last long; and he soon remained alone with Grisi, the sole remaining star of the original constellation. To this gifted prima donna Mario was united, after the disso-

lution of her former marriage; and by her he had three daughters. He left the stage in 1867, retired to Paris, and then to Rome. There he was subsequently appointed curator of the Museum, and there he died, December 11, 1883. He made two tours of the United States, in 1854 (with Grisi) and in 1874.

Mario never got over his nervousness. *"Gli assi, gli assi mi fanno tremare"* (Your footlights make me tremble), he used to say. Once he was asked by a lady to sing at her evening reception; and would he think 1500 francs sufficient remuneration? Mario refused, telling the messenger he was sorry, but he was engaged. When remonstrated with he said, "Is it worth while putting on a dress coat for the sake of 1500 francs ($300)?"

Again, when the Czar Nicholas ordered Mario to shave off his beard, he refused. The Czarina, knowing that the Czar brooked no contradiction, asked him to comply for her sake; but Mario said he would rather leave St. Petersburg than run the risk of losing his voice, and he kept his beard. It is needless to say that whenever Mario walked in London he was recognized. One day, as he was walking in Piccadilly, a young lady saw him, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Mario!" *"A votre service, mademoiselle,"* said the handsome tenor, removing his hat, while the young lady blushed crimson.

Many other stories are told in connection with Mario. Well known is that of the lady who, though she had never been introduced to Mario, yet was present during her lifetime at every performance (all but three, say some) in which he sang, no matter in what part of the world it was, and who died without ever

having spoken or written a word to the artist she so highly esteemed.

An interesting incident is related of his first visit to Queen Victoria, when commanded to sing before her Majesty at Balmoral. Upon this occasion a carriage had been ordered for the great tenor to enable him to enjoy the lovely scenery of Deeside without tiring himself; but Mario wearied of the carriage, stopped the coachman, and desired him to return home, continuing the excursion on foot. When, on his return, he entered the grounds of the castle, he lost his way and suddenly found himself close to a very plainly dressed woman, who, in a sunbonnet of capacious proportions, was engaged, watering-pot in hand, in refreshing a thirsty flower-bed. Mario advanced, hat in hand: "Your pardon, mademoiselle," he said, "but I am a stranger, a guest of her Majesty; she has asked me to sing. I have lost my way, and it is near the hour. Could you tell me the path to reach the Queen's apartment?" "You wish to see the Queen?" "Yes, mademoiselle." "Well, signor, you see her now—I am the Queen; follow me."

CHAPTER VIII

MARIA FELICITA MALIBRAN

THIS great singer was born at Paris, March 24, 1808, where her father, Manuel Garcia, had arrived only two months before. When three years old she was taken to Italy, and at the age of five played a child's part in Paër's "Agnese," at the Fiorentini, Naples. So precocious was she that, after a few nights of this opera, she actually began to sing the part of Agnese in the duet of the second act, a piece of audacity which was applauded by the public. Two years later, she studied solfeggi with Panseron, at Naples; and Hérold, happening to arrive about the same time, gave her her first instruction on the piano. In 1816 Garcia took her to Paris with the rest of his family, and in the autumn of 1817 to London. Already speaking fluently Spanish, Italian, and French, Maria picked up a tolerable knowledge of English in the two and a half years she spent in London. Not long after, she learned German with the same facility. Here, too, she had good teaching on the piano, and made such rapid progress that on her return to Paris in 1819 she was able to play Johann Sebastian Bach's clavier works, which were great favorites with her father. In this way she acquired sound taste in music.

At the age of fifteen she was made by her father to learn singing under his own direction; and, in spite of the fear which his violent temper inspired, she soon showed the individuality and originality of her genius. Two years had barely elapsed when (1824) Garcia allowed her to appear for the first time before a musical club he had just established. There she produced a great sensation, and her future success was confidently predicted. Two months later Garcia returned to London, where he was engaged as principal tenor; and here he set on foot a singing-class, in which the education of Maria was continued, if not completed. It is not quite certain whether an illness of Pasta, prima donna at the King's Theater, was the occasion of Maria's first public appearance, or whether it was due to Ronzi's not fulfilling an engagement; but there is no doubt she was the means of helping the management out of a very awkward situation, while making for herself a name. Her début was in "Il Barbiere di Seviglia," and her performance of Rosina made her at once a favorite with the London public. Lord Mount Edgcumbe says that "she was too highly extolled and injudiciously put forward as a prima donna, when she was only a promising débutante"; but this was not the opinion of the public, nor of the ruling powers, who forthwith engaged her for the remaining six weeks of the season for $2500, the playbills including a *première* of Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto."

The stay in London was, however, predestined to be short. Garcia had engaged himself and family to perform in New York, and they consequently left England for that destination. Although the company, with the exception of the Garcias, was made up of the poor-

est material, the performances were fairly sustained, Maria, of course, taking the principal parts. This tour was of the greatest possible benefit to her in her later career, for she acquired that experience and confidence without which the best of artists fail to impress an audience. Her voice, also, which needed constant practice, improved as time went on. She appeared in a great number of operas, of which we may mention "Otello," "Don Giovanni," "Tancredi," "La Cenerentola," besides two operas specially composed for her by her father, "L'Amante astuto" and "La figlia dell' aria." The American public treated the company with cordiality; yet the venture was, from a pecuniary point of view, a failure.

We come now to a period in Madame Malibran's life which various biographers have treated in different ways—that of her marriage to François Malibran, a merchant. The fact is to be recorded that the marriage settlement contained a clause by which Garcia was to receive $25,000 as a *solatium* for the loss of his daughter's services; also the further fact that Malibran's financial position, already seriously compromised, drove him into the bankruptcy court before the first year of married life was over. There could be no question as to the future career of Madame Malibran; she had nothing but her voice, and to exercise it in New York was out of the question, as all the money she made would have been seized by her husband's creditors. The parting was as much *à l'amiable* as it could be under the circumstances. The terms have remained secret, but there is reason to believe that a portion of the wife's earnings in Europe were to be sent to her husband.

Madame Malibran arrived in Paris in December, 1827. Her first operatic appearance occurred in January, 1828, and the occasion was the performance of "Semiramide" at the Grand Opéra for the benefit of Galli. She was laboring under many disadvantages: for the first time in her life she felt nervous, nor was the part one she would have chosen; nevertheless she scored an immediate and striking success. Henceforth there was never any want of engagements; the difficulty was rather to choose among a surfeit. Her début at the Théâtre des Italiens was in "Otello," an opera to which she remained partial all her life. The novelty and originality that distinguished her style from that of all other prime donne earned her great applause.

So far her receipts had been moderate, averaging little more than sixty pounds per night, both in London and Paris, while twenty-five pounds was her fee for singing at concerts. When Sontag retired, it was felt that the remuneration was not adequate. The next offer, from Alfred Bunn of Drury Lane, was made at the respectable figure of £125 per night for nineteen nights. At this time Malibran made two notable additions to her repertoire, "La Gazza ladra" and "La Cenerentola," in both of which operas her success was prodigious; the combination of singing and acting was on all hands admitted to be unequaled. It was remarked that though not the first to act in "La Gazza ladra," she was yet the first to bring out hidden beauties of the prison scene which nobody had suggested before. Her representation of the neglected heroine in "La Cenerentola" was also true to life, and may have awakened reminiscences of her own by no means

too happy childhood. In 1830 an attachment sprang up between her and Charles de Bériot, the celebrated violinist; and this ended only with her life. They built in 1831 a handsome villa in a suburb of Brussels, to which they returned after every operatic campaign. (In 1836 they were married at Paris.)

During the next few years her time was fully taken up between London and Paris. In 1832 Lablache, passing through Brussels on his way to Italy, suggested more in joke than in earnest that she should accompany him. The clock had barely struck five on the next morning when a traveling-carriage containing Malibran drew up at his door, ready to start for Italy. Lablache could scarcely credit his eyes; but those who knew this creature of impulse hardly wondered at her adopting a course which commended itself to her mind by its originality and caprice. During this tour, Milan, Rome, Naples, and Bologna were visited with equal success.

In the spring of 1833 she went to London, and sang at Drury Lane, in English opera, receiving 80,000 francs for forty representations, with two benefits which produced not less than 50,000 francs. The prices offered to her increased each year to an unprecedented extent. She received at the Opera in London, during May and June, 1835, £2775 for 24 appearances. Sums, the like of which had not been heard of before in such cases, were paid to her at the provincial festivals in England.

Having played in English versions of "Sonnambula" and "Fidelio," Malibran returned to Naples, where she remained until May, 1834, proceeding then to Bologna, and thence to Milan. She soon returned to London

for a flying visit; and was singing at Sinigaglia in July. On August 11 she went to Lucca, where her horses were taken from her carriage, which was drawn to her hotel by enthusiastic admirers after her last appearance. She next went to Milan, and thence to Naples, where she sang during the carnival. Here she met with an accident, her carriage being upset at the corner of a street; and she suffered injuries which prevented her from appearing in public for a fortnight. Even then, she made her first appearance with her arm in a sling, which added to the interest of the occasion. From Naples she went, in the same triumphant manner, to Venice, her arrival being announced by fanfares of trumpets. There she was besieged with fresh enthusiasm, which followed her in her return to Paris and London.

Early in April, 1836, she arrived in London. Prospects looked bright for the young prima donna. Her reputation showed no signs of decrease; every performance added vigor and subtlety to her voice; there was hardly a rival to challenge her. It was during this visit that while riding an unmanageable horse she was thrown and dragged some distance before the stirrup gave way and left her on the road, unconscious and bedraggled with mud and blood. Even then matters might have mended had she listened to rational advice; but her only object was to keep the affair secret from her husband. She would see no physician, neither would she take that repose of which she stood in the greatest need. On the same evening she performed as usual, her hair being so arranged as to conceal the heavy injuries to her head; and it cannot be doubted that this accident, aggravated by her obstinacy, led

to her premature death. About the end of July she left England for Brussels, where, unheeding severe pain, she gave a concert on August 12, following it by a performance of "La Sonnambula" at Aix-la-Chapelle.

In September she again came to England for the Manchester Festival, during which her short, brilliant life ended. She had arrived, with her husband, after a rapid journey from Paris, on Sunday, September 11, 1836. On the following evening she sang in no less than fourteen pieces. On the Tuesday, though weak and ill, she insisted on singing both morning and evening. On Wednesday, the 14th, her state was still more critical, but she contrived to sing with thrilling effect the last sacred music in which she ever took part, "Sing ye to the Lord." That same evening her last notes in public were heard with Mme. Caradori Allan, in the duet "Vanne se alberghi in petto," from "Tito Andronico." This was received with immense enthusiasm, the last movement was encored, and Malibran actually accomplished the task of repeating it. It was her last effort. While the concert-room still rang with applause, she was fainting in the arms of her friends; and, a few moments later, she was conveyed to her hotel. Here she died, after nine days of nervous fever, September 23, 1836. She was buried on October 1, in the south aisle of the collegiate church, Manchester. Her remains were soon afterward removed to Brussels and there reinterred in the cemetery of Lacken, where a mausoleum was erected by Bériot, containing a bust of the great singer by the celebrated sculptor Geefs.

It is difficult to appreciate the charm of a singer

SONGS OF LOVE
From the Painting by Maude Goodman

whom one has never heard. In the case of Maria Malibran it is exceptionally difficult, for the charm seems to have consisted chiefly in the peculiar timbre and unusual extent of her voice, in the excitable temperament which prompted her to improvise passages of strange audacity upon the stage, and on the strong musical feeling which kept those improvisations nearly, but not quite, always within the bounds of good taste. It was, after all, her mind that helped to enslave her audience; without that mental originality, her defective vocal organ would have failed to please where, in fact, it provoked raptures.

The life of Malibran is an attractive study from many points of view. While unstinted admiration is due to the actress and singer, we linger with pleasure over highly amiable traits of character, such as courage, sincerity, tact, generosity, and immutable attachment to friends. And if we regret her obstinacy, for which she had to suffer severely, we must not forget that it was the outcome of a daring and an energy rarely met with among the favorites of fortune. In artistic circles her death left a great void. It is true, great singers were among her survivors; but until Jenny Lind fascinated her audiences, none had arisen to approach Malibran in the combined arts of singing and acting. Malibran composed and published many nocturnes, songs, and chansonnettes. Some of the unpublished pieces were collected and published under the title of "Dernières Pensées musicales de Marie-Félicité Garcia de Bériot."

CHAPTER IX

GIULIA GRISI

OF Giulia Grisi a critic thus wrote in the London "Times": "There are certain striking features in every one of her impersonations, to forget which is utterly impossible for those who are able to feel and appreciate such traits in the exhibition of vocal and dramatic art. She was equally admirable in lyric tragedy, lyric comedy, and lyric melodrama; such traits were as plentiful as with less gifted artists they are rare." Grisi combined with this remarkable versatility a capacity for study and love of improvement in her art truly wonderful, an example by which many of the young singers of to-day might profit were they to lay it to heart; in fact, her whole artistic life was one of constant effort to attain perfection. No vocalization was too trivial for her careful study, no part beneath her creative instinct. She loved her public with a devotion amounting to reverence; with the veneration of a priestess she made her offering of song at the altar of art; her profession was to her a holy duty. Her noble appreciation of the public was strikingly shown in her unvarying promptitude to keep her part in the fulfilment of their pleasures. She rarely disappointed them; ill or well, she was ready to appear when announced. The public knew they

were sure of her, and sought the opera in a comfortable state of confidence that no sudden announcement of change of bill would confront them, as in the case of more than one capricious prima donna of those days.

Giulia Grisi, the daughter of Gaetano Grisi, an officer of engineers under Napoleon, was born at Milan in 1812. The tastes of the family were decidedly musical and artistic, the father having dramatic ability, and the mother taking delight in vocal work. An elder sister, Giuditta, who was born in 1805 and died in 1840, was a singer of considerable ability and fame; but the name of Grisi, as known to the world, was made famous by the celebrated Giulia. Grisi was the niece of the famous Grassini, and a cousin, Carlotta Grisi, was distinguished as a dancer.

Giulia's vocal talent manifested itself at a very early period, and it was carefully fostered and cultivated by Giuditta. Her subsequent teachers were Filippo Celli, Madame Boccabadati, and Guglielmi. At the age of seventeen she made her début at Bologna, creating a very favorable impression, and raising glowing hopes about her future. Her voice and personal charms were both pronounced to be eminently distinctive, and the grace of her style, and the promising dramatic force of her acting, at once secured the sympathy of the audience. Like Pasta, she carried off a moderate stature by a noble bearing and handsome features, which expressed an intellectual variety and a charming individuality. To Pasta she was also akin in dramatic genius and fire.

Her progress was unusually rapid. Within a year after her début Rossini predicted a great future for

her. At the conclusion of a short engagement at Florence, Grisi appeared at La Scala in Milan, where she met Pasta, then at the zenith of a splendid career, who aided her with counsel and instruction. She also attended a course of study under Mariani, and was further aided by Rossini and Bellini. Rossini was exceedingly gracious to the fair young aspirant, and Bellini recognized in the young artist all the qualifications for a perfect Adalgisa. Strangely enough, when the opera was first brought out, the first act proved almost a fiasco; and it was not until the duet for Norma and Adalgisa in the second act that the audience began to applaud. Dissatisfied with her engagement at Milan, and unable to get herself released from it by ordinary means, the impulsive Giulia took to flight, and escaping across the frontier reached Paris, where she found her aunt, Madame Grassini, her sister Giuditta, and Rossini, who was then director of the Théâtre des Italiens.

The patronage of Rossini soon procured her an engagement, and she made her first appearance in the title-rôle of his new opera, "Semiramide." She was supported by Eckerlin and Tamburini, and her success was immediate and triumphant. For sixteen consecutive years she was engaged at the Italiens.

On April 8, 1834, she made her first appearance in London in "La Gazza ladra"; but her principal triumph was achieved in "Anna Bolena," in which opera she had the coöperation of Lablache and Rubini. This was the period of phenomenal casts. The celebrated quartet of Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Rubini was world-renowned. It lasted for some time. A substitute for Rubini was found in Mario; but when

Lablache and Tamburini fell out there were no reserves to draw upon. The quartet dwindled to a duet; but the duet of Mario and Grisi became equally famous. These delightful artists are now invariably associated together. Heine ("Parisian Letters") coupled them in a poetic simile as "the rose, the nightingale among flowers, and the nightingale, the rose among birds."

Between 1834 and 1861 Grisi missed only one season in London—that of 1842. Her health was robust, and enabled her to undergo severe and repeated exertions. In 1854, with Mario, she made a tour of the United States. She was received very coldly at Madrid in 1859, and at once relinquished her engagement. Rest was prescribed. In 1861 Gye, director of the Royal Italian Opera of London, proposed a contract stipulating that Grisi should not appear in public for five years. As soon as the term had expired she surprised the public by appearing at Her Majesty's Theater in "Lucrezia Borgia." The performance was a comparative failure. Grisi withdrew from the opera, but continued to sing at occasional concerts with undiminished popularity.

She had for years made London her headquarters, and on leaving it in 1869 to pay a visit to Berlin had no intention of not returning to the capital where she had obtained her greatest and most prolonged successes. Inflammation of the lungs, however, seized her, and after a short attack she died at the Hôtel du Nord, Berlin, November 25, 1869.

Grisi was married in 1836 to the Count de Melcy, but the union proved a most unhappy one. A warm attachment sprang up between her and Mario, and re-

ceived the sanction of the Church after she had succeeded in procuring a divorce from her first husband. By Mario she had three daughters. The Emperor Nicholas jestingly referred to them as "grisettes." "Pardon me, sire," was the reply, "they are marionettes."

Her splendid voice, in its prime, had no flaw, and her superb histrionic talent added luster to the brightest laurels of the lyric stage. Chorley tells us that her voice had a compass of from C below to C above the staff, and had not "a break or a note which had to be managed." He further speaks of the "clear, penetrating beauty of her reduced tones, differing in quality from the whispering ventriloquism which was one of a rival's most favorite effects." "I have never," he declares, "tired of Madame Grisi during twenty-five years, but I have never been, in her case, under one of those spells of intense enjoyment which make an epoch in life."

CHAPTER X

JENNY LIND

JENNY LIND was a native of Sweden. She was born at Stockholm, October 6, 1820. Her parents were respectable, laborious, and poor—her father a teacher of languages, her mother a schoolmistress. Jenny was the first child of their marriage, and there was afterward born to them a son named John. Jenny could sing the airs of her native land with correctness, and even with some expression, when she was but twenty months old. By the time she was three years of age singing was her delight; she was always singing; and she had the faculty of catching every song she heard, and repeating it with remarkable exactness. She was a lonely and timorous child. The absence of her father, who was abroad all day pursuing his vocation, and the constant occupation of her mother in her school, left her very much alone; and during her solitary hours her voice and her music were the unfailing solace of her existence. The first nine years of her life were marked by no particular event. The Swedes are a musical people, and many children in Stockholm, besides Jenny Lind, were fond of singing.

When she was about nine years of age the silvery tones of her voice chanced to catch the ear of an

actress named Lundberg, who at once discerned its capabilities. Madame Lundberg went to the parents and told them how delighted she had been with the singing of their child, and advised them to have her educated for the opera. The child was more than willing, and very soon Madame Lundberg had the pleasure of conducting her to Crœlius, one of the most noted music-masters of Stockholm. Crœlius soon became an enthusiast respecting his new acquisition, and at length he resolved to present her to the manager of the royal theater.

When the enthusiastic Crœlius presented her to the manager, that potentate saw before him a pale, shrinking, slender, undersized child, between nine and ten years of age, attired with Sunday stiffness in a dress of black bombazine. "You ask a foolish thing," said he. "What shall we do with that ugly creature? See what feet she has! and then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we cannot take her. Certainly not!" The old music-teacher was too confident of the value of the talent which the child possessed to be abashed by this ungracious reception. "Well," said he, with some warmth, "if you will not take her, I, poor as I am, will take her myself, and have her educated for the stage." The old man's enthusiasm piqued the curiosity of the manager, and he consented at length to hear her sing. Undeveloped as her voice then was, it already had some of that rapture-giving power which it afterward possessed in such an eminent degree. The manager changed his mind, and Jenny was at once admitted to the training-school attached to the royal theater. There she had the benefit of highly competent instructors, as well as the inspir-

ing companionship of children engaged in the same pursuits.

The pupils of the training-school were required, now and then during the season, to perform in little plays written and arranged expressly for them. It was in one of these, in the eleventh year of her age, that Jenny Lind made her first appearance in public. The part assigned her was that of a beggar-girl—a character which her pallid countenance and slight person fitted her to represent. She acted with so much simplicity and truth, and sang her songs with such intelligent expression, as to secure the favor of the audience in a high degree. She made what we now call a "hit." Other children's plays were written for her, in which for two winters she delighted the people of Stockholm, who regarded her as a prodigy.

At the height of her transient celebrity, her brilliant prospects clouded over. She observed with alarm that her upper notes grew weaker, and that her other tones were losing their pleasure-giving quality. By the time she was thirteen years of age her upper notes had almost ceased to exist, and no efforts of her teachers could restore them. The scheme of educating her for the opera was given up, though she continued for four years longer to be an assiduous member of the school, studying instrumental music, and the theory of composition. One of the severest of her trials was that of being forbidden to use her voice, except for a short time every day in very simple music.

Her seventeenth birthday came round. The master of the training-school was about to give at the theater a grand concert, in order to display the talents and improvement of his pupils. The chief part of this

concert was to consist of the celebrated fourth act of "Robert le Diable," in which Alice has but one solo assigned to her, and that not a favorite with singers. When all the parts had been distributed except that of the undesirable Alice, the director thought of Jenny Lind, and offered it to her. She accepted it and began to study the music. A strange thing happened to her on the night of the concert. Her upper notes suddenly returned to her in all their former brilliancy, and every note in her voice seemed at the same moment to recover its long-lost sweetness and power.

No one had anticipated anything from the Alice of that evening, and thunders of applause greeted the unexpected triumph. Except herself, no one was so much surprised as the director of the school, whose pupil she had been for six years. Besides warmly congratulating her that evening, he told her on the following morning that she was cast for the important part of Agathe in "Der Freischütz." The evening came. We have an account of her début from the pen of her friend and kindred genius, Fredrika Bremer: "I saw her at the evening representation. . . . She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voice' was delightful."

But her probation was not yet finished. After this dazzling success, she remained for a while the favorite of the Stockholm public, adding new characters to her list and striving in every way known to her to remedy certain serious defects in her voice and vocalization. In her efforts to improve her voice while performing

at the opera she overstrained it, and the public of Stockholm, limited in number and fastidious in taste, left her to sing to empty boxes. She felt the necessity of better instruction than her native city afforded. Garcia was then living at Paris, at the height of his reputation as a trainer of vocalists. She desired to place herself under his instruction; but although she had been a leading performer at the Stockholm opera for a year and a half, she was still unable to afford the expense of a residence in Paris. To raise the money she gave concerts, accompanied by her father, in the principal towns of Sweden and Norway.

Her first interview with Garcia was disheartening in the extreme. "My good girl," said he, after hearing her sing, "you have no voice; or, I should rather say, that you *had* a voice, but are now on the point of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out; and the only advice I can offer you is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time, come to me again, and I will do my best for you." At the appointed time she stood again in the master's presence. He told her that her voice was improved by rest and capable of culture. She placed herself under his instruction, and profited by it; but, strange to say, Garcia never predicted for her a striking success, either because her voice had not yet regained its freshness, or the old master's ear had lost its acuteness. He used to say that if she had as much voice as she had intelligence, she would become the greatest singer in Europe, and that she would have to sing second to many who had not half her ability.

During her residence at Paris, she had the honor of singing before Meyerbeer, who instantly perceived the

peerless quality of her voice. He arranged a grand rehearsal for her, with a full orchestra, when she sang the three most difficult scenes from three favorite operas. She delighted the company of musicians and the great master who heard her, and she narrowly escaped being engaged at once for the Grand Opera of Paris.

Her musical education was now complete. Returning home she gave a series of performances at Stockholm, which enraptured the public, carried her local reputation to the highest point, and secured for her a pressing invitation to sing at Copenhagen. It seems that she was still distrustful of her powers, and shrank from the ordeal of appearing in a country not her own. Her scruples at length gave way, and she appeared before the Danes in the part of Alice, in "Robert le Diable." We have an interesting account of her success at Copenhagen, in the autobiography of Hans Christian Andersen, who not only heard her sing, but became acquainted with her.

"It was," he says, "like a new revelation in the realms of art. The youthful, fresh voice forced itself into every heart; here reigned truth and nature, and everything was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert-room." The students of the university gave her a serenade by torchlight, and she was the first to whom such a compliment was paid. Her success incited her to fresh exertions.

From this time forward, she knew little but triumph. When she left Stockholm again to enter upon an engagement at Berlin, the streets were crowded with

people to bid her farewell. At Berlin, the Countess Rossi (Madame Sontag) pronounced her "the best singer in Europe." At Hamburg, a silver wreath was presented to her at the end of a most brilliant engagement. At Vienna, her success was beyond all precedent, and when she reappeared at Berlin the enthusiasm was such that it became a matter of great difficulty to procure admission to the theater.

After four years of such success as this, her popularity ever increasing, she accepted an engagement to sing in London. She arrived there in April, 1847, and soon began her rehearsals at the Queen's Theater. When her voice was first heard in that spacious edifice at a rehearsal, no one was so enchanted as Lablache, the celebrated basso. "Every note," he exclaimed, "is like a pearl!"

One morning at rehearsal she said to him: "Will you do me the favor, Signor Lablache, to lend me your hat?" Much surprised, he nevertheless handed her his hat, which she took with a deep courtesy, and, tripping away with it to the back part of the stage, began to sing an air into it. She then brought back the hat to Lablache, and, ordering that portly personage to kneel, returned it to him with the remark: "I have now made you a rich man, signor, for I have given you a hat full of pearls!"

When the eventful evening came the theater was crammed to its utmost capacity. She sang the part of Alice, in "Robert le Diable." By the time she had completed her first aria every one present felt that the greatest singer of the time, if not of any time, was this stranger from Stockholm. At Edinburgh a concert was given, for performing in which she received

a thousand pounds sterling. Her charities constantly increased in number and amount. In almost every place she gave a part of her gains to charitable institutions. After two years of continual triumph, she resolved to take her leave of the stage, and to sing thenceforth only in the concert-room. Her last operatic performance was in May, 1849, in the part of Alice.

Her fame had long ago crossed the Atlantic. In October, 1849, P. T. Barnum, who had recently returned home after a three years' tour with the famous General Tom Thumb, conceived the happy idea of bestowing upon his countrymen the delight of hearing the voice of "the Swedish Nightingale." "I had never heard her sing," he said. "Her reputation was sufficient for me." He cast about him at once for a fit person to send to Europe to engage the songstress, and John Hall Wilton was instructed to engage Jenny Lind on shares, if he could; but he was authorized, if he could do no better, to offer her a thousand dollars a night for one hundred and fifty nights. Besides this, all her expenses were to be paid, including servants, carriages, and secretary, and she was to have the privilege of selecting three professional persons to accompany her. Barnum further agreed to place the whole amount of money for the one hundred and fifty nights in the hands of a London banker before she sailed. Negotiations were speedily concluded on a basis satisfactory to both parties.

Long before the great songstress landed all America was on the *qui vive*. On Sunday, September 1, 1850, at twelve o'clock, the steamer "Atlantic," with Jenny Lind on board, came to opposite the quarantine ground, New York. The wharves and ships were covered with

thousands of people on that pleasant Sunday afternoon to see her step on shore. Nineteen days elapsed before her first appearance in public, during which she was the center of attraction, and the theme of every tongue. The acute and experienced Barnum, perceiving that his enterprise was an assured success, endeavored to guard against the only danger which could threaten it. Two days after the arrival of the "Nightingale" he told her that he wished to make a little alteration in their agreement.

"What is it?" she asked, much surprised.

"I am convinced," replied he, "that our enterprise will be much more successful than either of us anticipated. I wish, therefore, to stipulate that you shall always receive a thousand dollars for each concert, besides all the expenses, and that after taking fifty-five hundred dollars per night, for expenses and my services, the balance shall be equally divided between us." Jenny Lind was astonished; and supposing that the proposition was dictated by a sense of justice, she grasped the manager by the hand, and exclaimed: "Mr. Barnum, you are a gentleman of honor! You are generous. I will sing for you as long as you please. I will sing for you in America—in Europe—anywhere!" Barnum hastened to let people know that the change in the agreement was not the dictate of pure generosity. He feared that envious persons would create discontent in her mind, and he thought "it would be a stroke of policy to prevent the possibility of such an occurrence." The tickets for the first concert were sold at auction, and produced the astonishing sum of $17,864. Jenny Lind instantly resolved to give her portion of the proceeds to charities.

Five thousand persons assembled at Castle Garden, who had paid for the privilege sums which varied from two dollars to two hundred and twenty-five. It was the largest audience before which she had ever appeared, and she was considerably agitated. When the conductor of the concert led her forward, attired in white, with a rose in her hair, the audience stood up and gave her three thundering cheers, and continued for several seconds to clap their hands and wave their hats and handkerchiefs. She had a singularly pleasing way of acknowledging the applause of an audience. She had a timid, shrinking look, which appealed powerfully to popular sympathy, and inflamed the enthusiasm of the spectators to the highest degree. The orchestra began to play the prelude to "Casta Diva"—a piece which displayed all the power, all the thrilling sweetness, and some of the defects of her wonderful organ. Never had an assembly come together with such high-wrought expectations. Nevertheless, those expectations seemed to be more than realized, and the last notes of the song were lost in the irrepressible acclamations of the people.

This success was the beginning of a splendid career in America. Under Barnum's management, she gave ninety-five concerts. The total receipts were $712,-161. The average receipts of each concert were $7,496. The sum received by Jenny Lind was $176,-675. Mr. Barnum's receipts, after paying her, were $535,486. After enchanting the United States it remained for Jenny Lind to conquer the fastidious and difficult public of Havana. A striking scene occurred on the occasion of her first appearance there. The people were much offended by the unusual prices

charged for admission, and came to the concert determined not to be pleased—a circumstance of which Jenny Lind was ignorant. But a report of that time tells us that "not a vestige of opposition remained. Again, again, and again did they call her forth, and at every appearance the thunders of applause rang louder and louder." In Havana, as in every other large city in America, she bestowed immense sums in charity, and gave charity concerts which produced still larger benefactions. During her residence in America, she gave away, in all, about $58,000.

The precaution which Barnum had taken against the intermeddling of envious persons proved to be insufficient, and after the ninety-fifth concert, Jenny Lind desired the contract to be annulled, and to give concerts on her own account. The manager gladly assented, and they separated excellent friends. Among the performers at her concerts was Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist and composer, whom she had formerly known in Germany, and with whom she had pursued her musical studies. Her friendship for this gentleman ripened into a warmer attachment, and ended in their marriage at Boston, in 1852. After residing some time at Northampton, Mass., they returned to Europe, where they afterward resided, finally settling in England. Occasionally, Madame Goldschmidt appeared in public concerts and oratorios. She died at her cottage, Wynd's Point, Malvern, England, November 2, 1887.

Her voice was a soprano of bright, thrilling, and remarkably sympathetic quality, from D to D, with another note or two occasionally available above the high D. The upper part of her register was rich and

brilliant, and superior both in strength and purity to the lower. These two portions she managed, however, to unite in the most skillful way, moderating the power of her upper notes so as not to outshine the lower. She had also a wonderfully developed "length of breath," which enabled her to perform long and difficult passages with ease, and to fine down her tones to the softest pianissimo, while still maintaining the quality unvaried. Her trill was true and brilliant, her taste in ornament altogether original, and she usually invented her own cadenze. In a song from "Beatrice di Tenda," she had a chromatic cadence ascending to E in alt, and descending to the note whence it had risen, which could scarcely be equaled for difficulty and perfection of execution. The great secret of her success as a singer was well expressed by her friend Jules Benedict: "Jenny Lind makes a conscience of her art."

CHAPTER XI

SEVEN ARTISTS OF RECENT TIMES

Adelina Patti—Christine Nilsson—Amalie Materna—Jean and Edouard de Reszke—Nellie Melba—Marcella Sembrich.

ADELINA PATTI.—No one has ever been more extravagantly eulogized than Madame Patti under the well-worn phrase of "the queen of song." If to be "queen of song" means to have reigned over countless admirers and to have fed all her life on the rose-leaves of acclamation, to have enforced the largest premium from managers ever given for such artistic service, to have preserved better than any of her contemporaries the traditions of the Italian bel canto in her vocal form, the diadem fits her charming head worthily. Nature endowed her with a voice of only moderate power, but of bell-like, voluptuous sweetness, which, if one may compare the things of sound and sight, suggests the round perfection of the pearl. Her notes were remarkably even and emitted with the bird-like facility which does not impress the listener more with its gush of melody than with the sense of artlessness, the extreme achievement of the art which conceals art. The compass when Madame Patti's organ was in its mellowest prime reached F in alt, and the power to take the perfect high notes at long intervals was always a noticeable feature of her skill,

though singers shun this fatiguing leap of the voice as warily as misers guard their treasure-boxes. In purity of style and artistic finish of vocalization it is within bounds to say that no cantatrice of her immediate generation quite reached her level.

Adela Juana Maria Patti was born in Madrid, February 19, 1843. The father, Salvatore Patti, was a Sicilian tenor; the mother, known as Signora Barili, a beautiful Roman of the Trastavere. This musical couple came to the United States shortly afterward and made the country their home. Little Adelina's talent, shown almost in infancy, was carefully cultivated by her parents, and at the age of seven she made her début in New York, at Tripler Hall, in the difficult air of "Casta Diva" from Bellini's "Norma." Two years after this the little girl appeared as Rosina in "Il Barbiere," and sang all the fioriture with exquisite ease. Alboni, then singing in America, remembered having seen her "put on a table, or at least a high platform, where she walked up and down as if it were a stage and sang and acted like a grown-up person, with the sort of inspiration that moved an Italian improvisatore." After four years of this "infant prodigy" touring, it was deemed wise to give the voice a rest for two years, and then Adelina began to study seriously with Moritz Strakosch, who had in the meanwhile married Amalia Patti, her elder sister. She was not yet fifteen when she sang in a concert tour with Gottschalk throughout the United States, and a year later she made her serious bow to a New York audience in the rôle of Lucia, November 24, 1859. She appeared in opera and concert for nearly two years under the management of her brother-in-law

Strakosch, and then went to London, where she made her début in Gye's Royal Italian Opera Company as Amina in "La Sonnambula," May 14, 1861. Unheralded by fame, she made an instant and magnificent conquest, ranking among the great first appearances in the musical history of that capital. The next year she sang at the Théâtre des Italiens in Paris and met a no less enthusiastic recognition. Thenceforward it was a primrose path, and Europe metaphorically was at her feet. The detailed record of her triumphs would be a monotonous rehearsal—the streams of gold and jewels showered on her, and the no less golden stream of homage and flattery, the world of fashion wooing a modern Danaë. For more than thirty years she was the cynosure of the musical public in so far as it bows before perfection of vocal art. Her sister Carlotta was also a brilliant vocalist of the florid school, though lameness debarred her from the opera stage.

Madame Patti had a repertoire of thirty-six operas, among which may be specially mentioned "Don Giovanni," "Le Nozze di Figaro," "Otello" (Rossini), "Il Barbiere," "La Gazza ladra," "I Puritani," "La Sonnambula," "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Linda di Chamounix," "Don Pasquale," "La Figlia del Reggimento," "Ernani," "Il Trovatore," "La Traviata," "Giovanna d'Arco," "Esmeralda," "Don Desiderio," "Villeda," "Aïda," "Crispino e la Comare," "Dinorah," "Les Huguenots," "L'Africaine," "L'Etoile du Nord," "Marta," "Faust," "Romeo e Giulietta," "Fra Diavolo," and "Semiramide." Her great fame was made in the lighter operas, which involve the singing of florid music and the acting of sparkling comedy, her

dainty symmetry of person fitly symbolizing her art. She was, *par excellence,* the best-paid singer of the age, her terms for America having been, for many years, five thousand dollars a night, and for Europe twenty-five hundred dollars. It need scarcely be said that she accumulated a great fortune. Her country-seat, Craig-y-Nos, near Swansea, Wales, became one of the show-places of Great Britain. She was thrice married—in 1868 to the Marquis de Caux; in 1886 to Ernesto Nicolini, a well-known tenor; in 1899 to Baron Cederström.

CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Jenny Lind, whose star shone so fixedly beside the luster of such rivals as Garcia-Viardot, Persiani, Grisi, and Sontag, had a worthy successor in the singer who embodied, musically and dramatically, the most acceptable idea of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust" known to the stage, and whose creation of Ophelia in Thomas's "Hamlet" still sets the tide-mark for succeeding aspirants.

Peasant in blood like Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson was born August 20, 1843, in a forester's hut near the market town of Wexiö, Sweden, and when scarcely more than a baby sang and fiddled at the country fairs. The provincial judge, Tornerhjelm, a musical enthusiast, one day was attracted by a large crowd, and found the center of it a tiny, barefooted, golden-haired thing of three. He was enchanted with the quality of the voice, and did not rest till he had seen the parents and secured their unwilling assent to give this tot with a nightingale in her throat an adequate education. She was placed in the care of Baronne de Leuhusen (a gifted Swedish writer under the pen-name of Mademoiselle Valerius), who insured the child every ad-

vantage of musical and literary training. She had the best teachers which Sweden could furnish in French, German, and Italian, in singing and violin-playing and the higher branches of harmony, till she was sixteen, and then Judge Tornerhjelm told the enraptured girl that she must go to Paris for further instruction—Sweden was exhausted. Christine was even then undecided whether she would be singer or violinist, following the example of Fräulein Schmöling, the wonderful child-player, who ultimately became the great singer, Madame Mara. She gave a concert in Paris, where she fiddled and sang to the great delight of her audience, and then voice won the day.

The eccentric but great teacher Wartel took her in hand for three years, and kept her sol-faing till the last six months, when he gave her words to sing. Under this terrible gymnastic drill her organ acquired that firmness and solidity of tone which it retained unimpaired till her retirement from the stage. Meyerbeer was enraptured with the brilliant young voice, and offered her Ines in "L'Africaine" for her début, but Christine was obstinately set on Italian opera, and accepted a Brussels engagement, from which she was miraculously saved by the bankruptcy of the impresario. The great French singer Miolan Carvalho heard her and induced her husband, the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique, to give Christine an opening in "Traviata," including a three years' engagement. Her success was as instantaneous as it was brilliant, and she became the idol of the Paris public. There was at once recognized something setting her apart from all actors—that poignant, thrilling quality in the vocal timbre, not to be confounded with mere sweetness, or

richness, or even nobility of tone. She sang in quick succession in "Marta," "Don Giovanni," "Sardanapale," "Les Bluets," and "Die Zauberflöte." In the latter opera, as Astrafiammante, she showed her great compass of register, reaching up to F in alt, and the astonishing speed and crispness of her staccati. Rossini, it is said, during this season warned her against employing her highest three notes as dangerous, and she gradually discontinued their use.

She appeared in London in 1866 with equal éclat, and sang a wide range of parts, among them Marguerite, in "Faust," then first heard in England. The original representative, Miolan Carvalho, crossed the Channel for the performance, and added her own praise to the public plaudits. The spirituality, tenderness, and pathos of the interpretation made it one of the great original conceptions of the stage. In 1868 Thomas selected the dreamy, poetic-looking Swede to create his Ophelia in "Hamlet" at the Grand Opera, and her singing and acting confirmed the opinion that she was one of the greatest singers of the generation. After another London season, Mlle. Nilsson accepted an American engagement under Max Strakosch for concert and opera. This tour, it is said, brought her $200,000, and the American public was no less warm in recognition than transatlantic audiences. Here she sang for the first time one of her greatest parts, Elsa in "Lohengrin." Here, too, she made her first profound impression as an oratorio singer—a musical genre, in which her reputation became as great as in dramatic singing, owing to the peculiarly crystalline ethereal quality of her voice. A noted English critic once said of her, with pardonable exaggeration,

"When Patti sings, one fancies the notes of the lark rising to the gates of heaven, but Nilsson's voice is a strain from the other side of the gates."

Nilsson was married in 1872 to Auguste Rouzaud, a young French merchant, who had won her affections amid a throng of titled admirers. She returned to Drury Lane, London, in 1872, where she created the rôle of Edith in Balfe's "Il Talismano." The next year saw the diva back in America to repeat her triumphs, and she visited this country again in 1884. It is said that in 1880 Nilsson lost a large portion of her fortune by Rouzaud's business speculations. He died a paralytic in 1882. For two years the devoted wife had retired from her profession to minister to the sick husband. While the professional life of this artist was mostly spent in France and England, she made splendidly successful tours in Germany, Russia, Spain, and Italy, as well as in the United States. In 1887, having retired from the stage, she espoused a Spanish nobleman, Count de Miranda.

Nilsson's voice, though of moderate power, was noted for its crystalline brilliancy, resonance, and purity of tone. Perfectly even in its register, it extended from G natural to D in alt. The singer, after her first three years of stage singing, only used two and a half out of her three and a half original octaves. When one had exhausted ordinary musical terms to describe this voice, there was still something strange left which no one could quite define, and it was the secret of her unique power. Lacking the velvet voluptuous sweetness of Patti's organ; lacking, perhaps, the perfect mechanism of Patti's vocal art, this poignancy in her tones had its transcendent effect. Her

fame shines most brilliantly about such pathetic characters as Marguerite, Mignon, Ophelia, Elsa, and Valentine ("Huguenots").

AMALIE MATERNA.—As a notable example of a singer equipped by nature and training to interpret the Wagner stage music, and in similar degree the heavy rôles of the great dramatic operas, none can be cited in comparison with Amalie Materna. Her name has become specially famous through the world in connection with Brünnhilde in the Nibelungen trilogy, and Kundry, the heroine of "Parsifal."

She was born at Saint Georgen, Styria, in 1847, her father being the village schoolmaster. She had that early domestic training in the art in which she was to became famous, almost inevitable in a land of musical people, and at the age of thirteen her voice in the church service gave her a local name. She does not appear to have made any extraordinary juvenile success in operatic singing. Her first stage appearance was at the Thalia Theater in Gratz, where she sang very acceptably in operetta and gave speedy indications of her latent dramatic resources. Here she married Karl Friedrich, and was soon engaged with him to sing at the suburban Karls Theater of Vienna. Her remarkable gifts could not long be hidden under a bushel, for her singing and acting became the common gossip of the greenroom and clubs of one of the most musical of cities. In 1869 she was engaged as dramatic prima donna at the Imperial Opera House, and made her début as Selica in "L'Africaine." The impression she produced was powerful and lasting. She immediately took her place among the first German singers, and became a famous exponent of the

heavy rôles of one of the leading opera houses of Europe. She perpetuated the grand traditions of Schröder-Devrient in the massive style of her singing and acting, in such operas as "Fidelio," "Les Huguenots," "La Juive," "Le Prophète," "Il Trovatore," "La Favorita," "Iphigénie," "Faust," etc., which tax the extreme capacities of musical passion; though she seems never to have attained that marvelous flexibility which, with noble quality of voice and histrionic power, made another celebrated German singer, Titiens, equally with Pasta, an exponent of all schools wherein dramatic fitness is not fully submerged in bravura singing.

Eminent as Materna had become in Germany, it was not till 1876 that her fame was trumpeted to the ends of the musical world. She was selected by Wagner to interpret the rôle of Brünnhilde at the Bayreuth Festival of 1876. For such a creation as that of the Valkyr heroine she was fitted by nature, appearance, and endowment, and Wagner could have hunted the world in vain for her match. A stately figure, instinct with superb health and vitality, a face molded to convey the loftier emotions, a genius for dramatic impersonation, which would have made her famous without her voice, an organ of great compass and volume in which sweetness is married to strength, and of almost tireless power—these gifts made her the picked of "ten thousand." Bayreuth rendered Materna almost as famous as Wagner himself, so intimately was her performance associated with the success of his unique enterprise. The composer, too, has put on record his enthusiastic recognition of this singing tragedienne as the perfect incarnation of his art-ideal.

Materna's brilliant London success in 1877 in the

Wagner concerts was followed by further triumphs in her own country, and in 1882 she visited America for the musical festivals of New York, Boston, and Cincinnati, held under the direction of Theodore Thomas. She also appeared in concert in Boston and Philadelphia. She did not then have the advantage of the illusions of the stage, but her great audiences could readily grasp, in the nobility of her voice and the fervor of her dramatic method, the secrets of the glamour by which she had taken the whole art and musical world captive at Bayreuth. She was recalled from America to create the part of Kundry in "Parsifal," at the Wagner Festival of 1882, and on the night of July 28 she again displayed that imaginative power and equipment of executive gifts which distinguished her Brünnhilde in the "Nibelungen Ring."

When Leopold Damrosch directed the season of German opera in New York in 1884-85, the Nibelungen trilogy constituted the chief feature of his season, and Materna was here to repeat her magnificent impersonations of the heroine, though, of course, the realistic background of the Bayreuth performances was absent. She also sang in other operas of her repertoire, such as "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Les Huguenots," and "Le Prophète," with scarcely less pleasure to the public. She repeated her tour in America in 1885-86, and in 1893-94 she again sang in concert and opera in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, her more notable appearances being in Brünnhilde, Elisabeth ("Tannhäuser"), and Valentine ("Les Huguenots").

Materna's voice was remarkable for volume and compass, spanning three octaves, and great evenness

of register. Its full sonorous quality and tireless vigor chiseled each note out of the loudest tumult of the orchestra. Her dramatic fervor separated her from all other great singers of her period. She could not, indeed, sing the sparkling fioritura which makes one think of diamond-dust, wherewith Patti delighted the public, any more than Patti could sing the musical heartbeats of Brünnhilde, throbbing with heroic energy. The genre is antipodal. Materna, though she made her highest fame as a "Wagner" singer, it must be remembered also plucked splendid laurels in other fields, and therefore escapes any narrow criticism which denies to the music of Wagner value as the vehicle of the finer qualities of the vocal art. She who could sing the music of Fides, Marguerite, Valentine, Fidelio, and Alice, as Materna has so often done, with enthralling effect and beauty of style, is entitled to be ranked with the greatest, aside from her distinction in a special school.

JEAN and EDOUARD DE RESZKE.—Of stage tenors since Mario, the most popular with Americans, and the most versatile if not the greatest in all respects, was Jean de Reszke. The De Reszke brothers, Jean and Edouard, belonged to the most celebrated family of singers of modern times. Their mother was a distinguished amateur; a sister, Josephine, achieved great success as a soprano in nearly all the capitals of Europe. The eldest of the family, Jean, was born in Warsaw, January 14, 1852. When only twelve years old he sang in the cathedral, and the rare quality of his voice aroused the interest of all Warsaw. He passed his examination and obtained his degree as advocate; but his underlying artistic sentiment was too strong

to be subdued. He took lessons from Ciaffei, then in Italy studied under the famous barytone Cotogni, and with him visited London and St. Petersburg, where he heard such singers as Mario, Tamberlik, Faure, Graziani, and Patti. In 1874 he made his first appearance in Venice in "La Favorita," under the name of De Reschi, and a few months later was introduced to the London stage in the same rôle. Although the critics called attention to the fact that his voice lacked the deeper quality and resonance of a barytone, being more like a low tenor, he persevered in his career, and attained considerable celebrity. But his physical strength began to suffer from the strain of singing parts that were written much too low for him; so, acting upon the advice of Sbriglia, he decided to retire temporarily from the stage and prepare himself for the tenor repertoire.

After two years of study, aided by the wise counsels of Sbriglia, he made his début as a tenor at Madrid in "Robert le Diable." His success was great and immediate, and his career one long, uninterrupted, and ever-increasing triumph. Yet in no country did he create such a furor or arouse such enthusiasm as in America, where he was the idol of the public and accounted "the very Prince Charming of opera." His repertoire embraced "Faust," "L'Africaine," "Aïda," "Le Cid" (written for him by Massenet, and in which he made his Parisian début, November, 1885), Raoul in "Les Huguenots," Launcelot in "Elaine," and Roméo in "Roméo et Juliette," which was revived for him and placed in the ranks of grand opera, as originally intended by Gounod. In Wagner's operas he was admirable as Siegfried, Lohengrin, Walther, and es-

pecially as Tristan. But whether he represented one of Wagner's legendary knights or the impassioned lover and hero of Meyerbeer or Gounod, he was equally charming. His matchless voice and the exquisite art with which he sang were rivaled only by the picturesque grace and manly beauty that characterized each and all of his impersonations.

"I am a singer, not a writer," he once said, when asked to give his opinion regarding certain musical compositions and their authors. "I prefer to speak only of what lies directly in my province—i.e., the interpretation, not the creation, of those works. To the composer belongs the analysis, to the interpreter the inspiration. I rarely, if ever, sing or act the same rôle twice alike. Of course, on general grounds, the basis of my work is the same; my conception of a rôle, once thought out and executed, does not change; but variations and new ideas are constantly suggesting themselves, and, though always on the same canvas, one embroiders a different pattern; a touch here and there, a dash of color against a deeper background, a paler tint or a tenderer tone—who can foresee or measure and calculate what the actual moment may inspire?"

Jean de Reszke retired from opera in 1904, and opened a singing-school in Paris. His brother Edouard (born in Warsaw, December 23, 1855), who was associated with the great tenor in so many of his engagements in America and abroad, continued to appear in basso rôles a few years longer, but finally bade farewell to the lyric stage, devoting the greater part of his time to pupils in London.

NELLIE MELBA.—Though she is known to the world

as Madame Melba (from her birthplace), this singer's family name is Mitchell. She was born in Melbourne, Australia, May 19, 1865, and at the town hall there she made her first public appearance at the age of six. Her father, David Mitchell, was strongly opposed to her choice of a musical career, and had he been permitted to decide the matter she would never have become a professional singer. As a young girl, however, she was allowed to receive instruction in piano, harmony, and composition, and when she was offered a place as organist in a church, the stern old Scotchman made no objection. The inevitable happened. The young girl found that she possessed a voice, and it became the one ambition of her life to employ it to the best advantage. In 1882 she married Captain Charles Armstrong, and, removed from parental authority, was encouraged to follow her natural bent. In due course of time the young singer sailed away from the colonial capital from which she took her stage name, and eventually placed herself under the tutelage of Madame Marchesi. Her voice, a pure and flexible soprano, admirably suited to the coloratura music of the Italian composers, developed an even compass of from B flat to F‴. On October 27, 1887, she made her début in opera, appearing at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Gilda in Verdi's "Rigoletto." Her success was immediate. Engagements followed for Covent Garden, London, and a few years later she was one of the leading sopranos at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. With the predominance of German opera in New York, however, Melba found it desirable to devote herself to Covent Garden and the Paris Opera, and with the exception of occasional

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From the Painting by V. Reggianini

concert tours she was heard no more in America until 1906, when she was engaged as leading soprano at the Manhattan Opera House. Among the best of her many rôles may be noted Juliette in Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," Violetta in "La Traviata," Rosina in "The Barber of Seville," the Queen in "Les Huguenots," Nedda in "I Pagliacci," Marguerite in "Faust," the name part in Saint-Saëns's "Hélène," Ophelia in "Hamlet," Micaëla in "Carmen," and Elsa in "Lohengrin." She made several triumphal tours of Australia, and in England was in great demand for concert and oratorio.

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.—Like many another great singer, Sembrich was wise in the "choice of her parents"—both were musicians. She was born February 15, 1858, at Wisniowczyk, Galicia. Her father was Kasimir Kochanska; her mother, born Sembrich, was a singer. She was christened Praxede Marcelline, but it is doubtful if these names and the cognomen were ever used on a musical programme after her first public appearance at the age of twelve. At her operatic début she assumed her mother's name for stage purposes, and as Marcella Sembrich she was known and admired by all lovers of music.

While other little girls devoted most of their time to dolls, Marcelline was playing piano and violin, and when she was first brought into notice it was as a violinist and pianist. Those who heard the great prima donna in "The Barber of Seville" are aware that she had not forgotten her skill at the piano; for Rosina is compelled to interpolate a number of songs at the "music-lesson," for which Rossini's music is missing, and it was Sembrich's custom as Rosina to

play her own accompaniment at the piano. Nor did she abandon the violin. It is of record, indeed, that she played it at a great concert in New York in the early eighties; but as she was endowed by nature with a finer instrument than any made in Cremona, her skill in this respect has been forgotten. One may suspect that the little Marcelline acquired a knowledge of other instruments than these, but one thing is certain—she played with vigor and precision on the side drum. As the heroine of "La fille du régiment" it was her custom to march in to a roulade of her own drumming which aroused the admiration, not only of the gods, but of the percussion section of the orchestra.

To return to the child débutante: she had evinced enough talent to justify her parents in placing her with Wilhelm Stengel, of the Lemberg Conservatory, where she studied piano. Her progress was rapid, and she passed from the supervision of Stengel to that of Brustermann, and then for a time had lessons from Liszt, in Vienna. Her first vocal master was Rokitansky. Next she studied for a while with Richard Lewy, completing her education under the direction of the two Lampertis.

On June 3, 1877, Marcella Sembrich made her operatic début in Athens as Elvira in "I Puritani." Her exquisite voice, perfect musicianship, and charming stage presence won instant recognition. The following year she appeared with equal success at the Royal Dresden Opera. Thereafter she was in demand at the chief European opera houses, and from 1878 until 1908, when she retired from the operatic stage, one of the most popular members of the Metropolitan Opera House company, New York.

To mention the rôles in which she distinguished herself during this notable career is to catalogue the fine coloratura parts now in repertoire. Let these suffice: Amina, Lucia, Marguerite de Valois, Dinorah, Violetta, Constance, Susanna and Astrafiammante.

By many competent authorities, both in America and abroad, Sembrich was regarded as the chief exponent in her generation of the Italian style of singing when Italy was at its best. She was always a conscientious artist in her relation to the public, and a favorite in the concert-room as well as on the stage.

FAMOUS SONGS

FAMOUS SONGS

INTRODUCTION

THIS compilation represents the fruits of much agreeable labor in the fields of lyric literature and song lore. These histories, as far as possible accurate, of many of the world's most famous and popular songs have been gathered from all available sources—books, magazines, newspapers, collections of songs, and living representatives and friends of deceased writers. Many of the particulars as to origin, authorship, etc., of several of the pieces here given were brought to light through this research, and nothing has been set down without due inquiry and confirmation.

Tracing the history of a favorite song, though an interesting task, is not always easy. One may have to turn over a score of books without gaining any reliable knowledge. You cannot run a song to earth, as it were; in many cases the facts must be slowly accumulated. For the present compilation, reference has been had to hundreds of sources, and no clue has been neglected that might help to make the origin and history of our best known and loved songs complete.

Of course there are many songs, familiar friends to

thousands of people, that will not be found here. If there is no history of any moment connected with the composition of any particular song, it is not worth while to try to tell one. Now and then we have made passing reference to some famous production whose origin lies buried in obscurity, but for the most part we have confined ourselves to relating the stories of such lays and lyrics as were written under some romantic, pathetic, or entertaining circumstances. Though many a favorite song may be missing from these pages, it will be found that those which are most celebrated, and those with the most interesting history, have been included. Our object has been to produce, not a reference guide or dictionary for the library, but entertaining and instructive reading that shall appeal to the sympathies of all true lovers of songs with music.

In treating of the history and origin of these famous songs of many lands, it has seemed imperative that we should refer to that frequently quoted Fletcher of Saltoun and his well-worn aphorism about making the ballads of a country. "Poets," as Emerson has finely said, "should be lawgivers; that is, the boldest lyric inspiration should not chide or insult, but should commence and lead the civil code and the day's work." It was in reference to this class of song that Fletcher of Saltoun uttered his famous dictum, or rather repeated it, to the Marquis of Montrose, in 1703. "The poorer sort of both sexes," he exclaimed, "are daily tempted to all manner of wickedness by infamous ballads sung in every corner of the streets. I knew," he continues, "a very wise man that believed that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. And we find that

most of the ancient legislators thought they could not well reform the manners of any city without the help of a lyric, and sometimes of a dramatic poet."

It is certain that our songs have not only made history of themselves but for those who have sung and listened to them. Moreover, song and ballad making has ever been held in the highest repute by all classes, and still remains one of the best testimonials to man's sterling quality and literary capacity. Though, as the Russian proverb has it, "It is not every song that is sung to its last verse."

Chaucer gives a character to the Knight in "The Canterbury Tales" by saying: "He could songes make, and wel indite"; and Slender, in "The Merry Wives of Windsor," exclaims: "I had rather than forty shillings I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here." The pleasures of a sweet song have no end; and though many poets "learn in sorrow what they teach in song," they at any rate teach what we are glad to know and appreciate.

If words were given us to conceal our thoughts, music must have been given us to express them, to turn our tears to laughter and our laughter to tears; to make our brief joys long and our worst sorrows brief. For what more thrilling voice is there than the voice of music—the voice of all our passions blended into witching melody or soul-inspiring harmony?

The most popular and the most appreciated music with all classes is the music of song; and though few seek to know the origin of the songs that please them, the telling of the tale always adds to their attraction. Of course there are many ballads that have lived through all the ages, many more that have yet to be

handed to posterity, that have no tangible history at all, that are simply the glorious outcome of the poet's fancy and the composer's art; but there are also many that were born of recorded pain or misery, of patriotism, and of love, and of many of these we have endeavored to tell.

For the story of American songs and their writers, the reader is referred to the section containing the history of music in America, in this series.

CHAPTER I

"ROBIN ADAIR," OR "EILEEN AROON"

A Fifteenth-Century Irish Tune of Romantic History—Played by Denis à Hampsy—Borrowed by the Scotch—Later Given in English Dress—The Real Eileen and the Real Robin Adair.

PERHAPS in the whole range of songs new and old, none is more popular than the plaintive "Robin Adair," the air of which is based upon the very ancient melody of "Eileen Aroon." At a venture we might suggest that this melody dates back to about 1450, when *living* money was still in use, as in the first stanza the hero says he would spend a *cow* to entertain his lady-love.

The words of both versions, "Eileen Aroon" (Ellen, the treasure of my heart) and "Robin Adair," were the outcome of very romantic circumstances. The melody was taken down in 1792 by Edward Bunting (though already a variation of the same had been secured by Lyons in 1702), who did so much to preserve the music of old Ireland, from the playing of a famous harper, Denis à Hampsy, or Hempson, who was born in 1695, and lived to the great age of one hundred and twelve years. He was a well-known character, sober and respectable (unlike some of the itinerant harpers), and was highly regard-

ed. Lord Bristol, when "the minstrel was infirm and old," gave a ground rent free, and paid for a house to be erected for him; and in his declining days Hampsy was looked after and literally fed by the Rev. Sir H. Harvey Bruce, who was with him at his death. Hampsy died with the harp in his hand after having struck a few notes on one of his best pieces—in all probability the ravishing, soul-breathing "Eileen."

At the age of about eighteen, having been a harper from the age of twelve (he lost his sight at three through smallpox), Hampsy commenced a tour of Ireland and Scotland which lasted until 1716. Now the Scotch claimed the melody, and gave it to the British public under the name of "Robin Adair" about 1800. The grounds for this assumption, Hardiman informs us in his "Irish Minstrelsy," published in 1831, appear in the correspondence between Robert Burns and his publisher, Thomson, in 1793. Thomson, in a letter to the bard, wishes him to give "Robin Adair" (meaning of course "Eileen Aroon") a Scottish dress. "Peter [Pindar] is furnishing him with an English suit. Robin's air is excellent, though he certainly has an out-of-the-way manner as ever poor Parnassian wight was plagued with." In reply Burns says that he believes the air to be Scotch, he having heard it played by a man from Inverness, so that "it could not be Irish" (the question had arisen between them), though he admits that through the wandering habits of the minstrels the air might be common to both.

As a matter of fact, it was Hampsy who carried the air to Scotland between 1710 and 1716, and the Highland minstrels annexed it. During his second visit to

Scotland, in 1745, Hampsy was taken into the Young Pretender's presence by Colonel Kelly of Roscommon, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, and he played and sang "When the King shall enjoy his own again" as a compliment to Charles Edward. He also played "Coolin," "The Dawning of the Day," "Eileen Aroon," "Cean dubh dilis," etc.; so there is no doubt as to how so many of the Irish melodies, including "Maggie Lauder," came to be numbered among the Scottish national airs. Thus it was only natural that when Burns was asked to dress "Robin Adair" in the kilt, he should have already heard the song. But, for some reason unknown, Burns did not write or rewrite the words, though the erudite Dr. Charles Mackay assumes that he did, as those interested will gather from the "Royal Edition of Songs of Scotland" still published.

Again, Robin Adair was a real personage, an Irishman. At Bray, in Wicklow, there is still a "Robin Adair's" well. Robin's house stood at the foot of the great Sugar-loaf mountain (properly Slieve Cullinn). The real Robin Adair was most likely a grandson of Patrick Adair of Ballymena, County Antrim, whose son, Sir Robert, married four times and had many children, and Robin might have been one of these. Adair is essentially Irish, and as "old as the hills," or perhaps we should say trees, as the name is derived from Diarmaid and Diarmah—the good Dair, the oak. There are other variants, but the meaning and etymology are the same. Adair, therefore, means "of the oak."

The true story of "Eileen Aroon" appears almost word for word in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1827, and in "Hardiman's Minstrelsy" of 1831. It is

as follows: Carol O'Daly, commonly called "Mac Caomh Insi Cneamha," brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Eileen, or Ellen as we should say now, the daughter of a chieftain named Kavanagh. The lovely and amiable young lady returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of their union, perhaps for political reasons.

Carol O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for a time, and Eileen's family availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of imposing upon the girl the belief that he was faithless and had gone to marry another. After some time they prevailed upon her to marry a rival of O'Daly's. The day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first influence of his disappointment he sought a wild sequestered spot on the seashore, and inspired by love, he composed the song of "Eileen Aroon." Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called by Eileen herself to play and sing. Then, touching the harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the dramatic occasion aroused, he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his "softened strain" the very soul of plaintive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is, be her partner for life, or constant lover for life; in the second, that he would entertain her and afford her every delight; and he continues:

Then wilt thou come away?
Eileen à Roon!
O wilt thou come or stay?
Eileen à Roon!

She soon felt the power of his eloquent pleading and answered, by signs, in the affirmative, having long recognized him. Then he bursts out rapturously:

Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon!
Cead mille failte!
Eileen à Roon!

Still with more welcomes and ecstasies he greets her, and to reward his fidelity, she contrives to elope with him that same night—the night before the intended marriage with his rival—and of course they lived happily ever after. It may be noted that the well-known motto of Irish hospitality, *Cead mille failte*—a hundred thousand welcomes—was taken from this song. It is related that Handel extravagantly declared that he would rather have been the composer of this exquisite air than of all the music he had written. And so enchanted with it was Tenducci, a distinguished male soprano, who sang in the Italian operas in London and Dublin, that he resolved upon mastering it in the Irish language, which proves that he heard the original composition.

Giusto Ferdinando Tenducci was born at Siena, Italy, about 1736, and first sang in London in 1758, when he at once became the idol of the fashionable world and was invited out everywhere to private parties and at-homes. Doubtless he met Lady Caroline Keppel at one of the great houses, and we hear of him singing first "Eileen Aroon," and then "Robin Adair,"

at Ranelagh Gardens in 1762, presumably with Lady Caroline's words. This new version of the song was written about 1750 to Robert or Robin Adair, with whom Lady Caroline was deeply in love. We will repeat the story as it is handed down.

About a century and a half ago, an impulsive young Irishman named Robert Adair, who was studying in Dublin for the medical profession, got into some scrape, and as he possessed little money and few friends, the only way he saw out of the difficulty was flight. So he speedily quitted Dublin and made his way to Holyhead, with the intention of going to that golden city of ambitious youth, London. Post traveling in those days was very expensive, and when Adair reached Holyhead he discovered that his purse was as light as his heart; consequently he had nothing to do but accept the inevitable, and so he manfully set out to walk to the metropolis. He had not gone far when he came upon a carriage that had been overturned, for the roads at that time were in a bad condition. The owner and occupant of the vehicle, a well-known leader of fashionable society, was greatly alarmed at the accident, and had besides received some slight personal injury. Adair offered his services, and in a very short time had the carriage righted and the lady carefully attended to.

Adair was a very handsome and aristocratic young fellow, and notwithstanding that his dress might have been of finer texture and in better condition, he had a striking appearance. With ready frankness he soon explained that he was a surgeon, and begged permission to examine into the extent of the lady's injuries. An examination soon showed that they were of merely

a trifling nature—that the nerves were more upset than the body hurt. Adair then took the opportunity to explain that he was on his way to London to endeavor to make a name in the profession he had chosen, and as the lady was still apprehensive of unknown dangers, and still felt the effect of the shock, she offered the vivacious young Irishman a seat in her carriage as a protector, for she herself was traveling to the metropolis when the accident occurred. He was only too delighted to accept the proffered kindness, and very soon restored his traveling companion to health and good spirits. Arrived in London she presented him with a hundred guineas, and invited him to come to her house as often as he pleased.

Robin Adair was a wise and energetic young man, and took full advantage of the lucky turn in his fortunes to study assiduously, and soon, with the assistance of his patroness, acquired a good connection in the best end of the town. He was frequently at the dances given by this lady and others, he being a graceful dancer, a good conversationalist, and a man of considerable natural ability. One night, at a party, he found that his partner was Lady Caroline Keppel, the second daughter of the Earl of Albemarle. It was a case of love at first sight—mutual love; and Lady Caroline's attachment was as sincere as it was sudden; they were the observed of all the guests; and after a few meetings the relations were in despair. The young couple, however, continued to meet again and again, and their affection ripened into an intense passion. Her kinsfolk did their best to persuade her to give him up. But all in vain. Handsome heirs of the oldest and stiffest families were prevailed upon to

woo her, but she would not listen to them. She was sent abroad to see if travel would alter her determination and cure her "folly," but without avail, and gradually she fell ill. When she was at Bath for the benefit of her health, she wrote the verses now so popular, and adapted them to the melody of "Eileen Aroon," which Robin Adair had doubtless often sung to her. At last the separation from Adair and the importunities of her relatives caused her to become so dangerously ill that, upon the doctors despairing of her life, and seeing the disease was more of the heart and mind than of the flesh, the union of the faithful pair was consented to.

The event was duly recorded in the "Grand Magazine of Universal Intelligence" thus: "February 22nd, 1758, Robert Adair, Esq., to the Right Honourable the Lady Caroline Keppel." This was the culminating point in the pretty love-story. A short time after his marriage Adair was appointed Inspector-General of Military Hospitals through the influence of his wife's relations; nor did his good luck end here, for the King, being taken with Adair's agreeable manner and undoubted skill, made him Surgeon-General, King's Sergeant-Surgeon, and Surgeon of Chelsea Hospital. Good fortune did not spoil him, and he continued to work hard at his profession, and the King was so greatly gratified at the successful way in which he treated the Duke of Gloucester, that he offered to make him a baronet; Adair, however, declined. Adored and admired by all who knew him, he lived to the age of eighty, and his death was deeply lamented.

Lady Caroline, however, who did not enjoy good health, died after giving birth to their third child.

Knowing how devotedly attached her husband was to her, she felt that he would not marry again, and she was right. Except on state occasions, when he was obliged to don court costume, he wore mourning in remembrance of his love and his wife, until he died in 1790, when he was buried with her in the family vault. Their only son, the Right Honorable Sir Robert Adair, died in 1855 at the advanced age of ninety-two, after a brilliant career, having proved himself a very capable diplomatist.

The only part of this story which appears in any way doubtful, as far as reliable data go, concerns the episode on the road to London.

With regard to the air of the famous song of which we have been speaking, it should be recalled that Boieldieu introduced it into his "Dame blanche," and that Beethoven arranged it for voices with pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Op. 108).

CHAPTER II

"AULD LANG SYNE"

An Ancient Folk-Song Remodeled by Burns—An Early Version—Allan Ramsay's Words—Burns's Numerous Adaptations of Songs—His "Auld Lang Syne"—The Original Air and the Present Melody.

"AULD LANG SYNE," though it owes its birth to Scotchmen and to Scotland, has been so popular for quite a hundred years with English-speaking people all the world over, that it may fairly rank as a lyric of universal sentiment and universal nationality. But contrary to the general belief, which, it must be acknowledged, editors of Burns's works have done their best to foster, "Auld Lang Syne" was not written by the author of "Tam O'Shanter." Burns never claimed the song as his. Like many another ballad that lives in the hearts of the people, this essentially human song was written by a writer unknown, who may perhaps never have written anything else worth remembering.

But, though Burns did not write this song, which is included in nearly every collection of his poems published, he was the first to give it to the world in the form in which we now know and sing it.

"Auld Lang Syne" was a phrase in use in very early times, and it can be traced to the days of Eliza-

beth, in connection with the social feelings and the social gatherings of the Scot; as a convivial and friendly song, it existed in broadsides prior to the close of the seventeenth century. An early version of the song is to be found in James Watson's collection of Scottish songs, published in 1711, and it will be seen from the verses quoted below, that Burns very spiritedly changed the weak periphrasis of the old poet into the tender and beautiful phrase so peculiarly pathetic and Scotch:

Should old acquaintance be forgot,
  And never thought upon,
The flame of love extinguished
  And fairly past and gone?
Is thy kind heart now grown so cold
  In that loving breast of thine,
That thou canst never once reflect
    On old lang syne?

This stanza is from a poem doubtfully attributed to Sir Robert Ayton (1570-1638) of Kincaldie. He was the friend of Ben Jonson and other Elizabethan writers, very likely of Shakespeare himself.

Allan Ramsay casts good-fellowship overboard, and makes love the keynote:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  Tho' they return with scars,
These are the noble hero's lot,
  Obtained in glorious wars;
Welcome, my Vara, to my breast,
  Thy arms about me twine,
And make me once again as blest
  As I was lang syne.

This song of honest Allan's was first printed in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" in 1724, from which it was transferred to Johnson's "Musical Museum," published during Burns's sojourn in the Scottish capital.

Burns, who was partly responsible for the editing of the "Musical Museum," in which so many ancient pieces first saw the light as printed matter, made many annotations and alterations, and of "Auld Lang Syne" he wrote: "Ramsay here, as usual with him, has taken the idea of the song and the first line from the old fragment which will appear in the 'Museum,' vol. v." Of this "old fragment" we shall have something to say later. But it may be as well to state that it is very evident that there were several verbal versions of this song long known to the peasantry and others in Scotland. It was decidedly a folk-song, and though it is not easy to conjecture when or how "Auld Lang Syne" arose as a form of speech or song, its introduction into literature is not so problematical.

In December, 1788, Mrs. Dunlop, the daughter of Sir Thomas Wallace of Craigie, received from Burns a letter, in which the following passages occurred: "Your meeting, which you so well describe, with your old schoolfellow and friend, was truly interesting. Out upon the ways of the world! they spoil these social offsprings of the heart. Two veterans of the world would have met with little more heart-workings than two old hacks worn out on the road. Apropos, is not the Scot's phrase 'Auld Lang Syne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. You know I am an enthusiast on old Scot songs. I shall give you the verses." And he inclosed the words of "Auld Lang Syne" as we know them, and unless Burns was willfully concealing fact, he only trimmed the lines and did not originate or write the lyric. He continues somewhat extravagantly: "Light lie the turf on the

breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment! There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half-a-dozen modern English bacchanalians." Burns would hardly write like this about himself and his work, so we may take it that he only preserved it from forgetfulness.

Three years afterward, when sending the song to George Thomson, his publisher, and the editor of another collection of miscellaneous songs, he writes: "One song more, and I am done—'Auld Lang Syne.' The air is but mediocre, but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

On the face of it, though many writers have denied that Burns was telling the truth in writing the above, the poet gives us the real origin and rescue of the song from oblivion.

There is not the slightest doubt that Burns polished and improved the words and made the song more singable and consistent, and there is not the slightest doubt that he took it down, in a rough state perhaps, from the lips of some old minstrel or wandering bagpiper, as he avowedly took down so many other songs. The fact is that Burns communicated in words and music more than sixty songs, "begged, borrowed or stolen," as he jocularly declares, to make up the "Museum." Besides which, a great number of his own finest songs carried no signature, and it is therefore not wonderful that some confusion should have occasionally occurred in allocating a few of the borrowed ones.

The words of "Auld Lang Syne" made their appearance in their final form, as fixed by Burns, in 1794:

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
  And days o' lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear,
  For auld lang syne;
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
  For auld lang syne.

The spirit of the first stanza, so familiar everywhere, is maintained throughout this version of the song, sacred to the ties of home and friendship, and to the memory of joys that are past.

The original air, which Burns pronounced to be mediocre, was soon abandoned, and one said to be from "I fee'd a lad at Michaelmas," which, in its turn, was taken from a Strathspey dance tune called "The Miller's Wedding," was used in its stead, and is given in Bremner's "Collection of Scots Reels," 1759. The tune bears a strong resemblance to "Comin' through the Rye," "Oh hey, Johnnie lad," and "For the sake of Somebody."

The melody to which the lyric is now sung was beyond dispute composed by William Shield, who was born at Durham, 1748, and buried in Westminster Abbey in 1829. He wrote the music of thirty-five operas, operettas, dramas and pantomimes, and to such favorite old songs as "Old Towler," "The Thorn," "The Wolf," "The Heaving of the Lead," "Arethusa," and "The Post Captain." A writer in the "Newcastle Weekly Chronicle," in December, 1891, said: "I have

been privileged to read the correspondence between Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell, the learned author of 'Popular Music in the Olden Times,' on this subject, and I am firmly convinced that the opinion of both Dr. Bruce and Mr. Chappell is fully borne out by historical facts, that the air of 'Auld Lang Syne' was first published in the opera composed by Shield. The opera (in question) of 'Rosina' was first brought out on December 31, 1782. It met with great success; the overture—in which occurs the melody of 'Auld Lang Syne'—was published separately in 1783, and the air became popular as a pianoforte piece, and, being thoroughly vocal, afforded others the opportunity of setting words to it, which Shield did not do himself."

CHAPTER III

"THE MARSEILLAISE"

A Great National Hymn Written and Composed Overnight—Its Popularity Immediate and Undying—Its Author, Proscribed as a Royalist, Forced into Hack-work, and Honored too Late.

THE wild, pulse-stirring, revolutionary song "La Marseillaise," which has had so much effect on political and social life in other countries as well as in France, was originally written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle (born 1760) in the winter of 1792. We say "originally," because many versions appeared almost immediately after its production, so popular did it become with soldiers and peasants alike, when several hundred sturdy revolutionists from Marseilles marched into Paris to its strains. The Parisians took it up immediately, and the Austrian and Prussian regulars were beaten again and again by the ragged sansculottes to this tune, as every reader of Carlyle's "French Revolution" knows. The "Marseillaise" is still the official patriotic hymn in France.

There are various accounts of the circumstances under which it was produced. Rouget de Lisle wrote both words and music. He, says one version, was a young artillery officer at Strasburg, who was imbued with considerable poetic and musical talent, and under the combined influence of love and patriotism he wrote

the hymn one night in the house of his sweetheart's father during the severe winter of 1792. The young maiden who had inspired him with the idea shed tears upon hearing the stirring strains. At once conveying the exact prevailing spirit of the whole of France, the song quickly spread from Strasburg to Alsace, where the melody was learned by the Marseilles troops then on their way to Paris. The piece created a tremendous furor in the French capital, and soon the refrain was being sung and played all over the country. This is only partly true, because there is some doubt about the sweetheart incident. The real facts are as follows:

Rouget de Lisle was greatly esteemed among his friends for his poetical and musical gifts, and was a particular friend of the family of the Baron de Dietrich, a noble Alsatian then mayor of Strasburg. "One night during the winter of 1792 the young officer was seated at the table of this family. The hospitable fare of the Baron had been so reduced by the calamities and necessities of war that nothing," says Mme. Fanny Raymond Ritter, "could be provided for dinner that day except garrison bread and a few slices of ham. Dietrich smiled sadly at his friend, and lamenting the poverty of the fare he had to offer, declared he would sacrifice the last remaining bottle of Rhine wine in his cellar, if he thought it would aid Rouget's poetic invention, and inspire him to compose a patriotic song for the public ceremonies shortly to take place in Strasburg. The ladies approved, and sent for the last bottle of wine of which the house could boast." After dinner Rouget sought his room, and though it was bitterly cold he at once sat down at the piano, and between reciting and playing and singing eventually

composed "La Marseillaise," and, thoroughly exhausted, fell asleep with his head on his desk.

In the morning he was able to recall every note of the song, immediately wrote it down, and carried it to his friend Dietrich. Every one was enchanted with the song, which aroused the greatest enthusiasm. A few days later it was publicly given in Strasburg, and thence it was conveyed by the multitude to the insurgents of Marseilles. Of its later popularity we all know.

Rouget's mother was a most devoted Royalist, and asked, "What do people mean by associating our name with the revolutionary hymn which those brigands sing?" Rouget himself, proscribed as a Royalist, when flying for his life in the Jura mountains, heard it as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known air, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been christened the "Marseillaise Hymn," and was so called until hymns went out of fashion, when it was known by the one word.

In his late years Rouget is said to have been twice in prison, and to have been reduced to the utmost poverty. A short time before his death, when all hopes and ambitions had been extinguished in him by age, he was decorated with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. Soon after this tardy recognition several pensions were conferred upon him, which he did not live long to enjoy. He was the author of many essays, songs, dramas, and musical compositions, his sole means of support during a large part of his life being his literary labors. He died in 1836.

Of the words, only six stanzas were originally written, but at least a dozen more were added by other

hands about the same time. We append the first stanza of Rouget's version:

Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé.
Entendez-vous, dans les campagnes,
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Egorger nos fils, nos compagnes!

Aux armes, citoyens!
Formez vos battaillons:
Marchons, marchons, qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons.

The Republican version of the lyric differs somewhat from the original.

One of the first and best English versions, which is given below, was published as early as 1795, only three years after Rouget's song was written. Unfortunately the translator's name is unknown.

I

Ye sons of France, awake to glory,
Hark! hark! what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives, and grandsires hoary,
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land,
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

REFRAIN

To arms! to arms, ye brave!
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved
On victory or death.

II

Now, now the dangerous storm is scowling
Which treacherous kings, confederate, raise;
The dogs of war, let loose, are howling,
And lo! our fields and cities blaze.

And shall we basely view the ruin,
  While lawless force, with guilty stride,
  Spreads desolation far and wide,
With crimes and blood his hands imbruing?

III

With luxury and pride surrounded,
  The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of power and gold unbounded,
  To mete and vend the light and air;
Like beasts of burden would they load us,
  Like gods would bid their slaves adore;
  But man is man, and who is more?
Then, shall they longer lash and goad us?

IV

O Liberty! can man resign thee,
  Once having felt thy gen'rous flame?
Can dungeon, bolts, and bars confine thee,
  Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing,
  That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield:
  But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Of "La Marseillaise" Lamartine says: "It received from the circumstances amid which it arose an especial character that renders it at once solemn and sinister; glory and crime, victory and death, are mingled in its strains." And Heine wrote of it in 1830: "A strong joy seizes me, as I sit writing! music resounds under my window, and in the elegiac rage of its large melody I recognize that hymn with which the handsome Barbaroux and his companions once greeted the city of Paris. What a song! It thrills me with fiery delight, it kindles within me the glowing star of enthusiasm and the swift rocket of desire. Swelling, burning torrents of song rush from the heights of freedom, in streams as bold as those with which the Ganges leaps from the heights of the Himalaya! I

can write no more, this song intoxicates my brain; louder and nearer advances the powerful chorus—'Aux armes, citoyens!'"

To hear a large concourse of enthusiastic Frenchmen sing this song is an experience of the most thrilling description. Rachel chanted it with such fire and passion that the audience grew crazy with excitement and, as it were, reached for their swords. The music of "La Marseillaise" is at once striking and enthralling, the theme forcible, and the refrain so pathetic and expressive that few can hear it without being affected to tears.

CHAPTER IV

GERMAN NATIONAL SONGS

"Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?"—"Das Schwertlied"—"Die Wacht am Rhein"—Other Rhenish Songs—Karl Wilhelm and Max Schneckenburger—The "Kutschke" Lieder.

MOST of the national (historical) German songs date from the time during which the German states were under the heel of the great Napoleon, or had just emancipated themselves—that is, from 1805 to 1814. As is well known, from the earliest ages Germany was cut up into many provinces ruled by different princes and barons, and subject to varying and far from satisfactory laws. These separate states were constantly at war with each other, and in the dissensions that were ever rife were to be considered the conflicting claims of Austria and Prussia and those of Bavaria, Würtemberg, and Saxony. Then followed Westphalia, Hesse-Darmstadt, Mecklenburg, and other principalities more or less turbulent, and dissatisfied with the ruling of the petty princes and the controlling of the Great Powers. And it was not until the eclipse of Napoleon that any hope of deliverance appeared. In 1813 Frederick William III of Prussia struck the keynote of freedom when he called upon all the states to fight together for the Fatherland.

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MUSIC IN QUARTERS BEFORE PARIS, 1870
From the Painting by Anton von Werner

It is to this epoch-making time that Germany owes the birth of such songs as "Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?" "Das Schwertlied," and other national songs. Indeed, all the songs of this period are really war hymns. The French Revolution had sounded the knell of despotism, not only in France, but in Germany also. The principle underruning all these battle chants was: First drive out the French, and then restore the native powers that be, but with essential modifications. The princely prerogatives were to be curtailed, and more constitutional modes of government introduced. This explains to a certain extent the extraordinary patience with which the German princes bore the French yoke; they feared the new aspirations of their subjects, who, if victorious, would diminish their personal influence and strength quite as much as Napoleon could do.

Chief among the new politicians were the educated youth of the country, notably the students' associations (Burschenschaften). In those days it was treason, punishable by imprisonment, to talk of reconstituting the German Empire, and consequently up rose the secret societies intent upon internal reformation. The Burschenschaften contributed enormously to the popular song-lore.

Ernest Moritz Arndt was the author of "What is the German's Fatherland?" (Was ist des Deutschen Vaterland?). He was a cultivated writer and a professor at Greifswald and Bonn. He was born in 1769, and died in 1860. Eleven years after his death, when William I was proclaimed German Emperor at Versailles, the prophecy of Arndt's song was fulfilled:

Where'er men speak in German tongue,
Where German songs to God are sung,
That only be thy boundary line—
That, valiant German, call it thine.
The whole of Germany shall it be!
O God of heaven, look down and see,
And German courage to us send,
To love and guard it to the end.

The unfortunate Körner, author of "Das Schwertlied," who wrote several plays of considerable merit, also published a great many songs under the title "Leier und Schwert" (Lyre and Sword). Karl Theodor Körner was the son of very respectable parents, of Saxony. He was born in 1791, and had as a lad the happiness to be acquainted with the great Schiller. Although somewhat delicate, he was a handsome and accomplished youth, and gave promise of great intellectual strength. He studied with success at the universities of Leipzig, Berlin, and Vienna, and at the age of twenty appeared as poet with a tragedy that had a large measure of popularity. He had known Schiller and Goethe, and now became intimate with Humboldt and Schlegel. Just at the time that Prussia's call to arms resounded through the length and breadth of the land, he fell in love with a beautiful maiden, and they were duly betrothed. But his country called upon him to fight, and so he joined the corps of volunteers known as "The Black Huntsmen."

His prowess and daring soon caused him to be made a lieutenant, and during the intervals of rest he wrote many a lyric round the bivouac fires, and in particular the fine war song "The Summons to Arms" and the magnificent "Prayer before Battle."

He composed his famous "Sword Song," "Du Schwert an meiner Linken," when lying in ambush

waiting for the enemy, in the month of August, 1813. Two hours later he was shot dead, some authorities say by a renegade countryman, in a fight near Schwerin, in Mecklenburg. Others say that he was killed by the French, who surprised and surrounded him and his comrades. The lyric was found in his pocket-book. He was buried by the roadside near an oak-tree, and a monument marks the resting-place of this brave patriot, who was only twenty-two when he was killed. We give the first verse of the "Sword Song" in the original, and also a translation:

Du Schwert an meiner Linken,
Was soll dein heitres Blinken?
Bin freien Mannes Wehr,
Das freut dem Schwerte sehr.

Blade on my left side gleaming,
Why thus so brightly beaming?
I serve a freeman's need,
And that is joy indeed.

There are sixteen verses, all of surprising power and stirring rhythm. The music, which was composed by Weber, has added greatly to the celebrity of the passionate stanzas.

Many other national songs were written later, such as "Deutschland über Alles," by Hoffmann von Fallersleben. The chief modern patriotic song is, of course, "Die Wacht am Rhein"; the hymn "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" is sung to the same tune as "God Save the King," as is also our American national hymn "My Country, 'tis of Thee." The Rhine comes in for a good share of notice in patriotic poems. The well-known song of Nicolaus Becker, written about the year 1840, and entitled "Sie sollen ihn nicht haben, den freien deutschen Rhein" (They—the French—

shall not have it, the free German Rhine), was answered by the satirical poem of Alfred de Musset, "Nous l'avons eu, votre Rhin allemand" (We have had it already, your German Rhine!).

In Prussia the favorite patriotic song during the middle of the last century was "Ich bin ein Preusse, kennt ihr meine Farben?" (I am a Prussian, do you know my colors?). It is now somewhat out of date, but the melody, by A. Neithardt, which is stirring, is frequently adapted to other songs.

The German patriotic songs of the present day are mostly tame and commonplace; there is a sameness of expression that makes them feeble and unexciting. In Germany, as in all countries, stirring songs are seldom written except at stirring times. The song "Schleswig-Holstein, Meerumschlungen" is still remembered in North Germany; it dates from the period when the provinces Schleswig and Holstein were struggling with Denmark for their independence. This capital piece was written in 1844 by Chemnitz. "Patriotic" songs were common under Frederick the Great, but they were mainly mere glorifications of the famous commander, and with the exception of "Fredericus Rex" none, perhaps, is of particular merit.

National ideas in Germany were chiefly carried on after the fall of the French First Empire by the gymnastic associations (Turnvereine), which were very numerous just after 1816.

In the turbulent times of 1848-49 "Die Fahne Schwarz-roth-gold" was very much the vogue. Among the principal popular song-writers of the nineteenth century were Schenkendorf, Hoffmann von Fallersleben, Rückert (read his "How Christ came to a Lonely

Child"), Heine, Geibel, Scheffel, and Freiligrath ("Hurra, Germania" and "Were I before the Gates of Mecca"), besides of course the great masters, known to all the world.

It is not our intention to treat of the songs founded on the Rhine legends; they are too numerous, and many of these beautiful pieces are familiar, as, for instance, Heine's lovely lyric "Die Lorelei." Freiligrath and Scheffel are favorites with all lovers of the ballad; the latter and Chamisso produced some exquisite humorous and pathetic poems. "The Widow's Son" and "The Toy of the Giant's Child" are splendid specimens of Chamisso's talent. Rückert's "Barbarossa" (the old legend of the Emperor Frederick Red-beard, whom the popular imagination of the Middle Ages pictured as confined underground with his beard growing through the stone table at which he was sitting!) is still a leading favorite in student circles. The touching ballad "Andreas Hofer" is much sung in South Germany and the Tyrol. Andreas Hofer is the name of the heroic innkeeper who was shot as a rebel in 1810.

Humorous, agreeable songs—mostly of a bacchanalian character—are as plentiful as blackberries in September, and need no further mention.

And now let us inquire into the story of "The Watch on the Rhine." This was written by Max Schneckenburger in 1840, and, as is not uncommon in the history of literature, it has superseded much better poems on the subject. It was selected from a great number to be the war song of 1870, when it immediately took the place of Körner's "Schwertlied." Schneckenburger was born at Thalheim, Würtemberg, in 1819. He was

a quiet and obscure merchant, who, as far as we have been able to discover, was never moved to write, or at any rate publish, any more than this one song.

"The Watch on the Rhine" had a rival in a piece that commenced:

> It never shall be France's,
> The free, the German Rhine,
> Until its broad expanse is
> Its last defender's shrine.

But the martial "Watch" became the universal favorite when the aged King of Prussia rode forth to meet and vanquish the foe, and with the defeat of France the dream of Bismarck's life was realized, for, having quarreled with and conquered and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, Prussia assumed the head of a United Germany—the best thing, as events have proved, that could have happened to the Fatherland.

> Es braust ein Ruf wie Donnerhall,
> Wie Schwertgeklirr und Wogenprall:
> Zum Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutschen Rhein,
> Wer will des Stromes Hüter sein?
> Lieb' Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
> Fest steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein.

When Schneckenburger saw the French threatening the left bank of the Rhine, his patriotism was inflamed, and in a moment of exaltation, as one rendering has it, he sang:

> The Rhine is safe while German hands
> Can draw and wield the battle-brands,
> While strength to point a gun remains,
> Or life-blood runs in German veins.

Of the many English translations of "The Watch on the Rhine," that given in Warner's "Library of the

World's Best Literature" is perhaps the best. It is as follows:

A voice resounds like thunder-peal,
'Mid dashing wave and clang of steel:
"The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!
Who guards to-day my stream divine?"

CHORUS

Dear Fatherland! no danger thine:
Firm stand thy sons to watch the Rhine!

They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell,
They'll guard the sacred landmark well!

The dead of a heroic race
From heaven look down and meet their gaze;
They swear with dauntless heart, "O Rhine,
Be German as this breast of mine!"

While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows;
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine:
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

The music was composed by Karl Wilhelm, who was born at Schmalkalden, Prussia, in 1815.

"The power of this song," says Colonel Nicholas Smith, "was so great that it was afterward seized by four eminent composers—F. Mendel of Berne, in 1840; Leopold Schroter of Warlitz, in 1852; F. W. Sering of Strasburg, in 1852; and last, and greatest of all, Karl Wilhelm of Schmalkalden. The words of 'Watch on the Rhine' were first sung to Wilhelm's melody on June 11, 1854. Schneckenburger died in 1849, long

before his song became famous, as it did not attain widespread popularity until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war. It then became the song of the mightiest army of modern Europe, and, in fact, the pæan of all Germany; and nothing could resist the song of the Rhine in the defense of that country against the attacks of France.

"Emperor William, recognizing the influence of the melody of 'Watch on the Rhine' on the German army, gave Wilhelm a pension of $750 a year, and when he died, in 1873, his native city erected a handsome monument to his memory."

The most popular song of the German soldiers during the war of 1870-71 was the so-called "Kutschke Lied." In the "Neue Preussische Zeitung" of August 14, 1870, there was a paragraph, probably by Hesekiel, stating: "Among the many songs of this war, decidedly the best of the hero songs is that composed by Fusilier 'Kutschke' at the advanced posts at Saarbrück. As he saw the French running away at the edge of the wood he sang:

> Was kraucht da in dem Busch herum?
> Ich glaube es ist Napolium.

Both text and words are simple and thoroughly soldierly."

Charlot's "Chanson des Allemands contre la France pendant la guerre d'invasion 1870-71" attributes the composition to a Prussian general, probably the Crown Prince. It was evident, indeed, that the song was the work of a man of education, who was attempting to write in a popular style. The real author was Alexander Pistorius, one of the most unpopular men of

his day, a declared Lichtfeind, afterward a Lutheran minister at Basedow, in Mecklenburg, who had been a soldier in his youth. The song is a development of some verses written about the first Napoleon:

> Was hat der rum za Kraachen dort?
> Drauf, Kameraden, jagt ihn fort,

and originally consisted of four stanzas that were printed in the "Mecklenburgische Anzeiger" for the first time. At once various guesses as to the author were made, while presents of all kinds, from all parts, were sent to the army in the field for the brave Fusilier "Kutschke." But Pistorius had a rival claimant. A Rhineland poet arose and said that he had written a song exactly the same in a Rhenish railroad car, where he left it lying, and that in all probability Pistorius had picked it up. Pistorius was most likely never on a Rhenish railroad in his life, and the Rhenish poet finally abandoned his claim. The whole song, however, is inspired by the old song of the War of the Liberation that begins:

> Immer langsam voran, immer langsam voran,
> Dass die östreich'ssche Landwehr nachkommen kann!

The other "Kutschke" Lieder, eight in number, were written by Gustav Schenk, editor of the "Berliner Fremdenblatt." Pistorius died in 1877.

CHAPTER V

ENGLISH SONGS

The Song of Blondel and King Richard—"My Pretty Jane"—"Sally in Our Alley"—"What Though I Am a Country Lasse"—"God Save the King," "Roast Beef," and "Rule Britannia" all date from 1740—"Hearts of Oak."

ONE of the earliest songs with a history is the piece sung by Blondel to his master, King Richard I, when his Majesty was in prison. In 1190 Richard of the Lion Heart joined the Crusade with Philip Augustus of France, but, a division taking place between the two princes, the latter returned to Europe. Richard remained in the East, where he displayed uncommon vigor against Saladin, whom he defeated near Cæsarea, and having made a truce, he embarked in a vessel which was wrecked on the coast of Italy. He then traveled in disguise through part of Germany, but being discovered by Leopold, Duke of Austria, he was made prisoner and sent to the Emperor Henry II, who had him confined in a castle, until discovered by his favorite minstrel as related below. We give the original diction:

"The Englishmen were more than a whole yeare without hearing any tydings of their king, or in what place he was kept prisoner. He had trained up in his service a Rimer or Minstrill called Blondel de Nesle, who (so saith the manuscript of Old Poesies,

and one Auncient Manuscript French Chronicle), being so long without the sight of his lord, his life seemed wearisome to him, and he became confounded with melancholy. Knowne it was that he came backe from the Holy Land but none could tell in what country he arrived. Whereupon this Blondel resolving to make search for him in many countries but he would hear some newes of him. After experience of divers dayes in travaille, he came to a towne (by good hap) neere to the Castell where his maister King Richard was kept. Of his host he demanded to whom the Castell appertained and the host told him it belonged to the Duke of Austria. Then he enquired whether there were any prisoners therein detained or no, for always he made such scant questionings wheresoever he came. And the hoste gave answer, there was only one prisoner, but he knew not what he was, and yet he had been detained there more than the space of a yeare. When Blondel heard this he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as minstrills doe easily win acquaintance anywhere. But see the King he could not, neither understand that it was he. One day he sat directly before a window of the castell where King Richard was kept prisoner, and began to sing a song in French which King Richard and Blondel had some time composed together. When King Richard heard the song, he knew it was Blondel that sung it; and when Blondel paused at halfe of the song, the King began the other halfe and completed it. Thus Blondel won knowledge of the king his maister and returning home into England made the barons of the countrie acquainted where the king was."

This happened about the year 1193. We append a translation of the old Provençal lines sung by the troubadour Blondel and Richard Cœur de Lion:

BLONDEL

Your beauty, lady fair,
  None view without delight,
But still so cold an air
  No passion can excite;
Yet this I patient see
While all are shunned like me.

RICHARD

No nymph my heart can wound
  If favor she divide,
And smiles on all around,
  Unwilling to decide;
I'd rather hatred bear
Than love with others share.

It is stated somewhere that "My Pretty Jane" has proved the most profitable song ever issued; and yet it was almost by accident that it was given to the world at all. Edward Fitz-Ball, the author of the lyric, and of something like a hundred plays, when a youth, lived at Burwell, an old-fashioned village about three miles from Newmarket, on the road to Cambridge. It was his custom to pass along one of the numerous lanes round the village, in the early morning, for the purpose of looking after his father's property. In his route there happened to be in this particular lane the house of a farmer, who had a pretty daughter called Jane. And often, as young Fitz-Ball wended his merry way, this girl would peep round the corner of the blind of her window, showing only her eyes, forehead, nose, hair and ears, and with charming simplicity nod to him as he passed along.

One day in the bright summer-time, when "the

bloom is on the rye," the future librettist sat down on a convenient stile, and wrote in less than ten minutes the words of the excellent song "My Pretty Jane." When he left his native place for London, and obtained an engagement to write songs for the management of Vauxhall Gardens, he discovered "My Pretty Jane' among his other almost forgotten manuscripts, and gave it to Sir Henry Bishop to set. Sir Henry Bishop, however, was not always satisfied with his own compositions, and discarded the song after he had composed the music. When applied to for a new lyric, Fitz-Ball said, "If 'Pretty Jane' won't do, I shall write no other." So they proceeded to Sir Henry Bishop's house, but found that gentleman out. Poking about his room Fitz-Ball lighted upon the song, which had been thrown in the waste-paper basket. The manager accepted it on the author's responsibility, and that night it was sung by George Robinson, the great tenor of the day, and at once created an enormous success. Then it was sung by Alexander Lee, and afterward it was associated with the name of Sims Reeves. The original "Pretty Jane" is believed to have died of consumption; her portrait, painted by Fitz-Ball, passed into the possession of the dramatist's daughter.

In the original version of "My Pretty Jane," as printed in "Thirty-five Years of a Dramatic Author's Life," and as it is sung to this day, the second verse begins:

> Oh, name the day, the wedding day,
> And I will buy the ring;
> The Bridal Maids in garlands gay,
> And village bells shall ring.

Edward Fitz-Ball was a curious man, but a most

indefatigable worker. He died October 27, 1873, aged eighty years.

The delightful old ballad "Sally in our Alley" was written and composed, as everybody knows, by that erratic genius Henry Carey, whose granddaughter was the mother of the great Edmund Kean. Carey, who was a most prolific verse-maker and composer, is said to have been a natural son of George Savile, first Marquis of Halifax. He was very popular both as dramatist and musician. He was a most extraordinary worker, and was constantly producing new operas and operettas from his fertile brain. Besides a large number of plays, he wrote that never-to-be-forgotten burlesque "Chrononhotonthologos," which he described as "The most Tragical Tradegy that ever was Tragedized by any Company of Tragedians." It was produced with enormous success at the Haymarket Theater, February 22, 1734.

In 1713 Carey published a volume of his poems, and later his songs, cantatas, catches, etc. But of all his compositions "Sally in our Alley" will be ever the most popular (many of his other pieces would well bear resuscitating), and will transmit his fame to a remote posterity. It is "one of the most striking and original melodies ever written." Carey's account of its origin is as follows: "A shoemaker's apprentice making a holiday with his sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying chairs, and all the elegancies of Moorfields, whence, proceeding to the Farthing Pie House, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese cakes, gammon of bacon, stuffed beer, and bottled ale, through all which scenes the author dodged them." Charmed with the simplicity

of their courtship, he drew from what he had witnessed this little sketch of nature. He adds, with pardonable pride, that Addison had more than once expressed his approbation of his production. "Strange to say, he was much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for the performance, which nevertheless made its way into the polite world." It was utilized in "The Beggar's Opera" by Gay in 1728, and sung by Macheath in the "Medley," in scene 2, act iii. It was also introduced into several other plays and parodied and imitated right and left. Carey's music was superseded in 1760 by an older tune (about 1620) called "What though I am a Country Lasse," which it curiously resembled, and to which it is now always given.

Carey, who was created Mus. Doc., died (probably by his own hand) October 4, 1743, though how old he was it is not easy to say. Some say he was eighty, others that he was under fifty. His posthumous son, George Savile Carey, inherited much of his father's talents and also his characteristics. He was an actor and an entertainer, and appeared to succeed better in the latter line. He always claimed that his father wrote both words and music of "God Save the King." Chappell supports this, and says it was written for a birthday of George II. Dr. Finck is of the same opinion. It was G. S. Carey's daughter Anne who was the mother of Edmund Kean; the father was a Jew. The claim of Henry Carey has been much disputed in favor of Dr. John Bull.

According to Sir George Grove, "God Save the King" became known publicly in 1745 by being sung at the theaters as a loyal song or anthem during the Scottish rebellion. The Pretender was proclaimed at

Edinburgh, September 16, in that year, and the first appearance of "God Save the King" was at Drury Lane, September 28. For a month or so it was much sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane; Burney harmonized it for the former, and Arne for the latter. Both words and music were printed in their present form in the "Gentleman's Magazine," October, 1745. How far "God Save the King" was compiled from older airs will perhaps never be ascertained, as several exist with a certain resemblance to the modern tune.

It is a wonderful coincidence, that to the year 1740 the English are indebted for the first great public success of three of their most popular and most national songs, "God Save the King," "The Roast Beef of Old England," by Henry Fielding, and "Rule Britannia," by James Thomson; while just nineteen years later appeared the magnificent patriotic song "Hearts of Oak," written by David Garrick, who had a pretty wit for turning a ballad, and composed by Dr. Boyce. "Hearts of Oak" was first sung in public by Mr. Champnes at Drury Lane Theater, December, 1759, in a Christmas entertainment entitled "Harlequin's Invasion," prepared by Garrick himself. It was written under the inspiration of the year (1759) of Pitt's greatest triumphs, the year of Minden and Quiberon and Quebec, the "wonderful year" of the lyric, a year in which the British arms were covered with glory by the Marquis of Granby, Lord Hawke, and General Wolfe.

> Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
> To add something more to this wonderful year;
> To honor we call you, not press you like slaves,
> For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

"Roast Beef" was adapted to a tune composed by Richard Leveridge, about 1728, who also wrote part of the words at the time. The song, with Fielding's improved lyric, was published in Walsh's "British Miscellany," about 1740.

CHAPTER VI

SONGS OF POLITICS AND RELIGION

How "Rousseau's Dream" Passed from the Stage to the Church—"The Vicar of Bray" and His Principles—"Lilliburlero" and the Revolution of 1688; Later a Nursery Song.

THE song known as "Rousseau's Dream" is extracted, so far as the air goes, from Jean Jacques Rousseau's opera "Le devin du village," which was produced in 1752. In the original it is a pantomime tune, without words, and the name of "Rousseau's Dream" was first given to it in print by J. B. Cramer. The English words, "Now, while eve's soft shadows blending," were written to the melody by William Ball. Some organists of the Church of England (acting upon the principle of "not letting the devil have all the pretty tunes") occasionally employ it as a psalm or hymn tune.

In this connection of thought a quotation from Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time" will be apropos: "Some writers have asserted that the popular tunes of different countries sprang from the Church; but this is mere assertion, without one atom of proof. The better feelings of man have ever revolted at such appropriations. To sing them would have been thought the extreme of ribaldry. On the contrary, in all countries, the case has been reversed.

In the Vatican Library at Rome there are now eighty volumes of masses constructed upon popular tunes by composers of various nations. Our Scottish brethren have their 'Compendious Book of Godly and Spiritual Songs, turned out of Profane Ballads,' and curiously enough, these are chiefly parodies upon English songs, such as 'John, come kiss me now,' and sung to English tunes. The custom of singing 'psalms to hornpipes' has not died away even yet, for we may still point to instances whichever way we turn, and whether at home or abroad." Mr. Chappell was not quite right in his assertions. A goodly number of hymn-tunes have been converted to the uses of secular words and entertainments. The Salvation Army sing many of their hymns to good old English secular melodies.

That "pious" song "The Vicar of Bray," written about 1720, to an older air called "The Country Garden" (1690), was occasioned by the following circumstances. The Vicar of Bray, in Berkshire, was a papist under the reign of Henry VIII, and a Protestant under Edward VI; he was a papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth. When this scandal to the cloth was reproached for his versatility of religious creeds, and taxed for being a turncoat (he had seen some martyrs burned at Windsor and doubtless found the fire too hot for his tender temper) and an inveterate changeling, he replied, "Not so, neither; for if I changed my religion, I am sure I kept true to my principle: which is, to live and die the Vicar of Bray!" This vivacious and reverend hero gave birth to a sort of proverb peculiar to the county of Berkshire, "The Vicar of Bray will be Vicar of Bray still."

But how has it happened, demands D'Israeli in his "Curiosities of Literature," that this vicar should be so notorious, and one in much higher rank, acting the same part, should have escaped notice? Dr. Kitchen, Bishop of Llandaff, an idle abbot under Henry VIII, was made a busy bishop; Protestant under Edward, he returned to his old master under Mary; and at last took the oath of supremacy under Elizabeth, and finished as a Parliament Protestant. A pun spread the odium of his name; for they said that he had always loved the *Kitchen* better than the *Church*.

"The Vicar of Bray" was doubtless a general satire on the numerous Church renegades. The words were by an officer in Colonel Fuller's regiment. The original vicar is believed to have been Simon Alleyn; though Ray gives the honor to an Independent named Simon Symonds.

Of that absurd song "Lilliburlero," Percy, in his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," says: "The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a most powerful effect and contributed not a little toward the great revolution in 1688." "Burnet says," he continues, "a foolish ballad was made at that time treating the papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, 'Lero, lero, lilliburlero,' that made an impression on the (King's) army that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people, both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect."

It was written, or at least published, on the Earl of Tyrconnel's going a second time to Ireland, in Octo-

ber, 1688. The ridiculous burden is said to date from 1641. The words are simply trash, but it was Lord Wharton's boast that he drove James II from the throne with a few verses and a tune. Though the words were by Lord Wharton, the melody was composed by Henry Purcell, and it was almost entirely owing to the catching refrain that the song was sung at all. This quaint march and quickstep was originally printed in "The Delightful Companion: or, Choice New Lessons for the Recorder or Flute," 1686, a very rare and scarce work. "Perhaps," says Percy, "it is unnecessary to mention that General Richard Talbot, newly created Earl of Tyrconnel, had been nominated by King James II to the lieutenancy of Ireland, in 1686, on account of his being a furious papist, who had recommended himself to his master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant-general, and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears."

We give the first verse as a curiosity, notwithstanding its lack of merit:

Ho, broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Dat we shall have a new deputie,
Lilli burlero bullen a la!
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la,
Lero! lero! lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a la!

The wild "Lilliburlero" chorus comes in at the end of each verse as indicated in the first. It would be curious to know what language Lord Wharton thought he was imitating when he wrote this gibberish. It achieved its aim, anyhow, says a chronicler of the period. "A late viceroy, who has so often boasted

himself upon his talent for mischief, invention and lying, and for making a certain 'Lilliburlero' song; with which, if you will believe himself, he sung a deluded prince out of three kingdoms."

Thenceforward "Lilliburlero" became a party tune in Ireland, "especially after 'Dublin's Deliverance; or the Surrender of Drogheda,' and 'Undaunted Londonderry,'" appropriate words being written to the jingle and sung throughout the land. It has now fallen into disuse. Shadwell and Vanbrugh and other dramatists frequently refer to the tune in their plays; Sterne also mentions it in "Tristram Shandy." Purcell makes use of it again in his "Gordian Knot Unty'd," but it only lives now in the old nursery rhyme:

> There was an old woman toss'd up in a blanket,
> Ninety-nine times as high as the moon,

and in the convivial chorus:

> A very good song, and very well sung,
> Jolly companions every one,

which seems to be the inevitable fate of many martial strains!

Though Lord Wharton is generally believed to have written "Lilliburlero," this has never been conclusively proved. Dr. Charles Mackay identified the refrain as part of a solar hymn, astronomical and druidical, reading it thus: "Li! li! Beur! lear-a! Buille na la!" i.e., "Light! light on the sea beyond the promontory! 'Tis the stroke (or dawn) of the morning."

CHAPTER VII

ROMANTIC SONGS

"The Mistletoe Bough," and the Legends on which it was Founded—"Auld Robin Gray"—Are the Claims of Lady Anne Barnard Offset by the Earlier Song "Les constantes amours d'Alix et d'Alexis"?

THE sale of a chest in February, 1893, alleged to be associated with the story of "The Mistletoe Bough," at Basketts-Fletchwood, naturally revived interest in the tragedy (or tragedies) upon which the song is founded, and which is said to have happened in so many families, and much speculation was rife. Some years ago several correspondents tried to thresh the subject out in the pages of "Notes and Queries," but only with partial success. Lieutenant-Colonel H. F. Greatwood claims to have the identical chest at The Castle, Tiverton, North Devon, but it is to be feared that such is not the case. This chest was for a number of years in the possession of the Cope family, of Bramshill, Hertford Bridge, Hampshire, and the late Sir William Cope wrote the booklet mentioned, giving many interesting particulars.

The story as told in verse both by Samuel Rogers and Thomas Haynes Bayly is as follows: A youthful and playful bride on her wedding day hid herself, while playing hide and seek, in an oak chest; she let down the lid, the spring caught, and she was buried

alive. She was sought for high and low, but it was not until some considerable time had elapsed that the old chest was broken open, and her skeleton discovered. But though this story is stated as having occurred at Bramshill, no reliable data have ever been discovered to make the belief any more than a tradition. It is denied that any Miss Cope ever met with such a fate, though the incidents have been circumstantially set forth.

Bayly was the author of "I'd be a Butterfly," "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and other songs and many poems of a homely nature. Joseph Philip Knight wrote the music of "She Wore a Wreath of Roses," and to most of Bayly's lyrics. He was born in 1812 and died 1886.

Although Bayly was a dramatic author, he does not appear to have seen the possibilities of a drama in "The Mistletoe Bough"; but during his lifetime a fellow-dramatist, Charles Somerset, turned it to account, and produced at the Garrick Theater, Whitechapel, in 1834, a melodrama in two acts, entitled "The Mistletoe Bough; or, the Fatal Chest." Somerset's editor says that "a story in Rogers's 'Italy' produced the ballad upon which this drama is founded," and gives an extract from the poem. He continues: "Mr. Somerset, seeing the dramatic impossibility of confining himself to this single incident, has amplified the story by introducing a variety of characters, the most prominent of which is a Goblin Page, a dwarfish, deformed, malignant imp of mischief. The lady dies, not by her own youthful frolic, but the vengeance of a rejected lover, who, after she has got into the chest, stabs her and closes the lid. His treachery meets with retribu-

tion. The spirit of his victim stands forth as his accuser; and, in a paroxysm of shame, remorse, and despair; he plants a dagger in his heart!" The transpontine and cispontine dramas were nearly all built that way sixty years ago—the avenging spirit was always "on top." It is a most wonderful and weird concoction of tragedy and farce playing at hide and seek to the end. The song is introduced and sung as a "Romance and Chorus," and many liberties are taken with Bayly's words. The Spirit also glides on toward the end, and sings a new version of the lyric, suitable to the occasion, to her sleeping lover, Lovell. At one time "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favorite at the pantomime theaters, and it was frequently introduced into the orchestral selections.

Among the many novelists who have used this title may be mentioned Anthony Trollope, who contributed a story called "The Mistletoe Bough" to the Christmas number of the "Illustrated London News," December 21, 1861.

Up to the present no one has ever questioned Lady Anne Barnard's claim to the authorship of the words of "Auld Robin Gray," and, though we are not going to cast doubt upon the fame of the writer at this late day, we may remark that prior not only to the appearance but to the writing of the world-famous song, there was a French ballad extant containing the gist of the story and the plot, by Paradis de Moncrif, entitled "Les constantes amours d'Alix et d'Alexis."

On the basis of this there have not been wanting writers to charge Lady Anne with plagiarism, with what justice we cannot undertake to say. But there is one very curious thing about Lady Anne Barnard,

and that is that we have no record whatever of her ever having written any other song or composed anything else of literary merit, with one slight exception. The author of the French romance mentioned above died in 1770 at the age of seventy-three.

Lady Anne Barnard was the eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, by his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Robert Dalrymple, of Castleton. She was born December 8, 1750, and married, in 1793, Andrew Barnard, son of Thomas, Bishop of Limerick. They went to the Cape (she and her husband), where her husband died in 1807, without issue. Lady Anne returned to London and lived with her sister in Berkeley Square until 1812. The sister's house was a literary center, and was frequented by Burke, Sheridan, Windham, Douglas, and the Prince of Wales, who were all habitual visitors. Lady Anne won the lifelong attachment of the Prince Regent. "Auld Robin Gray" was written by Lady Anne when she was twenty-one years old. It was published anonymously, and various persons claimed the authorship. Lady Anne did not acknowledge it as her own until two years before her death, when she wrote to Sir Walter Scott and confided the history of the ballad to him. Lady Anne Barnard died May 6, 1825, in her seventy-fourth year.

Augustus J. C. Hare, in "The Story of Two Noble Lives," suggests that Lady Margaret Lindsay was the real victim in "Auld Robin Gray," as written by her sister. It is said, though, that she married "Jamie" after "Robin's"—Mr. Fordyce's—death. We merely repeat this story.

"Auld Robin Gray," which Dr. Cobham Brewer

says was written by the authoress to raise some money for the benefit of her nurse—upon what authority we know not—has been adapted to the stage by several writers, both French and English. There is André Theuriet's "Jean Marie," avowedly taken from the story of "Auld Robin Gray," which has been translated again into English by three or four different writers. One version, by George Roy, was given at the Imperial Theater, London, September 22, 1883. And an operetta bearing the same title was produced at the Surrey Theater in April, 1858, with music by Alexander Lee, who died in 1851. Lee composed the music as far back as 1838. The libretto was written by Edward Fitz-Ball, and the piece was intended for the English opera at Drury Lane. There was a previous opera of the same name, written by S. J. Arnold, and composed by his father, Dr. Arnold, produced July 26, 1794, at the Theater Royal, Haymarket.

CHAPTER VIII

SONGS IN VARIOUS KEYS

"Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?"—"Mother Goose's" Version—"The British Grenadiers"—The "Miller" Songs—"Sands o' Dee"—"Gather Ye Rosebuds" —"Black-ey'd Susan"—The "Song of the Shirt"—"The Pauper's Drive"—"The Lost Chord"—"Some Day."

LESS than a century ago, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" was one of the most popular songs of the country and the town. The history and origin of the words and music are enveloped in a maze of uncertainty, though variations by the dozen have appeared from time to time. In "Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes" there is a version slightly different from what has been generally accepted as the original. The first verse runs:

"Oh, where are you going,
My pretty maiden fair,
With your red rosy cheeks,
And your coal-black hair?"
"I'm going a-milking,
Kind sir," says she;
"And it's dabbling in the dew
Where you'll find me."

"Mother Goose" has formerly been regarded as a native of Boston, Mass., and the authoress of many quaint nursery rhymes. Recent investigation in the field of folk-lore discredits the supposition and refers "Mother Goose" to a French origin of remote an-

tiquity. Several versions of the "Pretty Maid" song are found in different editions of "Mother Goose."

Some discussion on the subject took place in the pages of the English "Notes and Queries," in 1870, when one correspondent said he had known the song personally more than sixty years, and had heard it sung in Monmouthshire by a youth; and that he recollected an old woman born more than a century previous to 1870 who used to sing the song, and probably learned it in her childhood.

The version to which this writer refers, and which, at least in part, is familiar in this country, is as follows:

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "sir," she said;
"I'm going a-milking, sir," she said.

"What is your fortune, my pretty maid?"
"My face is my fortune, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

"Then I won't marry you, my pretty maid."
"Nobody asked you, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

"Then I must leave you, my pretty maid."
"The sooner the better, sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, etc.

But this is not the whole of the song. As usually recognized, there are three additional verses which come between the first and second as given above. They are:

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said.

"What is your father, my pretty maid?"
"My father's a farmer, sir," she said.

"Shall I marry you, my pretty maid?"
"Yes, if you please, kind sir," she said,

and then follow the second, third, and fourth verses of the lines already quoted.

The history and origin of that stirring military air "The British Grenadiers" are almost entirely shrouded in mystery and obscurity, and all that is known of it is that the words date from about 1690, while the music is founded on an air of the sixteenth century. The first properly printed copy, an engraved music-sheet, appeared about 1780.

There has been much controversy over "Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear"—many persons having asserted that it was a very ancient composition by a certain Ruthven Jenkyns. A song entitled "Though Lost to Sight, to Memory Dear," said to be written by Ruthven Jenkyns in 1703, was published in London in 1880. It was a hoax. The composer acknowledged in a private letter that he had copied the lyric from an American newspaper. There is no other authority for the origin of the song, and "Ruthven Jenkyns," bearing another name, was lately living in San Francisco. George Linley wrote a song commencing—

> Though lost to sight, to memory dear
> Thou ever wilt remain;
> One only hope my heart can cheer,
> The hope to meet again.

But Linley did not invent the phrase, which is said to have been popular as a tombstone heading early in the last century.

From quite the earliest times the "miller" has been a favorite subject with English writers, and almost invariably he has been depicted as a model of sturdy independence. Among the best "miller" songs may be

included George Colman's "Merrily goes the Mill," and "The Miller," written by Charles Highmore for Robert Dodsley's entertainment, "The King and the Miller of Mansfield," but the best of all, and the most ancient, is the one beginning "There was a Jolly Miller once lived on the river Dee." Originally there were only two verses, but two more have been added, perhaps by Isaac Bickerstaff, who introduced it into his comic opera "Love in a Village," Covent Garden Theater, 1762. The music of this two-act piece was composed and arranged from early English ditties by the celebrated Thomas Augustine Arne, and "There was a Jolly Miller" was marked "old tune" even then. The old Dee mill at Chester, where the legendary miller of the Dee is supposed to have plied his trade, was burned down in May, 1895. The building, which stood picturesquely on the old Dee Bridge, has had a remarkable history. Its origin goes back to Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, and nephew of the Norman Conqueror, who first established the mill in the eleventh century. Charles Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee" commemorates the treachery of the sands at various points, and many a local tradition could be told of hapless strangers lost in the crawling foam.

The history of "My Lodging is on the Cold Ground," so far as concerns the music, will be found in Chappell's "Old English Popular Music." It was originally written by Matthew Lock of "Macbeth" music fame to words by Sir William Davenant, and sung in an alteration of Fletcher's "Two Noble Kinsmen" called "The Rivals," 1664, by Mary, or Moll Davies, one of the earliest English actresses. She sang the song so inimitably that she gained the unenviable approval of

Charles II, and their daughter was that Mary Tudor who married the second Earl of Derwentwater.

It is rather strange that though Robert Herrick's delightful lyric "Gather Ye Rosebuds" was set to music by William Lawes and published in Playford's "Ayres and Dialogues," 1659, his "Cherry Ripe" was never so honored until about 1824, when Charles Edward Horn (1786-1849), a vocalist and composer, set it and sung it, and it became an enormous favorite and still remains popular. Horn was undoubtedly indebted to a song by the distinguished Thomas Attwood (1765-1838), and called "Let Me Die," for his pleasing melody, as Herrick was under obligations to Richard Allison's charming stanzas, "There is a Garden in Her Face," written about 1606, for his main idea, the last line of each verse being "Till cherry ripe themselves do cry." Robert Herrick's "Hesperides," in which his "Cherry Ripe" first appeared in print, was published at the "Crown and Marygold" in St. Paul's Churchyard, 1648.

Who wrote that famous love-song "If Doughty Deeds my Lady Please"? Dr. Mackay boldly assigns it to the Marquis of Montrose (1612-50), and certainly there is a likeness in method and style that recalls his efforts. F. T. Palgrave, in the "Golden Treasury," says Graham of Gartmore was the author. Under the title of "O tell Me How to Woo Thee," Sir Walter Scott, in "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," 1812, has this note: "The following verses are taken down from recitation, and are averred to be of the age of Charles I. They have indeed much of the romantic expression of passion common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the set-

ting beams of chivalry; but since their publication in the first edition of this work, the editor has been informed that they were composed by the late Mr. Graham of Gartmore." In the "Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen" Robert Graham of Gartmore, born 1750, died 1797, is given as the author of the lyric. It was first published as a separate song at Liverpool, 1812, without any composer's name. It was set by Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan in 1866, and by William Vincent Wallace in 1867.

"Down among the Dead Men," according to a note in the handwriting of Dr. Burney in his collection of English songs, in nine volumes, in the British Museum, was written by a "Mr. Dyer, and it was first sung at the theater in Lincoln's Inn Fields." Whoever wrote it had in mind the drinking-song in Fletcher's "Bloody Brother," from which he borrowed the two lines,

> Best, while you have it, use your breath,
> There is no drinking after death.

The song seems to have been published early in the reign of George I. The composer of the music, a fine characteristic melody, is not known. "Begone! Dull Care" is at least as old as the year 1687, when it first appeared in "Playford's Musical Companion."

"Black-ey'd Susan, or Sweet William's Farewell" was written by Gay, the author of "The Beggar's Opera," and is included among his published poems. The music was composed by Richard Leveridge, a genial, jovial individual, who published a collection of his songs in 1727. "Black-ey'd Susan" was not issued till 1730. Douglas Jerrold wrote his famous play of the same name in 1824 (revived 1896), it being

first produced on Whit-Monday of that year at the Surrey Theater, making all the principals connected with the production, except the author, passing rich. The song is introduced into the piece, and is usually sung by Blue Peter.

"How Stands the Glass Around," commonly, at one time, called "General Wolfe's Song," and said to have been sung by him on the night before the battle of Quebec, is first found, as a half-sheet song with music, printed about the year 1710. It was originally known as "The Duke of Berwick's March," and "Why, Soldiers, Why?" It is contained in a manuscript book of poetry in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. The tune was also discovered in a ballad opera, "The Patron," 1729. Shield introduced both music and words into the "Siege of Gibraltar."

Though "D'ye ken John Peel?" is essentially a hunting-song, it is so widely known that an authentic history of its hero and its origin has every claim to preservation here, especially as there are several spurious versions and spurious accounts in existence. It was written by John Woodcock Graves about the year 1820 (the words are not in the "Universal Songster," published in 1825). John Peel, the hero of the song, a famous Cumberland huntsman, died in 1854 at the age of seventy-eight.

"Tom Moody," generally attributed to Dibdin, but written by Andrew Cherry, the author of "The Bay of Biscay," is another good song of this class, and so is the anonymous "Tom Pearce, or the Old Grey Mare."

To "I'll Hang my Harp on a Willow Tree" is attached quite a bit of royal romance. It was written

by a young nobleman who became deeply enamored of Queen Victoria a year or so before she ascended the English throne, which event naturally destroyed his hopes of winning her hand. The words first appeared in an English magazine, and were set to music by Wellington Guernsey.

Thomas Hood's masterpiece, the "Song of the Shirt," was first published in the Christmas number of "Punch" for the year 1843. It was copied into the London "Times," and reproduced in other newspapers immediately. It was inserted anonymously, but ran through the land like wildfire, and became the talk of the day. There was no little speculation as to its author, though several (Dickens among the number) attributed it at once to the right source; at last Hood wrote to one of the daily papers and acknowledged it. He was greatly astonished and not a little amused at its marvelous popularity. His daughter, the late Mrs. Frances Freeling Broderip, commenting upon it, said: "My mother said to him when she was folding up the packet ready for the press, 'Now mind, Hood, mark my words, this will tell wonderfully; it is one of the best things you ever did.'" This turned out to be true; it was translated into French and German, and even Italian. The song was sung about the streets, each itinerant singer putting his or her own tune to it. It was printed on cotton pocket-handkerchiefs and sold at the shops, and it caused as much stir in the little world of home as it did in the greater world outside.

Many composers set the "Song of the Shirt" to music, and as a recitation, with musical accompaniment, it formed the chief feature of several entertainers' programmes.

A piece of verse often attributed to Thomas Hood, being much in his vein, is "The Pauper's Drive":

> Rattle his bones over the stones,
> He's only a pauper whom nobody owns.

The piece was really written by the Rev. Thomas Noel of Maidenhead. It was first published in 1841 or 1843 in a small volume entitled "Rhymes and Roundelays." Henry Russell popularized the words by setting them to music, attributing them to Hood, and singing the piece when on tour. This no doubt gave rise to the misapprehension as to the name of the author. Miss Mitford, in "Recollections of a Literary Life," gives a full description of Noel, and quotes "The Pauper's Drive" *in extenso*. The refrain in the last stanza varies:

> Bear softly his bones over the stones,
> Though a pauper he's one whom his Maker yet owns.

Miss Mitford adds: "The author tells me that the incident of the poem was taken from life. He witnessed such a funeral—a coffin in a parish hearse driven at full speed."

In a recent memoir of Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan, Charles Willeby cites many instances of the composer's remarkable rapidity in work. "Contrabandista," which followed "Cox and Box," was composed, scored, and rehearsed within sixteen days from the receipt of the libretto. The overture to "Iolanthe" was commenced at nine o'clock one morning and finished at seven the next morning. The overture to "The Yeomen of the Guard" was composed and scored in twelve hours; while the magnificent epilogue to "The Golden Legend" was composed and scored within

twenty-four hours. How "The Lost Chord," perhaps the most successful song of modern times, came to be written is related by Willeby in a very touching story. Only a few months after Sir Arthur had accepted the post of principal of the National Training School for Music, he received a severe blow in the death of his brother Frederick, whose talents as an actor were so striking. For nearly three weeks Sir Arthur watched by the sick man's bedside night and day. One evening when the end was rapidly approaching, the sufferer had for a time sunk into a peaceful sleep, and as his faithful attendant was sitting as usual by his bedside, it chanced that he took up some verses by the late Adelaide Anne Procter, with which he had for some time been impressed. Now in the stillness of the night he read them over again, and almost as he did so he conceived their "musical equivalent." A sheet of music-paper was at hand, and he began to write. Slowly the music grew and took shape, until, becoming absorbed in it, he determined to finish the song, thinking that even if in the cold light of day it should appear worthless it would at least have helped to pass the weary hours, so he went on till the last bar was added. Thus was composed "The Lost Chord," a song that has had a universal appeal. There is a story connected with "Once Again," it is said, to the effect that the composer was either under a contract to supply a song by a certain time, or that he wished to procure ready money, and so set Lionel N. Lewin's words of "Once Again" while on a Saturday to Monday visit at a friend's house, and "realized" without delay on his return to town.

The melody of that fine song "The Vagabond,"

composed by James L. Molloy to Charles Lamb Kenney's words, was originally used in an operetta by Molloy to a drinking-song. The piece was called "The Student's Frolic," written by Arthur Sketchley. The piece fell flat, all but the "Beer, Beer, Beautiful Beer" melody, which was divorced by Molloy and married to "The Vagabond."

Milton Wellings composed his very successful song "Some Day" under the following circumstances: His wife was away yachting round the Isle of Wight, and he was traveling up from Portsmouth by train. At a station on the line he bought an evening paper, and was horrified to learn from a brief paragraph that a terrible yachting accident had happened at Cowes, and that several lives were lost. He dashed out of the train and telegraphed to some friends at the Isle of Wight, and then continued his journey to London, hoping and expecting to find a reply at his house. To his surprise no telegram came. He wandered up and down the house disconsolate, and without thinking, opened a drawer where he found a copy of some verses which had been sent him months before, but which he had scarcely noticed. Glancing through them hurriedly, the words "I know not when that day may be" caught his eye, and instantly the complete theme of the song burst upon him. Presently came satisfactory telegrams, and he sat down and wrote out the whole of the music from beginning to end. The result we know, for "Some Day" appealed to all classes of singers, and proved a success in every sense of the word. The words were written by Hugh Conway, author of "Called Back," who was cut off just when fame had come to him with bounteous offerings.

CHAPTER IX

A CONTINENTAL GROUP

Scandinavian Songs—Austrian Songs—"God Preserve the Emperor" — "Malbrough" — "Carmagnole" — "Madame Véto"—"Ca ira"—"Charmante Gabrielle"—"Vive Henri Quatre"—"Carnaval de Venise"—"Partant pour la Syrie" —"Heil dir im Siegeskranz"—"Ich bin ein Preusse"— "Kanapee-Lied," "Ein' feste Burg."

BESIDES "La Marseillaise" and "Die Wacht am Rhein," there are a number of famous Continental songs that are familiar, if not by name or words, through their melodies. And of course there are many unknown, except to musicians, which are equally important in the lands of their birth, and are deserving of at least passing mention. Everybody knows the grand Russian National Hymn, and also the beautiful Turkish Hymn, but curiously enough the land of song itself, Italy, has no strictly proper national air, and it is left to the less musical nations as a rule to rejoice in these characteristic features and advantages.

Sweden has ever been more or less patriotic, and the Swedes used to sing lustily "Kung Oscar Stod Pa." A very old national song is "Kung Erik." The Scandinavian popular songs are many and to the country born, and very beautiful and touching some of them are, while others are as fierce and wild as the north wind. Scandinavian songs may be classed under three headings: (1) Legends of yore; (2) glori-

fication of the North with its appalling majesty; (3) welcome of the spring.

Those who have sampled the climate can thoroughly appreciate the Scandinavian heart rejoicing at the return of spring. Of course there are many homely lays and love-lyrics. "Ljung Byhornet" (The Horn on the Heath) is a fine legend, and "Trollhättan" and "Kung Bele" are also legends dear to the souls of the natives. The epic "Frithiofsaga," by Tegner, is something after the style of Longfellow's "King Olaf," and, though not a song, is worth calling attention to. Among the very popular songs are "Du Gamla, Du Friska, Du Fyellhoga-Nord!" (You old, you fresh, you rocky-high North!); "I Dag är Första Maj" (Today is first [of] May). At Christmas they have "Nur är det Jul igen" (Christmas has come again). A well-known Flemish song is "De Vlaamsche Leeun" (The Flemish Lion).

The greatest of all the Austrian pieces is of course Haydn's "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser." It is said that during his visits to London Haydn often envied the English their "God Save the King," and the war with France having stirred his pulses and fired his imagination, he resolved to provide the people with an anthem worthy of their fidelity and patriotism. Thus arose his "God Preserve the Emperor," which he composed to words by L. L. Haschka in 1797; it was publicly sung at the national theater at Vienna, and at all the principal theaters in the provinces on the Emperor's birthday in that year, and achieved a glorious reception and lasting popularity. The Emperor was so pleased that he sent Haydn his portrait as a compliment to his success. It was a masterpiece of com-

position, and remained a favorite with the composer until his death. He introduced a wonderful set of variations on it into his "Kaiser Quartet." During his last illness in May, 1809, Vienna was again besieged and occupied by Napoleon's troops, and some shot fell not far from where he was dwelling. And though he was treated with the greatest respect by the French officers, some of whom visited him, the bombardment doubtless hastened his death. Toward the close he was greatly alarmed, but cried out to his servants, feeble as he was, "Children, don't be frightened; no harm can happen to you while Haydn is by." The last visit he received, the French being in full occupation, was from a French officer, who sang "In Native Worth" very impressively. Haydn was deeply affected, and embraced the singer. On May 26, 1809, he gathered his servants around him for the last time. He was carried to the piano, and played once more the Emperor's Hymn, and five days later he was dead.

And now let us turn our attention to France and "Malbrough," or "Malbrook," which captured the whole of the empire, and was sung in every café and saloon and "carrefour" in Paris. There is reason to believe that the couplets "Mort et convoi de l'invincible Malbrough" were improvised on the night after the battle of Malplaquet, September 11, 1709, in the bivouac of Marshal de Villars at Quesnoy, three miles from the scene of the fight. The name of the soldier who perhaps satirized the English general as a relief to his hunger has not been preserved, but in all probability he was acquainted with the lament on the death of the "Duke of Guise," published about 1566, the idea and construction of both melodies being so much

alike. Chateaubriand, hearing the tune sung by Arabs in Palestine, suggested that it had been carried there by the crusaders either in the time of Godfrey of Bouillon or in that of Louis IX and Joinville, but the style of the music is of the character of the days of Louis XV, and entirely unlike any other.

Unfortunately it is not possible to find either words or music in any collection. They have been handed down from one age to another, and that is all. Had it not been for Madame Poitrine, the wife of a Picardy farmer, who used it as a lullaby for the infant dauphin at the court of Versailles, the song would have died out. Marie Antoinette took a fancy to her baby's cradle-song, and sung it herself, and "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" was soon heard in Versailles, Paris, and later throughout the length and breadth of France. Beaumarchais introduced it in his "Mariage de Figaro" in 1784, and the melody greatly contributed to the popularity of that comedy. It was then constantly introduced into French vaudevilles. Beethoven used it in his "Battle" symphony in 1813 as symbolical of the French army. It is well known among English-speaking people as "We won't go Home till Morning" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow." The piece was made the subject of an opera bouffe in four acts, with words by Siraudin and Busnach, and music by Bizet, Jonas, Legouix, and Delibes, which was brought out at the Athénée, December 13, 1867. A great deal of the chanson is a repetition of an older burlesque piece, "Le convoi du duc de Guise" of 1563. The pathetic portions of "Malbrough" exhibit, according to Génin, all the marks of twelfth and thirteenth century versification.

That there exist two versions of "Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre" is a self-evident fact. First, there is the ancient crusader song; second, the modern burlesque. Both have the melodious burden or chorus, "Mironton, mironton, mirontaine," which M. Littré, in his "Dictionnaire de la langue française," defines as "a sort of popular refrain which is used for sound, and has no sense." The well-known original of the first stanza runs as follows:

Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

After "Malbrough" came the terrible "Carmagnole" and "Madame Véto." The "Carmagnole," which grew into frenzied favor during the French Revolution, was generally accompanied by a dance of the same name, and ran:

Que faut il au républicain?
Que faut il au républicain?
La liberté du genre humain,
La liberté du genre humain,
La pioche dans les cachats
L'école dans les châteaux,
Et la paix aux chaumières,
Dansons la Carmagnole
Vive le son du canon!

The origin of the "Carmagnole" is doubtful, but it is believed that an old Provençal ballad was sung to the melody, and thus this tune, to which most likely the peasant girls of Provence danced in the Middle Ages, was also made to do duty while the hapless victims of Danton and Robespierre were being executed. Grétry was under the impression that it was a sailor-song often heard in Marseilles, but in all probability

it was a country dance dating from far-off times, adapted to a patriotic military song written in the autumn of 1792.

"Madame Véto" was another production of the Revolution. When kingly privileges and authority went by the board, Louis XVI, as every one knows, stood out for the right of vetoing any laws which the National Assembly might pass. Now the word *véto* was an unknown quantity to the majority, and the crowd grew turbulent and uncontrollable, and Louis XVI was nicknamed "Véto," and the Queen, Marie Antoinette, the "hated Austrian," whom the people detested more, perhaps, than any one else, though it is not generally acknowledged, was shamefully abused—poor Queen! hers was not the fault. And so they were compelled to listen to the indescribably insulting ode (sung to the melody of "Carmagnole"),

Madame Véto avait promis
De faire égorger tout Paris
Mais son coup a manqué
Grace à nos canonniers
  Dansons la Carmagnole
  Vive le son du canon!

with many repetitions. These verses soon extended to thirteen, and when published by Frère, the song spread like wildfire.

One of the earliest French revolutionary songs—and France has sown a goodly crop from first to last—is "Ca ira," and we may set its date down to October, 1789, when the Parisians marched to Versailles. Gustave Choquet says that the words were suggested to a street singer named Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's favorite saying at each ad-

vance of the American Revolution. Here is the burden of the song:

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Le peuple en ce jour sans cesse répète:
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Malgré les mutins, tout reussira,

which later developed more furiously into—

Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrat' à la lanterne;
Ah! ça ira, ça ira, ça ira!
Les aristocrat' on les pendra!

The melody to which these words were sung was composed by a player in the orchestra at the opera named Bécour or Bécourt, and was well known as "Carillon national."

Two other French songs are worthy of attention, on account of their celebrity and uncertain origin. These are "Charmante Gabrielle" and "Vive Henri Quatre." The former is generally believed to have been suggested by Henry IV to one of the court poets. Some say that Bertant, Bishop of Séez, composed the couplets inspired by the King. The first verse of this love-romance runs:

Charmante Gabrielle,
  Percé de mille dards,
Quand la gloire m'appelle
  Dans les sentiers de Mars.
Cruelle départie
  Malheureux jour!
Que ne suis je sans vie
  Ou sans amour!

This was sent by Henry to Gabrielle d'Estrées, May 21, 1597, when the King was in Paris, prior to his projected campaign against the Spaniards.

As for "Vive Henri Quatre," the same obscurity

surrounds its origin, save that the first two couplets of this historical lyric have been generally accredited as the composition of Collé, who was born in 1709 and died 1783. But competent authorities have disputed his claim to any hand in the matter, and trace the words back to a drinking-song of the time of Henry III. The melody is apparently quite original, though the composer's name has not been preserved. One thing is certain, these couplets have been handed down from generation to generation without losing anything of their spirit or freshness; and were spontaneously adopted by the people as the national anthem of royalty at the Bourbon Restoration. On the day when the Allies entered Paris, April 1, 1814, crowds flocked to the Opera to see the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia. The opera was Spontini's "Vestale," as an overture to which the band performed "Vive Henri Quatre" amid a perfect storm of bravos; and at the close of the opera the air was again called for, sung by Lays with the whole power of his magnificent voice, and received with rapturous applause. On July 14, 1815, Lays had a similar success when repeating the air at a performance of "Iphigénie en Aulide" and "La Dansonaine" before Louis XVIII, the Emperor of Russia, and the King of Prussia, on the opening of the new theater of the Académie Royale de Musique.

A word may be said of the one-time favorite, the "Carnaval de Venise"—does the present generation know anything of it? Paganini was the first to introduce the piece to England—nay, to the whole world, one may say. The great violinist first heard the melody when he visited the Queen of the Adriatic in 1816.

No one seems to know who composed it, though many a musician has added to it, and varied it, and embroidered it from time to time. Several fantasias have been written upon it, notably by Herz and Schulhoff, and these have been played by most pianists of note. It has been introduced into comic operas. Ambroise Thomas introduced variations of it into the overture of his opera "Le Carnaval de Venise," and Victor Massé makes use of it in his "Reine Topaz," with the words

Venise est tout en fêtes
Car voici le carnaval.

The song "Partant pour la Syrie," written and composed by Queen Hortense of Holland, daughter of Josephine and the mother of Napoleon III, is popular in France and is a good specimen of the style of composition to which it belongs. Sir Walter Scott translated the song in 1815, and also another one of Queen Hortense's, "The Troubadour."

The Prussian hymn, which is capable of thrilling the whole German Empire, celebrated, in December, 1893, the centenary of its publication. It was on the return to the Prussian capital of Field-Marshal Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick after his successful engagements with the French at Pirmasens and Kaiserlautern, in Bavaria, that there appeared in the "Spenersche Zeitung," of December 17, 1793, a poem entitled "Berliner Volksgesang." It was signed "Sr" and had "Heil dir im Siegeskranz" as the opening words. The poem had been sent to the paper by Balthasar Gerhard Schumacher, who was in the habit of signing his Latin translations "Sutor" or "Sr," but he was not the writer. The real author was a German Protestant

clergyman, Heinrich Harries (1767-1802), and the hymn appeared in its original form in the "Fleusburger Wochenblatt" of January 27, 1790, as a "Song for the Danish Subjects to Sing on the Birthday of their King." In 1873 Dr. Ochmann took up the question of authorship and established Harries's claims, while Dr. Wolfram succeeded in proving that Schumacher, at any rate, was not the original writer. The last two stanzas of Harries's song had reference to Danish affairs, and were therefore omitted by Schumacher, but in 1801 Schumacher published another version, also adding two verses, and the song in its newer form was published with the melody arranged for four voices by Hurka. The versions by Harries and Schumacher were not vastly different, while the similarity between the two poets in some of the parts proves conclusively enough that Schumacher in his alterations was only printing the work of an earlier imitation of "God Save the King."

We give here for what it is worth the latest history of the German National Hymn "Heil dir im Siegeskranz," which has the same melody as "God Save the King," and appeared in a theological journal, "Pastor Bonus," in Trier. The story goes that the air was taken from a Siberian procession chant, and it is told as follows: It is well known that great as well as mediocre composers have borrowed their musical ideas from the rich store of Catholic Church songs, but it remained undiscovered that the Prussian fatherland made a big loan from the same source. Herr E. Handtmann relates, from traditions of his family, that the text of the "King's-song" was made known in Silesia by Prussian soldiers in the year 1813. But

nobody could sing the words. Then it happened that officers of a Silesian regiment, among them Scharnhorst, met a procession under the guidance of a Catholic priest wending their way to Reinerz and chanting:

Heil Dir, O Königin,
Des Brunnens Hüterin,
Heil Dir, Maria!
In Segen und Gedeih'n
Lass sprudeln klar und rein
Allezeit den Labequell:
Heil Dir, Maria!

Scharnhorst, a great music lover, asked the priest where the melody came from, and he answered that it was known in the Silesian and Bohemian mountains as a very old procession chant, and this information was later corroborated by Catholic and Protestant priests alike. The officers were much taken with the beautiful melody, and adapted it to the text of their "King's-song." It was publicly sung for the first time in Teplitz, before Frederick William III, in the year 1813. A not improbable conjecture of Herr Handtmann is that likewise in France and England the air is traced back to an old Church song chanted by pilgrims, and being of an international character it was preserved in Germany and Austria in its pure originality. In a happy moment it was again made widely known in a new fashion at the frontier of the two countries, the Silesian mountains.

The weak point of this story is that the English national anthem was taken by the Danes in 1780, and with the German words was published in 1793.

The year 1893 was the centenary of another well-known song and little-known poet. Bernhardt Thiersch was born April 26, 1793, and was the author

of "Ich bin ein Preusse," which was written in 1830 for the King's birthday celebration at Halberstadt. It was first sung to the melody "Wo Mut und Kraft in deutscher Seele flammen," but the music now in use is the composition by Neithardt.

Few German popular songs have attained such a venerable age or enjoyed such wide popularity as the "Kanapee-Lied." Its survival is entirely due to oral transmission, for it is not included in any of the present collections of national songs, nor was it printed in any Kommers-book during the eighteenth century. Wittekind has imitated the meter in his "Krambambuli-Lied" (1745), and Koromandel in his "Doris" and "Dorothée." Till the middle of the last century the melody of the "Kanapee-Lied" was identical with that of the "Krambambuli-Lied," but a few decades ago the "Kanapee-Lied" assumed a new form, and was set to a new melody.

CHAPTER X

ADELAIDE

Beethoven's Famous Song—History of its Origin—Matthisson's Words—A Story of Hopeless Love.

LET us now turn to that world-famous song of Beethoven's, the divinely sweet "Adelaïde." Who has not heard it? But how few know the real history of the origin of the Lied that Beethoven composed ere he was celebrated, when he was only just thirty years of age? Yet it has been the subject of romance, ballad, and biography. The song "Adelaïde" was written by the poet Matthisson to Fräulein von Glafey, with whom he was passionately in love. The music was composed by Beethoven about 1798, and the song almost immediately became popular with all ranks. The love-story connecting the poet and the maid of honor, Adelaïde or Annette von Glafey (the poet chose Adelaïde as the name of his mistress on account of its first two syllables, *Adel,* meaning *noble*), with the composition has been well related by Mrs. Pereira:

"The Abbess [of Mossy Mead] in her early days had held a post in the household of the intellectual Princess Louise of Dessau; and it was on her return from a summer tour in the suite of her patroness that the beautiful maid of honor entered the community of Mossy Mead. The reason of her sudden retirement

from court life had been known to few, and the very fact was soon forgotten; and at the time we are writing of the Princess Louise had long been dead, and new faces, new interests, had taken the place of old ones. But the closed book of the past was to be reopened by a sudden and unlooked-for touch. It was a gala evening at Mossy Mead. The state apartments were thrown open, and invitations had been sent by the Abbess to guests from far and near, at the head of whom were Prince George of Dessau and his youthful bride. A concert was the occasion of this brilliant assembly, a concert to celebrate the opening of a fine chamber organ that had just been placed in the chapter-room, and several eminent musicians, not only from Dessau but from Dresden, were to be the chief performers.

"The Prince led the Abbess to her place, the organ was disclosed to view, and the concert began. . . . The last number on the programme was a song by the leading tenor of the Dresden Opera. It received a rapturous encore, and the singer, after a moment's hesitation, once more stepped forward and made a sign to the accompanist. Then, amid deepest silence, the first notes of Beethoven's wonderful song rose upon the air. Never had those strains been more exquisitely rendered. The audience seemed spellbound. But when the singer breathed the last low, lingering, passionate appeal, 'Adelaïde,' all eyes were turned upon the Abbess. She sat with head bent forward, motionless, almost rigid. Those nearest sprang to her support, for they believed her to be smitten with some sudden illness; but with a resolute effort she recovered herself. Rising to her full height, with more

than her wonted dignity, she thanked the vocalist who had furnished so glorious a finale to the concert. A smile was on her countenance—a smile of proud, triumphant joy such as none remembered ever to have seen there before. The faded features were transfigured. And then, by a flash of intuition, the singer and those around him recognized the never once suspected truth, never once suspected during all those forty years. That ancient, old-world lady, who seemed to have halted and stood still upon the threshold of the century, had suddenly assumed a new and startling aspect, for the magic of imagination, which can in a moment's space obliterate the trace of years, had banished each deeply-graven furrow, to picture her as once more the lovely, graceful maiden, the ornament of a court, the idol of a poet's dream, the beloved, the adored, the broken-hearted Adelaïde!

"Long years ago, in the one golden summer of her young life and during that tour amid the grandeur of Swiss scenery, the maid of honor had been brought into close association with the poet Friedrich von Matthisson, who then held the appointment of reader to the Princess. He was many years older than the enthusiastic girl, for such she was in years; but he was a poet; and the pair were surrounded by everything in nature that could foster and refine the purest, most exalted sentiment. They loved, and their mutual devotion formed an idyl of sweetest, most idealized romance. Matthisson poured out the riches of his genius at the high-souled maiden's feet, and she dreamed that she was in Elysium.

"But this romance, like most others of its kind, was destined to a sadly prosaic ending. Adelaïde, or An-

nette von Glafey, was of noble birth; her lover was a poor pastor's son. Once more in Dessau, and face to face with the harsh realities of life, the maid of honor was summoned to hear the doom of her happiness spoken from the lips of her relentless father—'Marriage in your own rank, or retirement to Mosigkan.'"

Annette made up her mind at once, and retired from the sunshine of the world to the dull, monotonous, loveless life in a nunnery. Her life was made more bitter by the fact that in after years, when it was too late, the patent of nobility was conferred upon Matthisson, thus removing the obstacle that had proved a bar to their happiness. But Matthisson had found another bride. The Abbess lived on at Mosigkan until 1858, when she died, full of years and pious resignation.

CHAPTER XI

WELSH SONGS

"The Dying Bard"—"Sweet Richard"—"The Bard's Love"—"Idle Days in Summer Time"—"Watching the Wheat"—"Ffarwel iti Peggy Ban"—"March of the Men of Harlech"—"Those Evening Bells"—"All Through the Night"—"The Maid of Mona's Isle."

THE wealth of melody that has had its birth in gallant little Wales would come as a surprise upon those who have never explored its bardic mines, notwithstanding that the Welsh harpers and bards have long held their own against the world. As in Scotland and Ireland, where the lyric gift has been so plentifully utilized, so it is in Wales that the people delight to make songs and sing them to their own music, which has a character quite peculiar to the race that it represents.

In a note to his poem "The Dying Bard," Sir Walter Scott says: "The Welsh tradition proves that a bard on his deathbed demanded his harp, and the air ('Dafydd y Gareg Wen') to which these words are adapted, requesting that it might be performed at his funeral." And according to J. Parry's "Welsh Harper," this melody was played on the harp, at the parish church, Ynys Cynhaiarn; in which parish this house, called Gareg-Wen (Caernarvonshire), is situated. We

give the English version (by John Oxenford) of this lyric, "David of the White Rock":

David the Bard on his deathbed lies,
Pale are his features and dim are his eyes;
Yet all around him his glance wildly roves—
Till it alights on the harp that he loves.

Give me my harp, my companion so long,
Let it once more add its voice to my song;
Though my old fingers are palsied and weak,
Still my good harp for its master will speak.

Often the hearts of our chiefs it has stirred,
When its loud summons to battle was heard;
Harp of my country, dear harp of the brave,
Let thy last notes hover over my grave.

The very plaintive air "Sweet Richard"—"Per Alaw neu Sweet Richard"—Brinley Richards attributes to Blondel, but history points to Owen Glendower, an esquire to Richard II, a surprisingly well-educated and accomplished man for those times, and a gallant withal. The fact that Blondel was of French origin and could not write in Welsh, while Owen Glendower was a Welshman by birth, seems conclusive that the song refers to Richard II and not Richard I; besides, the time of Blondel's song, already described, and that of "A Mighty Warrior" (Per Alaw) are quite different.

Several of the Welsh songs are founded by the bards themselves upon their own experiences and disappointments in love. "The Bard's Love" tells of the bard Hoel ap Einion, who fell in love with the celebrated Myvanury Vechan (residing in the year 1390 at Castel Dinas Bran in the Vale of Llangollen), and died broken-hearted because of her disdain. "Idle Days in Summer Time" is an ideal love-song of the rustic order. It was written by Will Hopkin, the bard, who

was born about 1700. The tradition respecting the hapless love entertained for him by Ann Thomas ("The Maid of Cefn Ydfa") is widely known and still recited in parts of Wales. The bard wrote many songs in her honor, the best being "Idle Days in Summer Time." We present the first verse, translated by Walter Maynard:

Idle days in summer time,
In pleasant sunny weather,
Amid the golden colored corn
Two lovers passed together.
Many words they did not speak,
To give their thoughts expression,
Each knew the other's heart was full,
But neither made confession.

But to "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa." The song in which the minstrel poured out his love is called "Bugeilio 'r Gwenith Gwyn" (Watching the Wheat). According to "Cambrian Minstrelsie," the subject of the song is Ann Thomas, commonly known as "The Maid of Cefn Ydfa," who was born at a house of that name, in the parish of Llangynnwyd, Glamorganshire, in the year 1704.

The popular song "Ffarwel iti Peggy ban" was composed by the minstrels of North Wales when Margaret of Anjou left Harlech Castle, where she had taken refuge after the defeat of July 9, 1460, near Northampton. Mention of Harlech naturally recalls the march of that name. This dates from 1468. Harlech Castle stands on a lofty rock on the seashore of Merionethshire. "The original tower," says Brinley Richards in his note to the song, called "Twr Bronwen," "is said to have been built in the sixth century; it afterward received the name of Caer Colwyn, and

eventually its more descriptive name Harlech, or above the boulders."

The curious story connected with "Those Evening Bells," which Thomas Moore wrote in English and Professor Rowlands in Welsh, is this: "There is an old wife's tale which states that Tom, Dick, and Ned (the original air is called 'Ffarwel Dic Bibydd'—'Dick the Piper's Farewell') went to visit the Black Cave, near Criccieth; but what makes the tale interesting is that they *went* and forgot to *return,* and by this time, doubtless, few of their relatives expect them or expect to hear from them. The Shepherd of Braich y Bib noticed them at the mouth of the cave. Dick the piper played on a flute, and the other two carried lights before him. In five minutes the music changed and Little Tom played another tune. Farther and farther they receded, and weaker and weaker became the sound. By and by the Shepherd heard another tune, and he listened to that at the cave's entrance until every note died away. Not one of them has returned to this day."

There is a very favorite fairy song called "Toriad y Dydd" (The Break of Day) which is exceedingly ancient, as may be gathered from this statement by Richard Llwyd in "Cant O Ganeuon gan Ceiriog": "In Wales, as in other pastoral districts, the fairy tales are not yet erased from the traditional tablet; and age seldom neglects to inform youth that if, on retiring to rest, the hearth is made clean, the floor swept, and the pails left full of water, the fairies will come at midnight, continue their revels till daybreak, sing the well-known strain of 'Toriad y Dydd,' leave a piece of money upon the hob, and disappear."

Everybody is acquainted with that very old Welsh air "Ar Hyd y Nos," for did not Mrs. Opie in the long ago familiarize us with the words beginning:

Here beneath a willow weepeth
Poor Mary Ann.

It will be found in most collections under the title of "All through the Night." Of the ancient melody "Codiad yr Hedydd," said to be about two hundred years old, and to which Professor Rowlands has written English words under the title of "The Rising of the Lark," the following incident is told: "The composer, David Owen, is stated to have gone to a *noson-lawen* (a merry night) at Plas-y-Borth, Portmadoc, and according to the custom in those times, he had lingered at the feast until two or three o'clock in the morning. The clocks, no doubt, were to blame for the fact! The 'Newport Clock' was not in existence then, and could not, therefore, be consulted. However, daybreak overtook David and his harp while wending the way homeward. The young minstrel sat on a stone, which is still pointed out by the inhabitants, to watch a skylark above him giving vent to its merriment at the appearance of the dawn; and there and then played upon his harp the air known ever since as 'Codiad yr Hedydd.'"

The story of "The Maid of Mona's Isle," written to the old melody of "Hobed O Hilion" (A Bushel of Fragments), is, says the author, Professor Rowlands, ideally true. "It bears," continues the writer in his note, "some resemblance to the 'Stars of Normandie,' but the author had not seen that song when he wrote this. Some years ago he happened to be at a railway

station, when he observed a beautiful lady with a sorrowful countenance going round the carriages of a newly arrived train. He was told that her young husband had a long time previously gone abroad, and had never been heard of afterward. His friends had given him up as lost; but his faithful wife still persisted in believing that he would return, and from day to day met every arriving train for years, with the vain hope of seeing him."

There have been many workers who have lovingly devoted their talents to the rescue and preservation of the songs of Cambria. Among the more notable may be mentioned Edward Jones (*Bardd y Brenin*), 1752-1824; John Parry (*Bardd Alaw*), 1776-1851; John Thomas (*Ieuan Ddu*), 1795-1871; John Owen (*Owain Alaw*), 1821-83; Brinley Richards, 1819-85. Thomas Love Peacock, who wrote the "March of the Men of Harlech," 1785-1866, John Thomas (*Pencerdd Gwalia*), Joseph Parry, and David Rowlands should also be named.

CHAPTER XII

SCOTTISH SONGS

"O Nanny, Wilt Thou Gang with Me?"—"The Roof of Straw"—"Bonnie Dundee"—"John Anderson, My Jo"—"Maggie Lauder"—"Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane"—"Jeanie Morrison"—"Wee Willie Winkie"—"The Flowers of the Forest"—"Were Na My Heart Licht I Would Dee"—"And Ye Shall Walk in Silk Attire"—"Huntingtower"—"Will Ye No Come Back Again?"—"An Thou Wert My Ain Thing"—"Lass o' Patie's Mill"—"There's Nae Luck About the House"—"Logie o' Buchan"—"Lochaber No More"—"Within a Mile of Edinboro' Town"—"Blue Bonnets over the Border"—"Annie Laurie."

AS with Ireland, the poetic genius of Scotland has long been acknowledged to be chiefly lyrical, and the multitude of her minor bards, known and unknown, is marvelous to contemplate. One remarkable thing that strikes even the casual observer is that the large majority of the most popular Scottish songs were written by women. For example, Joanna Baillie is responsible for "Saw ye Johnnie Comin'," "Woo'd and Married and a'," and "Poverty parts Good Companie." Lady Anne Barnard gave us "Auld Robin Gray," Lady Carolina Nairne penned the inimitable "Land o' the Leal," the evergreen "Caller Herrin'," and the "Laird o' Cockpen," the song of the attainted Scottish nobles which induced George IV to sanction the restitution of the forfeited title of baron to her husband.

Bishop Percy of Dromore, who has earned the grati-

tude of all ages by the publication of his "Reliques of Ancient English Poetry," deserves first and honorable mention for his charming song "O Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" The ballad is not such a favorite as it was at one time, though it still receives considerable attention north of the Tweed. It was occasioned thus: In 1771 Mrs. Percy was summoned to the court of George III, and appointed nurse to the infant Prince Edward, who was afterward Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria. When Mrs. Percy had fulfilled the duties required of her, and returned home to her disconsolate husband, he greeted her with the verses "O Nanny, will you go with me?" Nanny being Mrs. Percy's Christian name. The affecting ballad very quickly took high rank, and was regarded by the "Gentleman's Magazine" in 1780 as "the most beautiful song in the English language." It was sung in 1773 at Vauxhall Gardens by Mr. Vernon. It is given in "Popular Songs and Melodies of Scotland" simply to prove, according to the editor's statement, that it belongs to England and not Scotland. Let us say that it belongs to both countries. Mrs. Percy died in 1806, and Bishop Percy in 1811.

The music of the song was composed by C. T. Carter, as he is called on the title-page of the "Milesian." Thomas Carter was born in Dublin in 1735, and studied for a time under his father, Timothy Carter, organist of one of the principal churches. He set "O Nanny" to music in 1773, and it was published shortly afterward. In 1787 Carter was musical director of the Royalty Theater, Goodman's Fields. He died in London, October 14, 1804.

It is not, perhaps, generally known that Henry Dun-

can, the founder of savings banks in Scotland, wrote "The Roof of Straw," but such is the case. Commencing life as a banker's clerk, he soon found the duties uncongenial, and resolved to enter the Church of Scotland. At Edinburgh he was the associate of Brougham, Horner, and Henry Petty (afterward Marquis of Lansdowne); and by the Earl of Mansfield was made the minister of Ruthwell in Dumfriesshire, where his first savings bank was established in 1810. A few years later he established the "Dumfries and Galloway Courier," one of the most successful provincial papers, at one time, in the kingdom.

There are two songs bearing the title of "Bonnie Dundee," and the more modern one, written by Sir Walter Scott, is the best known. Indeed, it is doubtful if many people have ever heard of the ancient lyric. Scott, who with Lord Byron, Dr. Johnson, and some other poets shared the affliction of not being able to appreciate music, wrote his verses, if he wrote them to a melody at all, not to the old Scottish air, but to that questionable song the "Jockey's Deliverance," which they fit exactly. Observe the difference of the meter. Here is Scott's "Bonnie Dundee":

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claverhouse spoke:
Ere the king's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west-port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee.

And here is the proper "Bonnie Dundee" of far-off times—one of the stanzas which Burns supplied from oral tradition to Johnson's "Musical Museum":

O, whar did ye get that hanver meal bannock,
O, silly blind body, O, dinna ye see?
I gat it frae a young brisk Sodger Laddie,
Between Saint Johnston and bonie Dundee.

There is not much to commend in the original song except the air, which is in the plaintive minor, while Scott's song is in the rollicking major.

We should be thankful to Scott and Burns, though, for preserving these old songs in new dresses, for their first clothing was very scanty and often indecent. As witness the words of the first "John Anderson, my Jo," a provokingly coarse song adapted to a fine Church melody; and "John, come kiss me now," "We're a' noddin'," and many other songs now clarified and made classic. Burns has immortalized "John Anderson, my Jo," and the lyric is as familiar as household words. One of its predecessors, dating from about 1560, opens in this inviting manner:

John Anderson, my jo, cum in as ze gae by,
And ze sall get a sheip's heil weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat,
John Anderson, my jo, cum in and ze's get that.

It was the phrase that caught Burns, and he has made it his own.

The songs of the Jacobites and the songs of the Covenanters have their especial interest, and have, fortunately, been carefully preserved for the most part. Of "Maggie Lauder," which is claimed to be of both Fifeshire and Renfrewshire descent, only a certain not very edifying version is Scottish—the original is Irish. It was James Ballantine who wrote the beautiful piece called "Ilka blade o' grass keps its ain drap o' dew."

Everybody knows "Jessie, the Flower o' Dunblane." It was written to an old folk-air by John Tannahill.

SINGING BAND

From the Engraving by F. Laufberger

perhaps for his friend R. A. Smith. The son of a weaver of silk gauze, born at Paisley, 1774, in the days when Paisley was a flourishing town, he followed in his father's footsteps and became a weaver also; but his great hobby was his flute, and he amused himself by hunting up old melodies and writing fresh words to them, generally "weaving threads and verses" alternately while engaged in his daily occupations. He paid such court to the muses that, after having had many of his pieces set to music by his friend Robert Archibald Smith, in 1807 he published his "Songs and Poems." Some of these became popular, but brought him little fame and less money. He met with many disappointments. He perished by his own hand before he had reached the age of thirty-six. In the art of song-writing Tannahill, in his own particular line, has seldom been surpassed.

William Motherwell's "Jeanie Morrison" possesses the charm of having a real personage for its heroine. The life of Motherwell is of singular interest. He was born in 1797, and died in 1835. It was as a child when he was sent to school in Edinburgh that he first met Jeanie Morrison, a pretty girl of winning ways about his own age. She made a great impression on the susceptible boy of eleven, though they only knew each other for six months. It is presumed that he wrote his one really famous song when he was about eighteen.

Motherwell, who died at the early age of thirty-eight from apoplexy, was an industrious writer and editor of certain newspapers. He published a volume of Scottish songs, "Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern," in 1827.

William Miller, who gave us "Wee Willie Winkie" and many other children's songs, was a wood-turner by trade, and earned the soubriquet of the "Laureate of the Nursery," and, says Robert Buchanan, "Wherever Scottish foot has trod, wherever Scottish child has been born, the songs of William Miller have been sung." He was born in 1810, and died in 1872. It will be remembered that Rudyard Kipling has written a delightful story of a delightful child called "Wee Willie Winkie."

There are two songs called "The Flowers of the Forest," one by Miss Rutherford, afterward Mrs. Cockburn, 1765, which is comparatively modern in style, and one by Jane Elliott, written about 1750. The "Flowers of the Forest" are the young men of the districts of Selkirkshire and Peebleshire, anciently known as "The Forest." The song is founded upon an older composition of the same name deploring the loss of the Scottish at Flodden Field. All but two or three lines of the old song has been lost. The first and fourth lines of the opening stanza are the foundation of Miss Elliott's poem:

> I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking—
> Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
> But now they are moaning on ilka green loaming,
> The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

The melody dates from about 1620. Mrs. Cockburn's lyric is an imitation, and not a good one, of Miss Elliott's.

Lady Grisell Baillie (born Hume), a charming heroine in real life, was the daughter of Patrick, Earl of Marchmont. She was born in 1665, and the song by which she is remembered, "Were na my heart licht

I would dee," first appeared in the "Orpheus Caledonius" in 1725. Owing to political troubles her father had to lie in hiding for some time in the family vault (which may still be seen) beneath the ivy-clad church of Polwarth on the Green. His daughter used to visit him secretly every night, carrying food for his sustenance and cheering him up as best she could. "The proscribed man's next hiding-place was a pit which had been hollowed out by Grisell with her own hands, with the sole assistance of one faithful servant, in a room on the ground floor of their house, beneath a bed which drew out." In due time Sir Patrick escaped to the Continent, where his family joined him later. Subsequently he was recalled and was restored to his estates and honor, and the gentle and patient Grisell married her faithful lover, George Baillie of Jerviswood. Lady Baillie died in 1746.

Miss Susanna Blamire, the author of "And ye shall walk in silk attire," and a number of lyrics more or less popular, was English by birth, but as she chose the Scotch dialect as the vehicle of her muse, Scotland jealously claims her as one of her bards. She was born in 1747, and died in 1794. A volume of her poems, called "The Muse of Cumberland," appeared fifty years after her decease. The song mentioned appeared to the melody of "The Siller Crown" in the "Musical Museum," 1790.

The song of "Huntingtower" is traditional in Perthshire, and is believed to be very ancient. It is not known to have been published before 1827, when Kinloch, in his "Ancient Scotch Ballads," gave a version of it, taken down from the recitation of an idiot boy in Wishaw. Since that time various versions have ap-

peared, but whether they were also taken down from recitals, or are merely specimens of modern work, is uncertain. One of them was written by Lady Nairne, with the express intention of making the ballad agree rather better with modern notions.

To Lady Nairne we are indebted for that beautifully pathetic melody known as "Will ye no come back again?" which she preserved to us by reason of her lyric to "Royal Charlie." The name of the composer is not known, but one can well imagine that the original work was a love-song of deep passion and sweetness. It is to be found in only a few collections.

Of Lady Carolina Nairne, *née* Carolina Oliphant, much indeed could be said, for her early life in particular was full of interest, and passed amid much political and poetical excitement. She was christened Carolina in honor of Charles Edward, whose health was a standing toast in the auld house at Gask, where she was born in 1766. From her most youthful days Carolina's imagination must have been aroused by narratives of the varied adventures of her father and others of her kinsfolk during the "Forty-Five," when Lawrence Oliphant the younger, then a youth of nineteen, had supped with the Prince at the outset of the Rebellion; had galloped to Edinburgh with the news of Prestonpans, after fighting single-handed with Sir John Cope's runaway dragoons; had discovered the enemy's movements after the battle of Falkirk; had exchanged a few words with the Prince at Culloden, after all was lost, and had escaped from Scotland by sea and landed in Sweden, a beggar in all but honor. No doubt Carolina saw Prince Charlie many a time, and often heard the Jacobite ballad "Charlie is my Dar-

ling," which every one was singing. She grew up to be such a fascinating and beautiful girl that she was called "The flower of Strathearn." She wrote early and constantly, and her songs became favorites through all the country round. There is only need to mention, besides "Land o' the Leal," "Caller Herrin'," and "The Laird o' Cockpen," "The Auld House," "Bonnie Charlie's now awa'," the "Lament of Flora Macdonald," and "The Lass of Gowrie." "Caller Herrin'" was specially written for Nathaniel Gow, a musical composer, son of the more celebrated Neil Gow.

Does any one ever sing "An thou wert my ain thing," by an anonymous bard, with a melody of exquisite plaintiveness, dating from about 1600? Or Allan Ramsay's "The Lass o' Patie's Mill"? Robert Burns, who never hesitated to praise a good thing when he saw it, said of this song that it was one of Ramsay's best. "In Sir J. Sinclair's statistical volumes," says Scotland's well-beloved poet, "are two claims, one, I think, from Aberdeenshire, and the other from Ayrshire, for the honor of this song. The following anecdote, which I had from the present Sir William Cunningham of Robertland, who had it of the late John, Earl of Loudon, I can, on such authorities, believe: Allan Ramsay was residing at Loudon Castle with the then earl, father to Earl John; and one afternoon, riding or walking out together, his lordship and Allan passed a sweet, romantic spot on Irvine water, still called 'Patie's Mill,' where a bonnie lassie was 'tedding' hay, bare-headed on the green. My lord observed to Allan that it would be a fine theme for a song. Ramsay took the hint, and lingering behind he composed the first sketch of it, which he produced at dinner."

That magnificent song, "There's nae luck about the house," which Burns, in a burst of eloquence, declared to be the "finest love-ballad of the kind in the Scottish, or perhaps any other language"—to which testimony we can mostly subscribe—is usually placed to the credit of William Julius Mickle, the translator of Camoens's "Lusiad," and author of several tolerable poems, who was born in 1734, and died in 1788. The song has also been attributed to Jean Adams, who died unknown or forgotten—she was a schoolmistress—in the Greenock workhouse; however, the weight of evidence is in favor of Mickle. But the fifth stanza, which we quote, and which is quite a gem of the composition, was added by Dr. Beattie, the author of "The Minstrel," and a very close follower and disciple of Gray. He was born 1735, and died, after a sorely afflicted life, in 1803.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath's like caller air;
His very foot has music in't,
When he comes up the stair.
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thocht—
In troth I'm like to greet.

A wonderful, a haunting song; to make a man hold his head higher had he written it. The tune is called "Up and waur at them a', Willie." A companion song of considerable worth is "The Boatie Rows," by John Ewen, who did not practise what he sang. He died 1821.

Peter Buchan states that "Logie o' Buchan" was written by George Halket, a schoolmaster at Rathen, in Aberdeenshire, who died in 1756. Halket was a Jac-

obite, and wrote some "Forty-Five" squibs which so offended the Duke of Cumberland that he offered a hundred pounds for the author's head. But it did not come off.

Opinions have long been divided as to whether the old air "Lochaber no more" is Irish or Scottish, but from internal evidence of musical form it seems tolerably evident that the original tune is to be found in "Limerick's Lamentation," the tradition of which associates its plaintive melody with the events that followed the second capitulation of Limerick in 1690, when at the embarkation of the Irish soldiery at Cork for France, their wives and children were forcibly separated from them under circumstances of unusual barbarity, says that excellent authority Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians." The verses to it, "Farewell to Lochaber," were written by Allan Ramsay, and the song will be found complete in the "Royal Edition of the Songs of Scotland." When Burns first heard the air he is said to have exclaimed, "Oh, that's a fine tune for a broken heart"—a very significant characteristic of the music of a nation suffering unending wrong.

Petrie, Walker, Bunting, and Thomas Moore are strong in their conviction of Lochaber's Irish nationality, though George Farquhar Graham, an excellent authority, believes it to be derived from "Lord Ronald, my Son," as asserted by Burns. In 1692 it was known as "King James's March to Ireland." As a matter of fact, the tune was originally composed by Miles O'Reilly, the celebrated harper of Cavan, who was born 1635. There are several touching anecdotes concerning the song.

The music of "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town" is ascribed to various sources. There is grave doubt about its being a Scottish tune at all. The grandfather of Prof. James Geikie, of the University of Edinburgh; is authority for the statement that the melody was composed by an Italian in imitation, or possibly in parody, of the Scottish music. It is filled to overflowing with the so-called "Scotch snap." (♬.)

Allan Ramsay, when he came across "Blue Bonnets over the Border," inserted it in his "Tea-Table Miscellany" and labeled it "ancient," little knowing that it was written by Sir Walter Scott, who founded it on "General Leslie's march to Longmarston Moor." But most collectors of old songs are bound to be deceived occasionally by falling victims to their own enthusiasm. James Grant in his preface to "The Scottish Cavalier" says, respecting the original Annie Laurie who inspired William Douglas to write the song known by that name: "History will have rendered familiar to the reader the names of many who bear a prominent part in the career of Walter Fenton; but there are other characters of minor importance who, though less known to fame than Dundee and Dumbarton, were beings who really lived and breathed and acted a part in the great drama of those days. Among these we may particularize William Douglas of Finland and Annie Laurie. This lady was one of the four daughters of Sir Robert Laurie, the first baronet of Maxwelton, and it was to her that Douglas inscribed those well-known verses and that little air which now bear her name and are so wonderfully plaintive and chaste for the time; but it is painful to record that, notwithstanding all the ardor and devotion of her lover, the

fair Annie was wedded as described in the romance."

As a matter of fact, James Grant does not describe the marriage of Annie Laurie in his story, as he states; William Douglas of Finland is supposed to compose and sing the song when in Flanders. He is killed in battle by the side of his friend Walter Fenton. A ball pierces his breast and he expires holding a lock of Annie's bright brown hair in his hand and murmuring her name.

As already mentioned, the lyric came from the pen of William Douglas of Finland. Annie Laurie was the daughter of Sir Robert Laurie by his second wife, Jean, who was a daughter of Riddel of Minto. "As Sir Robert was created a baronet in the year 1685, it is probable," says Robert Chambers, "that the verses were composed about the end of the seventeenth century." Annie Laurie did not marry her ardent lover (whether he was killed in Flanders as related by Grant, it is difficult to decide; in all likelihood that death was a fiction of the novelist's), but was wedded to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch in 1709.

On the authority of Sir Emilius Laurie, a descendant of Sir Walter, third baronet and brother of Annie, the fact that Douglas of Finland wrote the song has been proved beyond doubt. In 1854 there lived an old lady who, hearing "Annie Laurie" sung, declared the words were not the ones her grandfather had written. She stated afterward that her grandfather, Douglas, was desperately in love with Annie Laurie when he wrote the song, "but," she added, "he did na get her after all." Asked as to the authenticity of the lines she said: "Oh, *I* mind them fine. I have remembered them a' my life. My father often repeated them to me."

And here is the stanza signed with her name, "Clark Douglas":

Maxwelton's banks are bonnie,
  They're a' clad owre wi' dew,
Where I an' Annie Laurie
  Made up the bargain true;
Made up the bargain true,
  Which ne'er forgot s'all be,
An' for Bonnie Annie Laurie
  I'd lay me down an' dee.

Annie Laurie was the mother of Alexander Fergusson, the hero of Burns's song "The Whistle"; while the author of "Annie Laurie" was himself the hero of "Willie was a wanton wag." In regard to the origin of "The Whistle," it may be stated that in the time of Anne of Denmark, when she went to Scotland with James VI, there was a gigantic Dane with a matchless capacity for drinking. He had an ebony whistle which at the beginning of a drinking-bout he would lay on the table, and whoever was best able to blow it was to be considered "Champion of the Whistle." In Scotland the Dane was defeated by Sir Robert Laurie, who after three days' and three nights' hard drinking left the Dane under the table and "blew on the whistle his requiem shrill." The whistle remained in the family several years, when it was won by Sir Walter Laurie, son of Sir Robert, and then by Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, brother-in-law of Sir Walter Laurie, and finally it fell to Alexander Fergusson of Craigdarroch, son of "Annie Laurie." This final drinking-bout took place at Friars Carse, October 16, 1790.

The air of "Annie Laurie" as now sung is quite modern, having been composed, on her own statement, by Lady John Scott.

CHAPTER XIII

MORE SCOTTISH SONGS

"Logan Water"—"Scots wha hae"—"The Blue Bells of Scotland"—"Roy's Wife"—"Highland Mary"—"The Lass o' Gowrie"—"Comin' thro' the Rye"—"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray"—"Oh waly, waly, up the bank"—"Bonnie Doon"—"Onagh's Waterfall"—"Farewell to Ayrshire"—"Tak' yer auld cloak about ye."

THE melody of "Logan Water" is of very considerable antiquity, and very Scottish in tonality. The words were written by John Mayne, a native of Dumfries, who eventually settled in London as the editor of the "Star" newspaper. "Logan Water" or "Logan Braes," says Mayne himself in reply to the letter of inquiry from Lord Woodhouselee, "was written and circulated in Glasgow about 1781, inserted in the 'Star' on Saturday, May 23, 1789, thence copied and sung at Vauxhall, and published soon afterward by a music-dealer in the Strand."

One of the oldest of old Scottish songs—or, to be accurate, one of the oldest melodies—is that which we know as "Scots wha hae." Burns himself once said: "Many of our Scots airs have outlived their original and perhaps many subsequent sets of verses." Of no air could this be more truly said than of the one in question, which is so ancient as to defy the discovery of its origin. It has been traced back to 1512, when it is mentioned by Gavin, Bishop of Dunkeld, as

being a favorite song with the people, under the name of "Now the Day Dawis," and is referred to by Dunbar in ridicule of some half-hearted minstrels:

> Your commone minstralis has no tune
> But "Now the Day Dawis" and "Into June."

Alexander Montgomerie wrote fresh words to the air, and in the reign of James IV it was printed in a lute-book of "Ayres," which seems to suggest that the music was either by a Frenchman or an Italian attached to the court, for it was customary to have English, French, Italian, and Irish minstrels employed at the Scottish court from, at any rate, 1474 to 1550 and later. In later times it received the inexplicable title of "Hey Tuttie, Taitie." Many have tried to solve the mystery of this enigma, but without any notable success. And it is worse than useless to make guesses where there is so little foundation to work upon. In Jacobite days it reappeared (about 1718) as "Here's to the King, Sirs," and was published by Thomson in his "Scottish Airs." Then Burns was taken with it, and wrote his famous "Scots wha hae" in the Kyrielle form of stanza, in which the first three lines rhyme while the fourth is converted into a refrain. Burns was of the impression, or pretended to be, that it was the melody which Bruce's army used when they marched to the battle of Bannockburn. Several stories have been told as to the circumstances under which Burns wrote his stirring lyric, Lockhart inclining to the belief that he got the first idea of it when standing on the field of Bannockburn some six years before the poem was actually matured. The piece was written in July or August, 1793; in all probability after a

thunderstorm in the former month, when Burns was caught in the rain with his friend John Syme. But what does it matter? Burns seemed to delight occasionally in mystifying his friends by springing poems "impromptu" upon them that had been finished long before.

Just a word about "The Blue Bells of Scotland." In the Royal Edition of "Songs of Scotland," Charles Mackay declares the words to be anonymous, while in his "Thousand and One Gems of Song" he ascribes them to Mrs. Grant of Laggan, in the year 1799 (not the same Mrs. Grant who was responsible for "Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch"), but the version that he prints in these works is entirely different from the one given by Chappell, who describes it as an "old English Border song," the tune being composed by Mrs. Jordan about 1780. This was Mrs. Dora Jordan, the celebrated actress, and a fairly accomplished vocalist and musician. She sprang from Dublin, where her parents resided. She was at the height of her fame in 1785, when she made her first London appearance in "The Country Girl." She sang "The Blue Bells" first in London in 1786. In May, 1800, she again sang the song on her benefit night at Drury Lane Theater, and made the air popular throughout the kingdom.

"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch" was written by Mrs. Grant of Carron, afterward Mrs. Murray of Bath, and is believed to be founded on fact. The air to which the lyric was written was known as "The Ruffian's Rant." Mrs. Grant was born about 1763, and died about 1814.

The tune of Burns's "Highland Mary" was originally known as "Lady Katherine Ogle, a new dance"

(1688). But as a "Scottish tune" it appeared a year previously in Playford's "Apollo's Banquet." In all probability it was popular with the people long before, both in England and Scotland, but from internal evidence the air seems to be chiefly Scottish in construction.

"The Lass o' Gowrie," by Lady Nairne, was founded on an older ballad by William Reid of Glasgow, called "Kate o' Gowrie," which is still sung. The melody is known as "Loch-Eroch Side," which was taken from "O'er young to marry yet," 1757.

"Comin' thro' the Rye," according to Chappell, was first sung in a Christmas pantomime in London in 1795, when it was called "If a body meet a body going to the fair." But though some have said Rye with a capital R referred to a streamlet of that name in Ayrshire, it has been proved that Burns scratched a part of the song on a pane of glass at Mauchline in this form:

> Gin a body kiss a body comin' thro' the grain,
> Need a body grudge a body what's a body's ain?

But did Burns really write the lyric at all? Of six different versions of the song, that attributed by Joseph Skipsey to Burns is the least meritorious. Mr. Anon., we fancy, was the author. Mackay, in his "Book of Scotch Songs," published about 1852, says it is anonymous, but altered by Burns! He also gives a "stage" version. It is very old, and that is all that can be safely said of it. A version of the tune appeared in Gow's collection, 1784, as "The Miller's Daughter."

"Bessie Bell and Mary Gray," by Allan Ramsay, was founded on an ancient ballad of the same name,

which was well known throughout Great Britain. The music was inevitably made use of by Gay in "The Beggar's Opera" to words beginning:

> A curse attends that woman's love
> Who always would be pleasing.

The heroines of this well-known ballad were the daughters of two Perthshire gentlemen. Bessie Bell was the daughter of the Laird of Kinnaird, and Mary Gray of the Laird of Lynedoch. A romantic attachment subsisted between them, and they retired together to a secluded spot called the "Burn Braes," in the neighborhood of Lynedoch, to avoid the plague that then raged in Perth, Dundee, and other towns. They caught the infection, however, and both died. Tradition asserts that a young gentleman who was in love with one of them, visited them in their solitude, and that it was from him they caught the contagion and died. A later gallant, Lord Lynedoch, on whose estate the heroines lie buried, erected a kind of bower over their graves.

The history of the quaint and touching ballad of "Oh waly, waly, up the bank" is unknown. An interesting version of its supposed origin is given in Christie's "Traditional Ballad Airs," 1871, under the name of the "Marchioness of Douglas." The melody is very ancient, and probably dates from the reign of Mary Queen of Scots. Gay turned it to account in his second opera, "Polly," 1792, for "Adieu! adieu! all hope of bliss."

Burns's excellent "Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon" was one of his happiest efforts. In a letter to Thomson in 1794 he says: "There is an air called 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' to which I wrote a song

that you will find in Johnson. 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,' might, I think, find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, writer to the signet in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke; and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent desire to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, probably by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is that in a few days Mr. Miller produced the rudiments of an air, which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys; but this account which I have just given you Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to show you how difficult it is to trace the origin of airs, I have heard it repeatedly asserted that this was an Irish air; nay, I met with an Irish gentleman who affirmed that he had heard it in Ireland, among the old women; while, on the other hand, a countess informed me that the first person who introduced the air into this country was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poesy and music!"

Difficult indeed, when we remember that Burns himself was a great culprit at disguising and appropriating any melody that took his fancy. For example, here is what he writes to his friend Thomson, the publisher,

in another letter, respecting an Irish tune of extreme beauty: "Do you know a blackguard Irish song called 'Onagh's Waterfall'? The air is charming, and I have often regretted the want of decent verses to it. It is too much at least for my humble rustic muse to expect that every effort of hers shall have merit." Burns wrote some very ordinary stanzas to it, called "Sae flaxen were her ringlets." Whether the tune of "Bonnie Doon" is Irish or Scottish, it certainly bears a close resemblance to an English song, "Lost is my Quiet," published in Dale's "Collection of English Songs" toward the latter end of the eighteenth century. It is claimed as Scottish, however, with some show of reason, in Glen's "Collection of Scottish Dance Music," 1891.

Richard Gall's "Farewell to Ayrshire" was attributed tc Burns through Gall himself impudently affixing Burns's name thereto, and sending it to the editor of the "Scots Musical Museum," in which it was inserted. Gall's biographer in the "Biographica Scotia" exposed the fraud in 1805.

"Tak' yer auld cloak about ye" may be English or it may be Scottish. It has been common to both countries for about three centuries. Shakespeare introduces a stanza from it in "Othello" for Iago to sing. In its original English form, from the first manuscript, it will be found in Percy's "Reliques," 1765; in its Scottish dress for the first time in the "Tea-Table Miscellany." The Scottish version is simply a Scottish version of the ancient English. One never comes across an Englished Scottish song; but the reverse is to be met with in countless cases.

CHAPTER XIV

IRISH SONGS

General Remarks—The Irish Harp—"Bridget Cruise"—The Last Irish Bard—"The Hawk of Bally Shannon"—"Bumper, Squire Jones"—"Molly Astore"—"Coolin"—"The Girl I Left Behind Me"—"The Blackbird"—The Shamrock—The Potato—"The Sprig of Shillelah"—"She is far from the Land"—"Rory O'More"—Songs of St. Patrick—"Garryowen"—"The Wearing of the Green."

THE congenial task is not always the easiest to accomplish. Ireland has produced so many poets, major and minor, racy of the soil, and indigenous of the best traditions, that it is somewhat difficult to know which to include and which to exclude. So many of the ancient songs of Ireland that are quite unknown, except to the initiated few, possess so much historical and domestic interest that it is quite distressing to the conscientious scribe to be compelled, acting in accordance with the plan laid down, to omit them.

In Irish folk and country songs is seen the terrible havoc that a devastating history has played on a sorrow-brooding, sensitive nation whose chief characteristics have ever been brave light-heartedness and humorous meeting of the inevitable, with the antithesis of sadness and despair. These traits, which have been seen for generations—say from the time of Henry II—have had such an effect upon the poets and poetry of Ireland, that one string at least of the harp seems to

have been snapped in twain and a foreign minor has usurped its place.

It is but to repeat an accepted fact that Ireland, in her earliest ages, when the inhabitants of Britain were semisavages, was the center of a cultivation of surprising extent and refined quality. Her harpers and bards—who in later ages developed into wandering minstrels and itinerant musicians—were honored for their art, for their precepts and their practice, as the uninformed may gather from the many tomes of recent years rescued and revived, telling of those bygone periods of Erin's grandeur and glory.

Much can be gathered of the ancient practice of music in Ireland, and of the origin of the harp, in the works of Giraldus Cambrensis, Petrie, Bunting, and Holden; in Walker's "Memoirs of the Irish Bards," Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy," Curry's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish," and other standard authorities. Information also respecting the harp, particularly in the Highlands of Scotland, where it was much used until about the year 1740, will be found in Robert Jamieson's "Letters from the North of Scotland," and John Gunn's "Inquiry"; and from the latter, as giving an independent statement, we quote the following:

"I have been favored with a copy of an ancient Gaelic poem, together with the music to which it is still sung in the Highlands, in which the poet personifies and addresses a very old harp, by asking what had become of its former luster. The harp replies that it had belonged to a King of Ireland and had been present at many a royal banquet; that it had afterward been successively in the possession of Dargo, son of

the Druid of Baal—of Saul—of Finlan—of Oscar—of O'Duivne—of Diarmid—of a Physician—of a Bard—and lastly of a Priest, who in a secluded corner was meditating on a white book."

Gunn was born in 1765 and died in 1810, after a very industrious life. Doubtless it has slipped from the memory of many of the Irish and Scotch that Ireland was the school of the Highland Scotch, and that it was customary to send to Ireland "all who adopted either poetry or music as a profession" to finish their education, "till within the memory of persons still living," as we are told by Jamieson. Jamieson published several works on Border and Scottish minstrelsy. He was born about 1780 and died 1844. It is needless to add that the natives of Southern Scotland also took advantage of the same high educational academies which were so celebrated in Ireland at one time. Ireland decidedly gave much music to Scotland, and thence it may be traced in the modern history of the art imparting much of its beauty and sweetness to Italy.

Of the work by the last Irish bard, the ode to "Bridget Cruise," the music as well as the words were by Turlough O'Carolan, and it may be said that without being entitled to the lavish praise bestowed upon it by some enthusiasts, it is very plaintive and touching and worth preserving. These words of Hardiman deserve recording: "It has been the fate of Irish poetry, from the days of Spenser to the present time, to be praised or censured by the extremes of prejudice, while the world was unable to decide for want of the original poems or translations of them." While these "extremes" are still at work, an enthusiastic attempt

has been made in recent years to bring to light the facts relating to this important branch of national literature.

A singular anecdote, highly illustrative of the romantic tendency of O'Carolan's first love, Bridget Cruise, to whom he wrote several songs, may be mentioned. He once went on a pilgrimage to a cave located on an island situated on Lough Dearg, in the county Donegal. On returning to the shore he found several persons waiting for the boat in which he had been conveyed to the spot. In his kind desire to help some of these pilgrims into the boat, he happened to take the hand of a female, and suddenly exclaimed "Dar lama mo Chardais Crist" ("This is the hand of Bridget Cruise"). He was not deceived; it was the hand of her who had engaged his youthful affections and whose image had been so deeply engraved in his heart. On this incident Samuel Lover wrote a charming song called "Carolan and Bridget Cruise."

Love-songs, drinking-songs, songs of the fairies—O'Carolan treated them all with equal candor and ability, and were his pieces of more than local repute, many entertaining stories of their origin could be told. "O'More's Fair Daughter," the melody of which, it is believed, has never been written down, was a love-song, written by O'Carolan for one of the younger members of the O'Donnell family, who fell in love with "The Hawk of Bally Shannon," whom he accidentally met one day near her father's house. Begging for a glass of water as a pretense to have converse with her, he resolved at all costs to win her for his wife. O'Carolan wrote a song especially for him to sing to an ancient air by Rory Dall, which on the

first opportunity he performed by harp and voice, and won the daughter of the renowned O'More for his bride. Much could be written about O'Carolan, who wrote and composed a vast number of songs, some of which are preserved by Walker, Hardiman, and Bunting, but as his pieces are not known except in a few cases outside the land in which they were born, we refrain from giving more. The music of several of O'Carolan's composing will be found adapted to English words and often claimed as of English origin, but to give a full list of these would be only tiring to the reader. "Bumper, Squire Jones," which is usually stated to be O'Carolan's, was really written by Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer, to O'Carolan's air of "Planxty Jones." The following history of the song is taken from the "Dublin University Magazine" for January, 1841.

"Respecting the origin of O'Carolan's fine air of 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' we have heard a different account from that given on O'Neill's authority. It was told us by our lamented friend the late Dean of St. Patrick's, as the tradition preserved in his family: O'Carolan and Baron Dawson, the grand or great-grand uncle to the dean, happened to be enjoying together, with others, the hospitalities of Squire Jones, of Moneyglass, and slept in rooms adjacent to each other. The bard being called upon by the company to compose a song or tune in honor of their host, undertook to comply with their request, and on retiring to his apartment took his harp with him, and under the inspiration of copious libations of his favorite liquor not only produced the melody now known as 'Bumper, Squire Jones,' but also very indifferent English words

to it. While the bard was thus employed, however, the judge was not idle. Being possessed of a fine musical ear, as well as of considerable poetical talents, he not only fixed the melody in his memory, but actually wrote the noble song now incorporated with it before he retired to rest. The result may be anticipated. At breakfast on the following morning when O'Carolan sang and played his composition, Baron Dawson, to the astonishment of all present, and of the bard in particular, stoutly denied the claim of O'Carolan to the melody, charged him with audacious piracy, both musical and poetical, and, to prove the fact, sang the melody to his own words amidst the joyous shouts of approbation of all his hearers—the enraged bard excepted, who vented his execrations in curses on the judge both loud and deep."

The trick was exposed later, but it was long till the ruffled bard was mollified.

"Molly Astore" is familiar to the whole world of song-singers through the Right Honorable George Ogle's use of the melody for his ballad beginning, "As down by Banna's banks I strayed." Burns called this a "heavenly air," and Bernard Trotter says, "It is evidently the production of the purest era of Irish song, as it has the general character of its sweet and touching melody." The version by the Honorable George Ogle (1739-1844) is better than the original, if one may judge by Thomas Furlong's translation. Richard Brinsley Sheridan also wrote to this air the pretty song in "The Duenna" called "Had I a heart for falsehood framed."

"Coolin" or "Coulin" is known through Moore's adaptation entitled "Though the last glimpse of Erin

with sorrow I see." It is an exceptionally fine melody and much older than the Irish words extant, translated by Furlong:

Had you seen my sweet Coolin at the day's early dawn,
When she moves thro' the wild wood, or the wide dewy lawn;
There is joy—there is bliss in her soul-cheering smile,
She's the fairest of flowers of our green-bosom'd isle.

This lyric—there are six stanzas—has been attributed to Maurice O'Dugan, an Irish bard, who lived near Benburb, Tyrone, about the year 1641. An excellent rendition of the ancient ballad has been made by Caroll Malone, commencing, "The last time she looked in the face of her dear." "Coolin" means, the maiden of fair flowing locks, but the original word is retained in the translation, being now, as it were, naturalized in English. There are several versions in vogue. Copies of the original melody, to which later words were set, date back to 1620.

"The Girl I Left Behind Me" is of indisputable Hibernian origin, though the exact date of its composition is not known; but Arthur O'Neill, the celebrated harper, informed Bunting that it had been taught him when he was little more than a child (he was born 1730) by Owen Keenan, his first master, who had had it from a previous harper. The English version of the words and the Irish differ considerably. We give the first stanza of the latter:

The dames of France are fond and free,
  And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
  While Spanish eyes are thrilling.
Still though I bask beneath their smile,
  Their charms quite fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
  To the girl I left behind me.

The Jacobite relic, "The Blackbird," deserves mention not only on account of its Irish character, but because, as far as can be ascertained, it is the first Irish lyric of any kind written in English. It dates from 1715, the year that "The Blackbird" made his Scotch attempt to prove his cause. The Irish name was "An Londubh."

The shamrock has come in for a large share of poetic propagation, and as early as 1689 we find its praises sung in verse:

> Springs, happy springs, adorned with sallets,
> Which nature purposed for their palats;
> Shamrogs and watercress he shows
> Which was both meat and drink and clothes.

The shamrock was held in high esteem at one time for the making of salads, "being of a sharp taste" as well as sorrel. The popular belief respecting the shamrock, or trefoil, is, says Croker, that St. Patrick by its means satisfactorily explained to the early converts of Christianity in Ireland the Trinity in Unity; exhibiting the three leaves attached to one stalk as an illustration. St. Patrick is usually represented in the garb of a bishop holding a trefoil. The trefoil plant (shamroc and shamrakh in Arabic) was held sacred in Iran, and was considered emblematical of the Persian Triad. The best song on the subject of the trefoil is Andrew Cherry's "Green Little Shamrock of Ireland," with music by Shield. Moore wrote "The Shamrock" to the air "Ally Croker," and Samuel Lover wrote "The Four-Leafed Shamrock."

The "Irishman's apple," or "murphy," the potato, is another plant which has been the means of producing much poetic fruit. "The Sprig of Shillelah" was writ-

ten by H. B. Code, though often attributed to Edward Lysaght.

Moore wrote "She is far from the Land" to a very curious old tune, to commemorate the feelings of Sarah Curran, daughter of the celebrated Irish barrister of that name, and of her lover Robert Emmet. It is of them that Washington Irving says in his "Sketch Book": "Every one must recollect the tragical story of young Emmet, the Irish patriot; it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed on a charge of high treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young, so intelligent, so generous, so brave, so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of high treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution. But there was one heart whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love." Washington Irving's story of "The Broken Heart" is believed to be based in a degree upon this incident.

That very popular song "Rory O'More," written and composed by Samuel Lover, was the outcome of a desire on the part of the author to supply a really

good humorous song at a time when such effusions were not of high merit.

Ireland's patron saint, Patrick, has naturally been the subject of many excellent ballads, including "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," said to have been written by a gentleman named Wood, who adopted the *nom de plume* of "Lanner de Waltram," a very frolicsome production indeed, largely concerned with the consumption of punch. "St. Patrick of Ireland, my Dear," adapted to the melody of "The Night before Larry was Stretched," first appeared in "Blackwood's Magazine," December, 1821. The author's name is not given. "St. Patrick was a Gentleman" is a very quaint anonymous production relating all the "miracles" that the saint is credited with performing, and which many of the illiterate believe in implicitly. A drinking or toasting song to his saintship entitled "St. Patrick was an honest soul," was very popular at one time. Another song is from a manuscript in the autograph of Sir Jonah Barrington, indorsed, "Sung with great applause at a meeting assembled in the City of Paris, to celebrate the anniversary of the Saint of Hibernia." This was probably the 17th March, 1816, says Crofton Croker, in "The Popular Songs of Ireland" (1839). The song is called "St. Patrick's Day in Paris."

"Garryowen," next to "St. Patrick's Day," was the greatest favorite as a national air in Ireland. It is a curious production, the melody of which is preserved in Moore's "We may roam through the world." There is also that wonderful street song, "The Wearing of the Green," that almost caused "a question for Parliament," when Disraeli was premier, when introduced by

CHAPTER XV

MORE IRISH SONGS

Genealogy of "The Last Rose of Summer," and How it Bloomed for Flotow—"The Bells of Shandon" Written by "Father Prout" as a Homesick Irishman in the Eternal City—"The Exile of Erin" Written by a Scotchman—"Kathleen Mavourneen."

THE opera "Martha" owes its popularity in part to the introduction of the ancient Irish melody known to the world generally as "The Last Rose of Summer." Now, at first sight it may appear rather incongruous to assign the song in the opera to a lady who is supposed to have lived in the reign of Queen Anne; but, as a matter of history, this incident is not quite so outrageous as critics, with a scant knowledge of Irish music apparently, would have us believe.

Flotow's "Martha," founded on a ballet, was first performed at Vienna, in 1847. It was afterward given at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris, with Mme. Christine Nilsson as the heroine, with so much success that it ran for three hundred nights—a most unusual run for a piece of any kind half a century ago. It was taken to London in 1858, and achieved a phenomenal reception, though many authorities condemned it as mere tinsel. Berlioz, the French composer, who detested Flotow, said "the beauty of the Irish melody

with the lower orders; then found its way into ballads, and at length into the convivial meetings of gentlemen."

It was through hearing "Castle Hyde" at one of these social gatherings that Milliken determined to make a genuine farcical song on the lines of the original; so choosing Blarney, a fine old castle within three miles of Cork, for his subject, and retaining the rhythm and adopting the tune of Barrett's effusion—the tune which Barrett himself took possession of, it being a street melody and public property—he turned out a ludicrous parody of the ridiculous songs that were once so prevalent in every Irish village, when every stripling would be a bardeen, and sing his foolish rhymes to a foolish audience. The burlesque is full of points. Milliken never dreamed that his chaffing ballad would attain such distinction and celebrity, and though it went out anonymously to the rest of the world, in County Cork its origin and authorship were well known. It reached London in due course, and was called in one of the weekly prints "The National Irish Poem." Lockhart, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," attributed it to "the poetical Dean of Cork." It was so famous in London that everybody was singing and quoting it, and Lord Brougham refers to it in one of his great parliamentary speeches.

Milliken, in all probability, wrote "The Groves of Blarney" in 1796. Thomas Moore must have heard the melody when he was at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree in 1798, and almost immediately after left for England, where he eventually settled. He may never have known that Milliken was the author of "The Groves of Blarney," though Rich-

commenced in 1722, and its steeple was constructed of the hewn stone from the Franciscan Abbey, where James II heard mass, and from the ruins of Lord Barry's castle, which had been the official residence of the lords president of Munster and whence this quarter of the city takes its name—Shandon signifying in Irish the old fort or castle. Fitz-Gerald, in his "Cork Remembrancer," says that Shandon bells were put up in the summer of 1752.

Mahony, the author of the fine poem, was born at Cork in 1804, and died in a monastery in Paris (to which he had retired two years previously) in May, 1866. He took holy orders after studying in a Jesuit college at Paris; but eventually he became a journalist and author. He was a constant contributor to "Fraser's Magazine," "Bentley's Miscellany," the "Athenæum," and other periodicals. He was correspondent at Rome for the London "Daily News," and Paris correspondent for the "Globe." Under his pen-name of "Father Prout" he achieved much celebrity by writing prose and Irish verse in "Fraser's Magazine." These writings have been collected and republished and have become classics. He was greatly loved and respected by all who knew him. Bohemian to the backbone, full of fun, careless in his dress, he was careful of his witty company. He wrote his celebrated verses on the bells when he was a student at an Irish college in Rome. It is said that the opening lines are still to be seen in a room there, scratched on a wall just above where his bed used to be. He was doubtless a little homesick at the time, and listening maybe to the tolling of the many church bells in the Eternal City. We give a few lines only, as the poem is so well known:

is perhaps the finest sea song ever written, to wit, "Ye Mariners of England." "The Exile of Erin" is frequently called in music and song books "Erin-go-Bragh," which is quite a different song. It was usually sung to "Savourneen Deelish."

It has been said, with more regard for epigram than fact, that "Kathleen Mavourneen," that queen among Irish songs, was born out of its own country, of English parents. But the truth is that though the composer, Frederick W. N. Crouch (1808-96), was an Englishman—he might have been Irish if he had chosen, for there are many of that name in the Green Isle—the writer of the words, Mrs. Julia Crawford, was a true daughter of Erin, having been born in County Cavan. From the fact that when quite young she took up her abode at a small town in Wiltshire, where she resided for many years, her few biographers have been led into the error of supposing her to be English. Besides "Kathleen Mavourneen," she wrote over a hundred lyrics, mostly Irish in sentiment, and published, with Crouch as the composer of the music, a volume of "Irish Songs" in 1840. She wrote, says David J. O'Donoghue in his "Dictionary of the Poets of Ireland," a great deal of verse for the "Metropolitan Magazine," edited by Captain Marryat (London, 1830-40), and also autobiographical sketches for the same publication. Her "Kathleen Mavourneen" appeared therein. Unfortunately no one thought it necessary to preserve any particulars of the life and works of this charming writer.

Frederick William Nicholls Crouch led a singularly hard life—one full of vicissitudes and bad luck. When Crouch wrote his greatest song he was traveling for a

earnestly solicited that it should be given the first time in public at her husband's opening concert of the season. But certain reasons obliged me to decline the honor. I retired to rest at my hotel, and rising early next morning, and opening my window, what was my surprise to see on a boarding right opposite a large placard on which was printed in the largest and boldest type: 'F. Nicholls Crouch, from London, will sing at P. E. Rowe's concert, "Kathleen Mavourneen," for one night only!' Amazed and confused at such an unwarrantable and unauthorized announcement, I hurriedly completed my toilet, took my breakfast, and rushed off to Mr. Rowe's warehouse. But despite my reluctance, and overcome by the entreaties of the fascinating Mrs. Rowe, I appeared and sang the song to a crowded audience, with the most enthusiastic applause. On returning to London I entered the establishment of Messrs. D'Almaine, music publishers, as precentor, and 'Kathleen Mavourneen' and other songs—'Dermot Astore,' 'Their Marriage,' 'Death of Dermot'—were published by that firm. These songs have been sung and appropriated by all the leading cantatrices, from Caradori, Hobbs, Hawes, Hayes, Stephens (the Countess of Essex), Malibran, Titiens, and Adelina Patti. The series of songs has been published by thirty different music stores in America, each one making heaps of money. But not one of these brain-stealers has had sufficient principle to bestow a single dime on the composer!" It is fitting that the words of "Kathleen Mavourneen" should appear here:

Kathleen Mavourneen! the gray dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill,
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking—
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?

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